





JAPAN  
DAY  
BY  
DAY

BY   
EDWARD  
S.  
MORSE



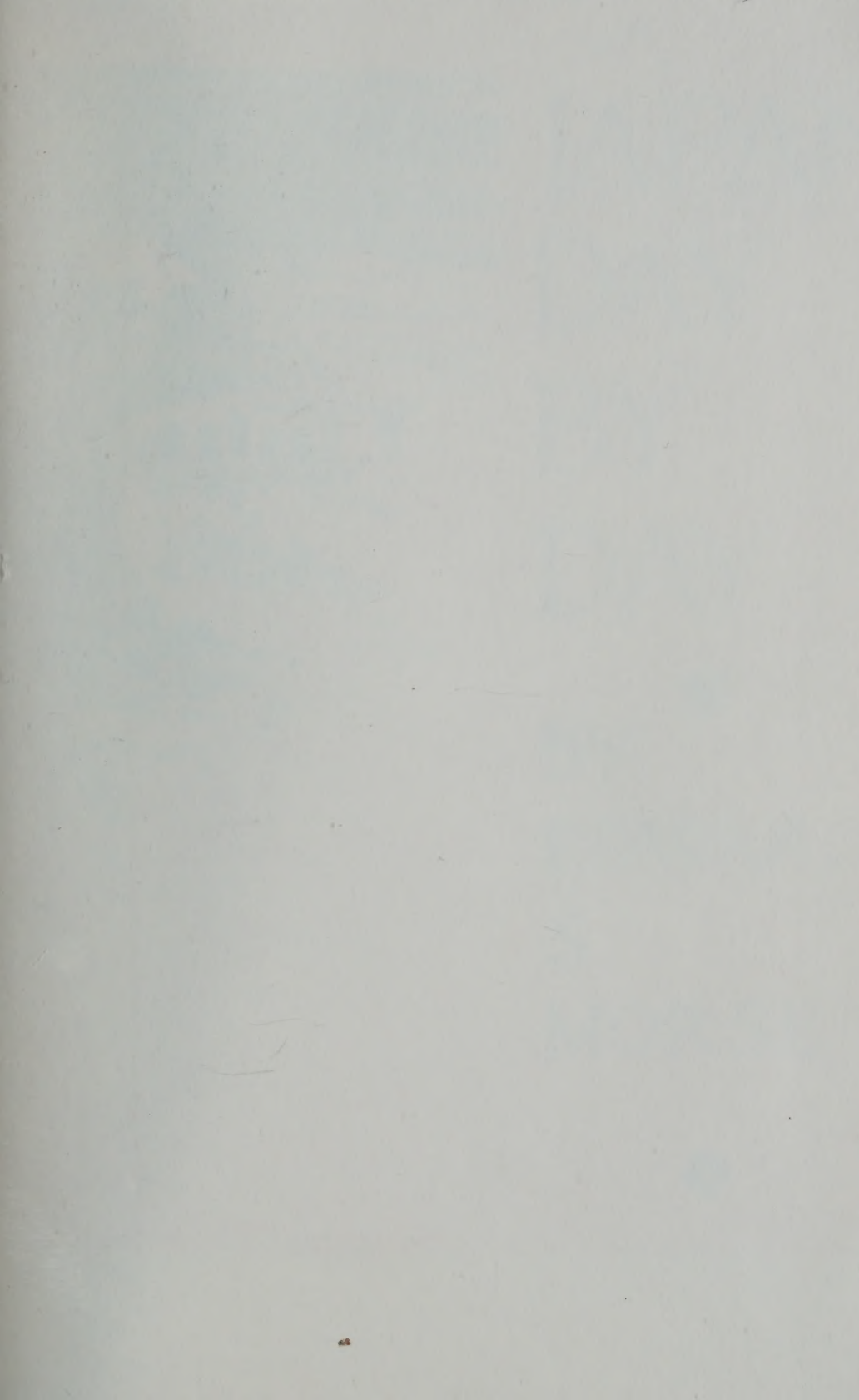




















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BY EDWARD S. MORSE

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# JAPAN DAY BY DAY

IN TWO PARTS  
PART I









*Edw. S. Morse*

# JAPAN DAY BY DAY

1877, 1878-79, 1882-83

BY

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WITH 777 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES  
IN THE AUTHOR'S JOURNAL

PART I



TOKYO

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1936

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1936



TO MARGARETTE W. BROOKS  
WITHOUT WHOSE EFFICIENT HELP AND UNFLAGGING  
INTEREST THE MANUSCRIPT WOULD NEVER  
HAVE BEEN READY FOR THE PRESS  
THIS WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED



## PREFACE

I FIRST visited Japan solely for the purpose of studying various species of Brachiopods in the Japanese seas. While pursuing my work in a little laboratory established at Enoshima, I was invited by the Educational Department to take the chair of Zoölogy in the Imperial University in Tokyo. During my residence in Japan of nearly four years I kept a daily journal to avoid the duplication of home letters. A portion of my sojourn had ended before records were made of subjects which might afterwards be published. These, however, were special in their nature, such as notes and sketches relating to the dwelling-house and associated features. These memoranda formed the material for my book entitled *Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings*. For this reason scant reference to these subjects is made in the present work, though a few sketches that appeared in that book are reproduced. I made no effort to record or collect data upon subjects in which I was not specially interested. Having little interest in Japanese religions — Buddhist or Shinto — or in Japanese mythology and folklore, no studies were made of these subjects. With no interest in geography, I hardly learned the names of rivers crossed, or regions traversed. The excellent guidebooks of Murray, Satow, and lately the interesting one of Terry, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, render it unnecessary for me even to allude to the countless features of interest in the towns and cities



through which I passed, as in these guidebooks these matters have been dealt with to the minutest detail.

Not a day passed that some note or sketch was not made, oftentimes of the most trivial character. I realized the importance of recording matters of interest at the time the observations were made, knowing full well that soon they would become hackneyed and escape recognition. Professor Bliss Perry, in his admirable *Park-Street Papers*, quotes the following extract from a letter Hawthorne wrote to his friend Horatio Bridge, who was just going across the ocean. "Begin to write always before the impression of novelty has worn off from your mind, else you will be apt to think that the peculiarities which at first attracted you are not worth recording; yet these slight peculiarities are the very things that make the most vivid impression upon the reader. Think nothing too trifling to set down, so it be in the smallest degree characteristic. You will be surprised to find, on re-perusing your journal, what an importance and graphic power these little peculiarities assume."

Whatever value these records may possess lies in the fact that when they were made, Japan had within a few years emerged from a peculiar state of civilization which had endured for centuries. Even at that time, however (1877), changes had taken place, such as the modern training of its armies; a widespread system of public schools; government departments of war, treasury, agriculture, telegraph, post, statistics, and other bureaus of modern administration, — all these instrumentalities making a slight impress on the larger cities such as Tokyo and Osaka, sufficiently marked, however,

to cause one to envy those who only a few years before had seen the people when all the samurai wore the two swords, when every man wore the queue and every married woman blackened the teeth. The country towns and villages were little, if at all, affected by these foreign introductions, and the greater part of my memoranda and sketches were made in the country. The extent of territory traversed may be indicated by stating that my travels extended from Otaru nai, on the west coast of Yezo, north latitude nearly  $41^{\circ}$ , to the southernmost end of Satsuma, latitude  $31^{\circ}$ , mostly overland by jinrikisha and on horseback. By far the larger mass of notes and sketches would be similar to records made a thousand years ago; indeed, so little had the country changed that extracts from the *Tosa Diary* (translation of Aston) depicts scenes and conditions resembling those I was daily recording.

Precisely how to present this material, comprising thirty-five hundred pages of journal, had long perplexed me; in fact, had it not been for a letter from my friend, Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow, with whom I visited Japan for the third time, the journal would never have been prepared for publication. I wrote to my friend exultingly that I had a long leave of absence from the Peabody Museum of Salem, and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in order to finish a number of studies on Mollusks and Brachiopods, and in return received the following in a letter from Dr. Bigelow: "The only thing I don't like in your letter is the confession that you are still frittering away your valuable time on the lower forms of animal life, which anybody can attend to, instead of devoting it to the highest, about the manners and customs of which no one is so well

qualified to speak as you. Honestly, now, is n't a Japanese a higher organism than a worm? Drop your damned Brachiopods. They'll always be there and will inevitably be taken care of by somebody or other as the years go by, and remember that the Japanese organisms which you and I knew familiarly forty years ago are vanishing types, many of which have already disappeared completely from the face of the earth, and that men of our age are literally the last people who have seen these organisms alive. For the next generation the Japanese we knew will be as extinct as *Belemnites*."

The point he made was overwhelming and unanswerable, and reluctantly I began the work of preparing the material for publication. I at first resolved to classify the memoranda under the headings of a course of twelve lectures on Japan given before the Lowell Institute of Boston in the winter of 1881-82. These were as follows: 1. Country; people; language. 2. Traits of the people. 3. Houses; food; toilet. 4. Homes and their surroundings. 5. Children; toys; games. 6. Temples; theatres; music. 7. City life and health matters. 8. Country life and natural scenery. 9. Educational matters and students. 10. Industrial occupations. 11. Ceramic and pictorial art. 12. Antiquities.

Some of these subjects have already been dealt with by others with a wealth of illustration that makes their work monographic in character. It would have been an endless undertaking to have classified the material after the Lowell Institute course and would have required many new subheadings. Hence I have been reluctantly compelled to present these journal notes as a continuous record, and the title of



the book, *Japan Day by Day*, suggested independently by Mrs. H. A. Garfield and Lorin F. Deland, Esq., is a simple statement of fact. Much of the material is as light and disjointed as the rambling crowds on the streets which the journal so often depicts. It records, however, many features rarely seen to-day and many that are obsolete. Important subjects of the journal I have already published elsewhere.<sup>1</sup>

With these eliminations certain data were still left for special magazine articles. This material is now included with the rest of the diary. Neither time nor strength permitted me to redraw the hundreds of "thumb-nail" sketches which illustrate the journal, many of which were made under trying circumstances, in jostling crowds, even from bumping jinrikishas. Many of these sketches are rough to the last degree, yet, as an artist friend observed, they possess a certain psychological value which if redrawn they would lose.

I was urged by Mr. J. E. Lodge, of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, to accompany the name of every Japanese object with the Chinese character, or characters, representing the name. It would have added very greatly to the task of pre-

<sup>1</sup> These memoranda have been embodied in various articles, memoirs, and books, as follows: In *Popular Science Monthly*, three articles entitled "Health Matters in Japan"; "Traces of Early Man in Japan," illustrated, and "Dolmens in Japan," illustrated. In the *Youth's Companion* an article on "Kite-flying in Japan," illustrated. In *Harper's Monthly* an article entitled "Old Satsuma," with 11 woodcuts, illustrating 49 objects. A book entitled *Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings*, with 307 figures. *Shell Mounds of Omori*, published by the Imperial University of Tokyo, with 18 folded lithographic plates, containing 267 figures. My notes on Japanese pottery formed a quarto volume of 364 pages with 68 photogravure plates and 1545 potter's marks in the text, published by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. My Brachiopod work, which first led me to Japan, was published by the Boston Society of Natural History. This formed a quarto volume of 86 pages with 23 lithographic plates.

paring the manuscript for the press, and realizing that the few readers who cared for the Chinese ideographs would have in their possession, or could readily find access to, Hepburn's *Japanese and English Dictionary*, where the equivalent characters might be found, I have reluctantly declined to follow this excellent suggestion. It may be added that a good font of Chinese characters would be difficult to find in this country. One would have to send to Brill, of Leyden, to secure the type. The long ō has been omitted for similar reasons.

In the journal many statements are broadly made; as, for example, when I speak of the honesty of the Japanese I do not imply by these general statements that petty thefts are not known; the fact that one sees policemen and that jails and prisons exist, indicates that infractions of the law occur. As for the proverbial dishonesty of bric-à-brac dealers, where in the wide world could one find an honest example? When I declare that the Japanese do not swear, I base the statement on the fact that the Japanese have no "swear words." They have deities and saints enough, but their names are never invoked, or damned, as in Spain, where odious epithets are coupled with the names San Pedro, San Juan, and other apostles.

In regard to the many errors that are sure to be found, I can only say that the best authorities were consulted, and in the forty years that have elapsed since these records were made new light may have been shed; thus Mr. Tomita writes me that Fuji, in Fujiyama, is a word of Ainu origin, meaning volcano.

Among the earlier friends I made in Japan and to whom I am much indebted were Dr. Hideyoshi Takamine, Director

of the Female Normal School, and his friends, Tsunijiro Miyaoka and Seiken Takenaka. Mr. Miyaoka has since become a distinguished lawyer. He was formerly in the diplomatic service, having been councillor in the Japanese embassies at Berlin and Washington. When a little boy nine years old he was a playmate of my own boy of the same age. He was at my house very often, and from him and his brother I got innumerable items of information relating to proverbs, superstitions, games, manners, and customs. My grateful acknowledgments are due also to my special students with whom I was intimately associated in the laboratory. To Dr. Kato, Director of the Imperial University, and to the Vice-Director, Dr. Hamao, and to Dr. Hattori; Count Tachibana, Director of the Nobles' School, and to the hosts of Japanese students and friends, teachers of tea ceremony and music, whose names are mentioned in the preface of *Japanese Homes*, my obligations are due. The patient and courteous answers they made, often choking with laughter at the apparent absurdity of some of the questions, enabled me to record many customs that had not been noted before. Some of my interlocutors had scant knowledge of English and this with my equally scant knowledge of Japanese led to many erroneous records at the outset. It is considered rude to differ in opinion, and when you think you comprehend the subject your friend amiably agrees with you!

My thanks are due to Mr. Kojiro Tomita, of the Museum of Fine Arts, and to Miss Chie Hirano for assistance in various ways. To my daughter, Mrs. Russell Robb, who was with me in Japan, I am indebted for reminding me of many incidents and



experiences which I had not recorded, and also to Mr. Russell Robb, who critically read every page of the typewritten manuscript, reducing redundancies, shortening sentences, and in various ways smoothing asperities; and finally, to Miss Margarette W. Brooks, who read and copied my execrable manuscript, and in so doing made the rough smooth and the obscure plain, and who persistently kept me at the work, my obligations are infinite.

E. S. M.

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# JAPAN DAY BY DAY

## CHAPTER I

### JAPAN IN 1877 — YOKOHAMA AND TOKYO

OMITTING all details of the voyage from San Francisco and the delights of getting on land after a seventeen days' voyage, the journal will start with the first sight of a native.

It was dark when we dropped anchor at Yokohama. A Japanese boat belonging to the hotel came alongside and into this a number of us got. The boat was a long, clumsy affair sculled from the side by three Japanese, their only clothing consisting of a loin-cloth: little short fellows they were, but immensely strong, for they easily brought down on their naked backs the heavy trunks and other packages. How vigorously they worked sculling us two miles to the shore! And such a peculiar series of grunts they made, keeping time with each other with sounds like *hei hei cha, hei hei cha*, and then varying the chanty, if it were one, putting quite as much energy into the grunts as they did into the sculling. The noise they made sounded like the exhaust of some compound and wheezy engine. I felt a real sympathy for them in seeing the intense energy they gave to each stroke, and they never let up in the entire two miles. The boat was curiously arranged for sculling from the side. A plan shows transverse pieces which rest on the edge of the boat and overlap several

inches (fig. 1). A knob in the oar fits into a hole in the end of this transverse piece.

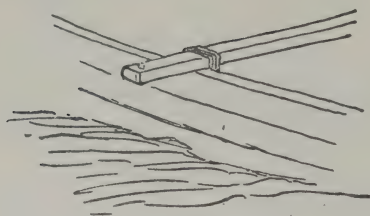


FIG. 1

The oar (fig. 2) is composed of two pieces firmly tied together, heavy and apparently clumsy. One man sculled on one side and two on the other, one of these steering as well. As we

neared the shore, one of the boatmen called out, "Jinrikisha," "Jinrikisha," and was promptly answered by some one

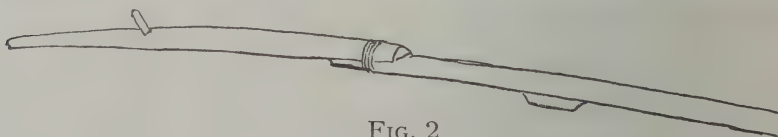


FIG. 2

on shore. It was a call for the two-wheeled vehicle drawn by man power.

Finally the boat grounded, and I jumped out on the shores of Japan tickled enough to yell, which I mildly did. In landing you feel a curious exaltation of accomplishment. The customs officers came sedately down to inspect our baggage, little Japanese fellows with their black hair showing strangely under their uniform caps of pure white. Away we went in the dark, following a street that led by the shore. The hotel was somewhat disturbed by our late arrival, and a few Japanese servants scurried about preparing our rooms. We went to bed excited by the novelty of our situation and so eager to see the morning light that, like boys anticipating the pleasures of a Fourth of July morning, we hardly slept a wink.

Here on my thirty-ninth birthday, what a world of delight



burst upon me as I looked out the hotel window this morning on the frigates of the various nations in the harbor and the curious native boats and junks, with everything novel but the ships and the sea. At our corner is a canal which comes down from the country. Through this narrow channel the quaintest boats were passing, the boatmen singing their curious chanties as they vigorously worked. People were going by clothed in the scantiest garments, some carrying wares of various kinds, most of them wearing the rude wooden clogs, which make a curious, resonant clattering on the hard road. The clogs were of two types, one consisting of an oblong piece of wood with two thin pieces fastened crosswise, the other carved out of a solid block of wood. A thick cord is so arranged that the front part of it comes between the big toe and the next one to it, as shown in figure 3, which was sketched from the foot of a re-

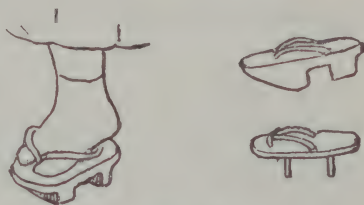


FIG. 3

spectable old woman. The road along which the people passed, for there were no sidewalks, was curiously marked by the wooden clogs, and narrow wheels of the jinrikishas. There are many kinds of clogs and sandals: neat ones made of straw lying about the stairways, others of the rudest straw costing less than a cent apiece, worn by the poorest people, and on the road you often see the discarded ones.

At the entrance of the canal a new sea wall is being built, and one could watch with interest for hours the curious human pile-driver. The staging is lashed together with ropes

of straw. The men at their work are nearly naked, and, in one case, with the exception of the loin-cloth, absolutely so. The pile-driver is a curious contrivance. A heavy weight is attached to a long pole which is guided by a workman who sits on a plank of the stage, while others pull ropes which are attached to the weight below and run through pulleys above,

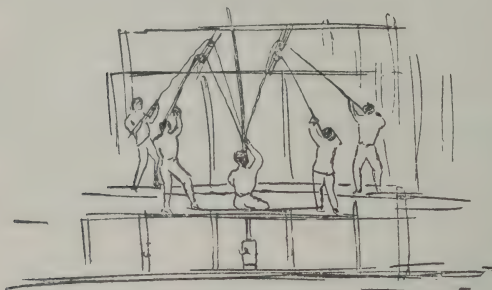


FIG. 4

as in figure 4. There were eight men in the circle, but my sketch, for simplicity, shows four. An odd, monotonous chant was sung, and at the end of the stanza all pulled together, and then sud-

denly letting go, the weight dropped with a thud. It seemed a ridiculous waste of time to sing the chanty, for such it was, without exerting the slightest effort to raise the weight. Nine tenths of the time was devoted to singing!

Immediately after breakfast we started to see the town. Never will these first impressions of wandering through the streets of a Japanese town be effaced: the odd architecture; the quaint open shops, many like the cleanest cabinets; the courtesy of the attendants; the novelty of every minutest object; the curious sounds of the people; the delicious odor of cedar and tea filling the air. About the only familiar features were the ground under our feet and the warm, bright sunshine. At the corner of the hotel a number of jinrikishas were lined up waiting for a fare (fig. 5), and as soon as we started

they called out "Jinrikisha?" We plainly signified that we did not want one; nevertheless, two of them followed us; when we stopped, they stopped, and when we peered into the little shops and smiled at anything, they smiled. I wondered at their patience in following us so far, for we did not intend to hire, preferring to walk. However, they knew better than we did what would happen, that in our wanderings we should not only get tired, but lose ourselves, which was precisely what we did, and having become completely exhausted by the novelties which greeted us at every step, lost, and fatigued by the long tramp, we gladly indicated our intention of riding back. As we stepped into the frail-looking vehicle I, for one, felt a sense of humiliation in being dragged by a man and should have felt less embarrassed if I could have got out and exchanged places with the naked-legged human. But this feeling soon wore away, and the exhilaration of having a man ahead running like the old scratch the entire distance to the hotel, without stopping, was as surprising as most of the experiences of that



FIG. 5



FIG. 6

morning. Their charge at the end of the ride was ten cents, and for this they had spent an entire forenoon! The wonderful endurance of these men exceeds belief, for we are told that they will run for miles in this way, hour after hour, without apparent fatigue (fig. 6).

In carrying passengers they never walk, but always run with a long, swinging lope, barelegged and barefooted, and, generally, bareheaded, no matter how hot the sun. They have sometimes a band of cloth tied about the head and on the back a short indigo-dyed coat of thin cotton cloth, while about their loins is tied a breech-cloth. They apparently are clad no more warmly in winter. A cool costume, certainly, but odd enough to our eyes. How we enjoyed the ride! Going at full speed through the narrow streets of a town, the peculiarities of the simple dwellings, the people, dress, shops,

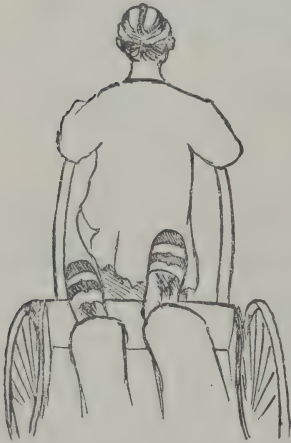


FIG. 7

hundreds of women and children, old men and boys, all recalled the various pictures we had seen on fans and which we thought were exaggerations. Jinrikisha riding is a constant delight; a gentle up-and-down oscillation of the vehicle is all the motion perceptible. You really travel at a good speed, your horse never runs away, and when you stop he guards your property. Here is the way my man looked on the first long ride I took (fig. 7). The

top of the head was shaven and a little waxed queue rested upon the bald area. A white cloth was tied around the head.

Everybody seems to "keep shop." The shop and the room back are wide-open to the street, and as one stops to barter he finds himself rudely looking beyond the stock in trade to the family at supper, or going through their rounds of domestic work, which is reduced to the last expression of simplic-



ity. In nearly every house is a receptacle filled with ashes in which is buried a burning coal. Over this water is heated for the tea and on cold days the hands are warmed, but the chief service seemed the providing of a convenience for the smoker. The pipe and mouthpiece are of metal, the stem a reed of some kind (fig. 8). The tobacco is light-colored, finely



FIG. 8

cut, very dry, and very mild. The bowl will hold a ball of tobacco the size of a small pea, and after filling it and lighting it from the coal one or two whiffs consume it all. Even one smoke will often suffice, though the pipe may be filled a few times for successive smokes. Opportunities to make tea are ever ready, and a common mark of hospitality when you visit a shop is to offer you a cup of tea. It is impossible to describe the appearance of these tiny shops. In some respects they remind you of an open shed with a floor raised from the ground, on the edge of which you sit. The goods, often a pitifully small stock, are arranged on a series of low, step-like shelves, so near that one can reach the objects from where he sits, and beyond, the family in a room back are eating, reading, or sleeping, and if the shop deals in manufactured objects the room behind is devoted to the making of fans, cakes, candy, toys, or whatever may be the articles sold. You get the impression of a lot of children playing baby house. No chairs, table, or other articles of furniture are seen, unless it might be a case of drawers; no chimney, no stove, no attic, no

cellar, no door even, only sliding screens. The family sleep on the floor, which, however, consists of mats of uniform length, of six feet by three, fitting tightly as a boy's blocks might fill the bottom of a box. There is a little head-rest for a pillow and heavily quilted comforters cover one at night.

The utter freedom of the people gives a vivid impression of their peculiarities. For instance, you often pass a woman walking in the middle of the street openly nursing her child. Though the country people seem very polite in their repeated bowings, we have seen but little gallantry so far. As an example, we observed a young woman drawing water from a well. These in many towns are at the side of the street. She was interrupted by three men who left their load in the street to get a drink of water, she standing patiently by until they had finished. We supposed, of course, they would draw up a bucket of water for her; but nothing of the kind, — they did not even thank her.

In entering a shop, which in most cases is simply by stepping over a sill on to the hard ground again, men and women

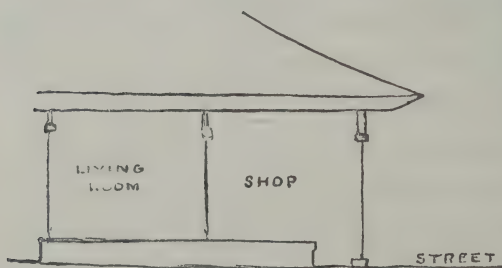


FIG. 9

leave their clogs behind them. As shown in an earlier sketch the stocking is like a mitten, the big toe separate from the other four toes. By this arrangement one

can immediately step out, or rather off, the clog or sandal. A section of an ordinary shop is shown in figure 9. No mat-

ter how small the area back of a house or shop, an attempt is made to have some sort of a garden.

One notices with sympathy the painful endurance of a class of men who take the places of horses or bulls in dragging and

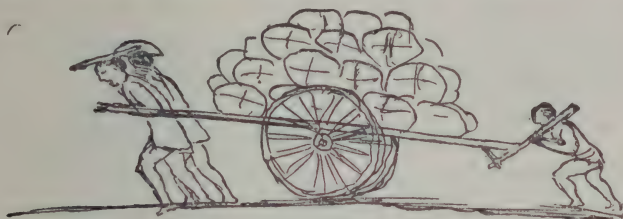


FIG. 10

pushing a two-wheeled cart with heavy loads of merchandise (fig. 10). In their efforts they bark or grunt out a series of short sounds and so loudly that they may be heard a considerable distance. The refrain sounded as follows: *Hoida hoi! Hoi saka hoi!* The beads of perspiration pouring down their faces and water dripping from their mouths are evidences of the painful efforts they are making. The duty of the *betto*, or footman, as he has to be literally, since he is rarely allowed to ride, is to run ahead of the carriage to clear the way through the crowds in the streets, for everybody walks in the roadway. In this way men will run as fast as a horse will trot and continue for miles and miles. These *betto*s dress in black with round, black, bowl-shaped affairs on their heads and long flowing sleeves floating out behind. One is reminded of black demons.

The extensive rice-fields everywhere indicate the enormous amount of labor involved, not only in making them, but in the yearly amount of labor expended in planting-time. The

rice-fields are divided into irregular plots by narrow embankments which form pathways to the plots. In some of the plots men are at work breaking up the soil (fig. 11); in others distributing from buckets the liquid manure; while in still



FIG. 11

others the work of transplanting is going on; for every little rice plant, like a spear of grass, has to be put in place by the hands, a task that seems incredible, but the whole family join in the work, old women as well as the children. The smaller children seem to be in attendance as spectators, carrying on their backs the babies. This carrying of babies on the backs one sees everywhere. It is a remarkable sight to see four women out of five, and five children out of six, lugging babies upon their backs, oftentimes held in place by the hands of the holders crossed behind, or the child riding with its legs astride the carrier. A rare thing is to hear a baby cry, and thus far I have never seen the slightest sign of impatience on the part of the mother. I believe Japan is the only nation in the world that yields so much to the babies, or in which the babies are so good. I saw one mother shaving a baby's head with a sharp razor; the baby was crying, but, nevertheless, standing perfectly still. I contrasted all this behavior again and again, with that found in certain tenement regions at home.



In the fields and woods I noticed some plants precisely like those at home, while others were most unlike: palmetto, bamboo, and other forms distinctly semi-tropical. At the head of a little valley a body of French marines, with their jaunty hats and bright blue and white trimmed uniforms, were practicing target-shooting, banging away at a lively rate. I saw tea growing for the first time, and whichever way I turned, my eyes met some new object of interest.

We rode across Yokohama in the fascinating jinrikishas on our first visit to Tokyo, the name meaning "Eastern Capital." It is a city of nearly a million inhabitants. Its old name was Yedo, and the older foreign residents still call it Yedo. The train bearing us to Tokyo was made up of first, second, and third class cars; we found the second class cars clean and comfortable. The cars are a triple cross between the English car, the American car, and the American horse-car. The couplings, truck, and bunter-beam are English, the platforms and doors in ends of cars are American, and the seats running lengthwise are like our horse-cars. With what interest we watched the landscape. The rice-fields, stretching for miles on each side of the railroad, are now (June) covered with water, and the people working in them are up to their knees in mud; the new rice, of a light-green color, contrasts vividly with the dark shaded groves. The farmhouses have enormous thatched roofs, on the ridge-poles of which are growing plants with leaves like the iris. At intervals we passed a temple of worship, or a shrine, always in some charming, picturesque place surrounded by trees. The sights were novel and absorbing and the ride of seventeen miles went like a flash.

We were in Tokyo. As the train stopped, the passengers alighted on a cement walk, and the clatter made by the wooden clogs and sandals was somewhat like the sound produced by a troop of horses crossing a bridge — a peculiar resonant or rather musical vibration was mingled with this clatter of sound. Our jinrikisha had an extra man in front with a rope on his shoulders, in fact a tandem team, and off we started at a lively rate. If Yokohama had been interesting, the narrow streets and hum of life in this great city were vastly more so. To ride along so rapidly, to peer into every house, to pass the odd characters, — priests, gentlemen, brightly dressed women, students, school-children, nearly every one bareheaded and all black-haired, and some, if not all, of the lower classes having a loose sort of gown tied about the waist, — was bewildering. My head fairly became confused with the various sights and novelties.

In passing through a large burned district such activity I have never seen. Two types of buildings were going up, the little one-story dwelling-houses and shops of the flimsiest character and the tall, two-story, fireproof buildings, massive and sombre. In building a large fireproof structure the staging is built first and then covered with matting so that the plaster, which they use so freely, shall not dry too quickly. On these a heavy tiled roof is used. This is believed to be of great security in earthquakes, for the inertia of the roof is such that it does not move, while the building itself may be swaying. In balancing a cane on the finger some difficulty is experienced. If a heavy book could be fastened to the top of the cane, it would be much easier to balance it,

and the hand could be moved rapidly back and forth a few inches without the book moving at all. A solid frame is built, and then a network of bamboo is interwoven between the beams like basket-work, and the plaster is applied to both sides of the network. If the building be first boarded, square tiles are laid on, sometimes diagonally and sometimes horizontally, and after that the seams are very tastily plastered with white plaster making a very neat and pretty appear-

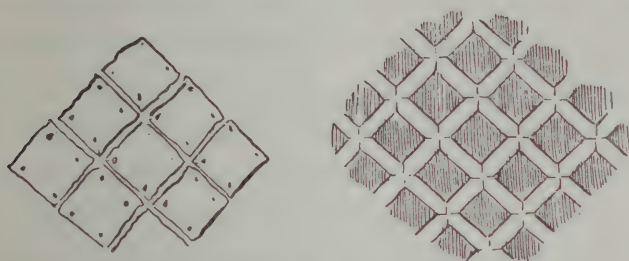


FIG. 12

ance (fig. 12). It is customary for merchants to lay by a sum of money every year for building purposes in anticipation of the conflagrations which often ravage large areas; but the district through which we were going had been for so long a time exempt from such a calamity that the accumulations of funds in this way had become sufficient to enable them to afford a much better class of buildings.

We were soon at Dr. David Murray's office, having ridden over quaint and handsome bridges and alongside of the castle moat. This moat looked like a small river with a stone wall rising in a graceful slant to a height of twenty feet or more, and this wall enclosed a large region. The water for the moat or ditch is brought fifteen miles or more and the entire work



is enormous in its solidity and extent. Entering a low building furnished with a table and a few chairs, we awaited the arrival of Dr. David Murray, the Superintendent of the Department of Education. On the table was a box containing an earthen vessel in which was a live coal for the smoker's convenience, and soon a servant brought cups of tea on a tray, bowing nearly to the floor when he entered the room.

The foreign University professors live in houses built in our style, most of them in a large enclosure surrounded by high walls with gateways at intervals, some permanently closed and others always closed at night. There are a number of these enclosures in various parts of the city and they are known as *yashiki*. In feudal times the lords, or daimyos of the provinces were compelled to live in Yedo for a certain number of months a year. The dignitaries came with their retainers, artisans, and servants, in some instances to the number of thousands. The *yashiki* to which we were going was known as Kaga *Yashiki*, the Daimyo of the Province of Kaga occupying it in feudal times. The other *yashikis* in the city bear the name of the province of the daimyo to whom they belonged. Reliable books on Japan will inform the reader more specially about these enclosures. The great wealth of some of the daimyos, the magnificence of the processions when they started overland for Yedo, and the great awe which these ceremonial columns inspired are among the most impressive features of feudal times. The Daimyo of Kaga came with ten thousand men; the Daimyo of Satsuma with his retainers traveled over five hundred miles to reach Yedo. The sums expended in this way were very great.



Kaga Yashiki is now a wilderness of trees, bushes, and tangled masses of shrubbery; hundreds of crows are cawing about; here and there are abandoned wells, some not covered, and treacherous pitfalls they are. The crows are as tame as our pigeons and act as scavengers. They sit on the fences bordering the railway and caw as the train goes thundering by and they wake you in the morning by cawing outside the window.

We visited the Imperial University with Professor Toyama. It was a strange sight to see the students, all in Japanese costume, studying Gray's Botany, at work in the chemical laboratory, performing experiments in physics, and using English textbooks. A preparatory school for the study of English is connected with the University and all students must understand English well before entering the University. I had an interview with the Director of Educational Affairs for the Empire, a fine-looking Japanese who could not utter or understand a word of English. Another very scholarly looking young man, who acted as interpreter, accompanied him. It bothered me somewhat to talk through an interpreter in this way, as the whole interview was very formal, though very pleasant. The refined conversation in Japanese was very attractive to listen to. Dr. Murray sat by, and after the conversation had ceased and we had parted, the Doctor said I had left an excellent impression. Fortunately my practice in lecturing without notes came in well at this interview, for I framed my language with the greatest care, complimenting the Director on the progress the country was making.

In the afternoon Professor Wilson, with whom we dined,

took me to the "Wrestlers," where numbers of wrestlers have their bouts. The surroundings were odd enough; little tea-houses, a few bronze gods, ten feet in height, and the usual swarm of Japanese. We bought our tickets, consisting of pieces of wood, seven inches long, two and one half wide, and one half inch in thickness, on which were printed a number of Chinese characters. The "circus" was made of poles standing upright, with rafters laid flat across, on which, for a ceiling,



FIG. 13

was straw matting and the walls were of the same material. A rude gallery, or rather two galleries, ran round the building and were equally primitive. In the centre were four upright posts between which was a raised portion and a ring of nearly twenty feet in diameter, with a canopy of red cloth above (fig. 13). At each post there sat an old Japanese, evidently some sort of a judge, while a stern-looking fellow, highly dressed, acted as umpire. To see the huge and corpulent wrestlers come into the ring straddling their legs, lifting them up and down as if they were trying them, slapping them vig-

orously, and then when ready stooping down for a few minutes facing each other, examining each others' muscles, for they were entirely naked save for a loin-cloth, was a novel and interesting sight. When they finally got ready they rested their hands on the ground and then suddenly sprang at each other, the feat being to push or throw one or the other out of the ring. Sometimes the struggle was very short, at other times active and with tremendous strength shown; and sometimes one of them would be simply pushed back from the ring and at other times they would get some fearful tumbles. One wrestler was thrown out of the ring landing on his head and shoulders, which were scratched and bleeding when he got up. We sat very near the ring so that I might look back upon the audience. The ground was parted off by mortised beams making areas about six feet square which answered for boxes. Within the enclosure all the space was yours, and some of the audience had writing materials and were taking notes of the struggle; others had their little vessels with hot coals and a little tea-kettle and were making tiny cups of tea at intervals. What interested me as much as anything was watching the Japanese as they looked curiously at Professor Wilson's eight-year-old boy. This sweet little fellow sat on the side of the enclosure where he could see the performance. As the entire audience was kneeling on the floor and Harry was up high, they could all see him. His light curly hair and blue eyes were as novel a sight to them as bright red eyes and blue hair would be to us, for foreigners are not yet so common in Tokyo as to be familiar objects. Now, this light-skinned and delicate-looking boy speaks Jap-

anese just as well as he does English. Judge, then, of the astonishment of the Japanese when the boy turned round and asked, for his father's sake, an explanation of some part of the performance and then gave it to us in English. The delighted faces of the Japanese to find that he could speak their language was charming to see, and so repeatedly during the performance I asked Harry to ask the Japanese a number of questions for the sake of seeing their looks of admiration. The wrestlers were very large and strong, some of them perfectly enormous, they were so fat; but there seemed to be more brute strength than agility manifested. Over and over again they would grapple, and the umpire, detecting something wrong, would stop them, and they would unlock and each go to a corner of the arena, at one of the posts, where an assistant would hand them a swallow of water which they would blow into a spray over the body and arms, then they would take a handful of dirt and rub it in the arm-pits, and



FIG. 14

come back to the centre of the ring, crouch down, and go through the same manœuvres six or eight times before they could get rightly started. Sometimes they would get in this attitude (fig. 14), and one would say, "O-shi" and the other, "O-sho," and this they would repeat many times. All the while the most vigorous efforts were being made by each to maintain his position. At length the umpire would say something and they would stop their struggles and step out of the ring, the bout being evidently a drawn



game. The perfect quiet and order prevailing, though no policemen were present, the good humor and politeness shown, and the entire absence of any odor or close smell impressed me; and when the show was over and they all came swarming out, there was no crowding, pushing, or loud talking, no rushing to whiskey saloons, for there were none; but many stopped near the little booths surrounding the place and took a quiet cup of tea or a tiny cup of saké. Again I contrasted this behavior with that accompanying a similar performance at home.

When we drove away, my friend, having an engagement that prevented him from carrying me to the railroad station, called a jinrikisha and told the man in Japanese where I wanted to go and for half an hour I was traveling through the narrow streets of this vast city. I never met a single European, and, of course, did not know whether I was going in the right or wrong direction.

Immediately after leaving Tokyo on the train one notices in the waters of the Bay of Yedo five small, low islands of identical shape running in a line parallel with the shore. You are not surprised that these islands should be fortified, but are amazed as to what peculiar formation or denudation could result in producing such curiously symmetrical islands. You are told that they are artificial and were all built within the space of five months. When Commodore Perry went away he stated that he would be back in five months, and in this interval the Japanese not only built the five islands from the bottom up, but surmounted them with forts and even mounted cannon on some of them. The incredible industry and the

swarm of workmen and vessels required remind one of the resources and exploits of the ancient Egyptians, only the Japanese had taken days to do what these ancient people had taken years to accomplish. The islands appeared to be four hundred or five hundred feet square and perhaps a thousand feet apart. In the park in Tokyo we had noticed boulders that were unquestionably glaciated, but were afterwards told that these stones had been transported probably hundreds of miles from the north on Japanese junks.

In our rambles we have come across a few cemeteries appearing very much like our own graveyards, but differing, of course, in the form of the stone monuments and in the absence of the long, narrow mound and in the agreeable absence of those pretentious and obtrusive products of stone-yard art. With all the other sensible and sanitary features characterizing the Japanese the custom of cremation is one. What proportion of bodies are cremated I do not know, but it is large.

At night you occasionally hear a curious clacking sound beaten in regular rhythmic raps. You find that these sounds are made by private watchmen who at intervals go about the grounds to inform the owners that some one is on guard.

At times, night and day, you hear a plaintive sort of shrill whistle. This sound is made by blind men and women who go about the streets to advertise their calling, which is that of masseurs. You call one in, and for half an hour or more the masseur will hammer, pinch, rub, and maul you in such a way that when the work is finished you feel like a new man, and for this delight you pay the sum of four cents! Thousands and thousands of the blind throughout the Empire earn their

living in this way. They go to a regular school and are taught the proper methods of massage. These unfortunate people have been rendered blind by smallpox, but since the common sense of the nation saw the merits of vaccination and promptly adopted it this loathsome disease has been banished forever from the country. We could not help recalling the incredible idiots in our country, who, too obtuse to understand the value of numbers and statistics, resist this beneficent process. Such people by the laws of survival of the fittest are ultimately eliminated by smallpox and thus the race goes on in its advance. The sign, "I am blind," is never seen on street beggars; indeed no street beggars are seen. The various cries of the street venders of food and other articles arrest your attention at once by their quaintness and you even follow the peddlers along the street to hear their calls. The cry of the flower vender sounds precisely like the terminal cluck of a hen.

The devices for the display of objects in the shops are often simple and interesting. Thus a fan shop had a rack made of a long piece of bamboo with openings cut between the joints and into these places the fans were inserted. A similar holder is found in the kitchen to hold wooden spoons, spatulas, skewers, etc. (fig. 15).



FIG. 15

The infinite variety of simple objects that one sees in a single ride along the streets keeps one on the alert, amused and delighted all the time. In the balcony of those houses which may have a second story the balcony rail will show a hun-



dred varieties of lattice, carving, nature effects in wood, etc. In one balcony rail I saw a rough plank with irregular holes in it (fig. 16): one would say, a rude and ungainly object fit

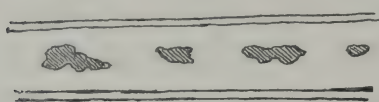


FIG. 16

only for fire wood, and yet the Japanese enjoy the natural results of nature's caprices:

the fungus-stained wood, a plank cut from the outside of an irregular tree-trunk, the holes in the plank being made by the depressions.

I have had enough experience with a jinrikisha to learn that one must sit quite still in riding. The man, pulling, holds the shafts rather high and just balanced, so that any sudden movement forward, as in bowing, may bring the man on his knees and throw you over his head; or, in recognizing some friend who has just passed, you turn your head and body around, leaning back at the same time, and the chances are that the jinrikisha tips back and you are gently dumped into the street to the mortification of the man, who stands bowing and *go-men-na-sai-ing*, and to the amusement of the crowd.

The decorative impulses of the Japanese run to everything, and even a baby's head is not exempt from this impulse, as one notices the adroit way it is shaved, leaving tufts over the ears, a semi-lunar area in front, a circle on top of the head, and a little queue behind.

As the horses are never shod as with us, it is an odd sight to see horses and bulls wearing straw shoes. These have a heavy matted sole and are tied behind the hoof. Along the road one sees discarded shoes, not only of the four-legged beasts of burden, but of those of the two-legged kind.



Figure 17 shows one way of holding a child to the back, the mother having her hands crossed behind and holding in her hands the baby's toy.

Somewhat astonished at learning that the death-rate of Tokyo was lower than that of Boston, I made some inquiries about health matters. I learned that dysentery and cholera infantum are never known here; some fevers due to malaria occur, but are not common; rheumatic troubles show themselves among foreigners after several years' residence. But those diseases which at home are attributed to bad drainage, imperfect closets, and the like seem to be unknown or rare, and this freedom from such complaints is probably due to the fact that all excrementitious matter is carried out of the city by men who utilize it for their farms and rice-fields. With us this sewage is allowed to flow into our coves and harbors, polluting the water and killing all aquatic life; and the stench arising from the decomposition and filth are swept over the community to the misery of all. In Japan this material is scrupulously saved and goes to enrich the soil. It seems incredible that in a vast city like Tokyo this service should be performed by hundreds of men who have their regular routes. The buckets are suspended on carrying-sticks and the weight of these full buckets would tax a giant. This stuff is often transported miles into the country, where it is allowed to remain in open half oil-barrels for a time and then is distributed to the rice-fields by means of long-handled wooden



FIG. 17

dippers. Besides this substance for the enrichment of the soil a great many cargoes of fish manure are brought from Hakodate. Without manure they do not cultivate; the soil is not rich in productive materials, as it is mostly of volcanic origin. A Japanese saying is, "A new field gives but a small crop."

The absence of sunstroke is another interesting fact, for the people go bareheaded under the hottest sun, and the men have the tops of their heads shaved. At home it is believed that intemperate living induces sunstroke; here the people are temperate in their habits of eating and drinking.

The streets and smaller alleys are generally well watered. The people abutting a street may be seen sprinkling it with



FIG. 18

large bamboo dippers. In Tokyo men go along the streets having suspended on carrying-poles deep buckets of water. A plug is lifted out of a hole in the bottom of the bucket and a spreading stream of water pours out, the man in the meanwhile almost running to scatter the water over as wide an area as possible

(fig. 18). The buckets for lugging water are made on such sound principles and so simply that Eastlake would have highly approved of the taste and utility displayed. Two of the staves are continued above the rim to nearly twice the height of the bucket and a transverse piece from one to the other forms the handle (fig. 19). The carrying-stick, made of hard wood, is found throughout Japan, China, and Korea. A man will be seen having two large baskets suspended from



FIG. 19

the carrying-pole, in one of which will be a large fish and in the other several heavy stones to balance it! One would think there was a waste of energy here. Deep buckets of water for drinking purposes are seen swinging from these carrying-poles, but floating in each bucket is a circular piece of wood of nearly the diameter of the bucket, and this simple device prevents the water from slopping over. Low, shallow tubs are seen with three of the staves extending below the tub a short distance forming legs which support the bucket from the ground, and from this receptacle live fish in salt water are peddled. The simplicity of construction and the strength and durability of objects, at least in the hands of the Japanese, are noticeable.

Among the earlier features in this country noticed by foreigners is the fact that in many operations we do just the reverse of the Japanese, and this feature has been commented on a thousand times; nevertheless, I cannot help recalling it. The Japanese plane and saw toward them instead of away from them as we do; they begin a book on what we should call the last page, and at the upper right-hand corner and read down; the last page of our books would be the first page of theirs; their boats have the mast near the stern and the sailor sculls from the side; in the sequence of courses at dinner candy and cake are offered first; they drink hot water instead of cold and back their horses into the stall.

A "tea-firing" building, one hundred by one hundred and fifty feet, is an interesting place with its long row of furnaces, or rather large kettles enclosed in brick with openings beneath for fire. These rows of kettles covered the spacious

floor, which was the ground (fig. 20). The kettles were made of some composition that resembled tin or zinc and the fires

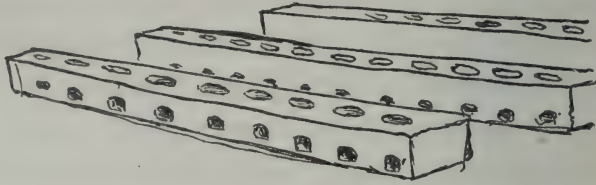


FIG. 20

were kept up by charcoal, the universal fuel of Japan. Each man, woman, or girl tended two of these kettles, his duty consisting in stirring the leaves with the hand to prevent them from burning. One may imagine the aroma the tea loses in firing, when it is stated that the atmosphere of Yokohama is at times charged with the delicate fragrance of the herb. The heat of the place was oppressive. The men were naked except for the loin-cloth and many of the older women were naked to the waist. Each person had a convenience for making cups of tea and many of them were smoking their tiny pipes. Babies of all sizes were running round between the rows of furnaces or sitting up on the brickwork. Some were on the backs of their mothers. At almost every occupation or trade the children are present, either carried on the backs of their parents or of older children, or led by the hand. It seems reasonable to believe that the continual presence of children at every kind of activity may account for the dexterity the Japanese manifest in taking so readily to every kind of handicraft. The tea for export has to be thoroughly dried before packing in their sheet-lead boxes, which are hermetically sealed by soldering. The slightest moisture would



lead to mould and deterioration. The tea for home consumption is only slightly fired and therefore retains most of the aroma. As a consequence lukewarm water is all that is necessary for the infusion, while with us, "unless the water boiling be," etc., is a well-known maxim.

The number and novelty of delightful experiences one encounters in Japan makes a task for the journalist. The theatre was one of these novelties. It was an exhilarating experience to start off with a number of friends for the theatre. To be whirled along at a lively rate in single file through crowded streets, at every second having new sights, new sounds, and new odors, — the last not always pleasant, — is an experience never to be forgotten. We are soon at the theatre, a quaint-looking building decorated with long strips of cloth embellished with Chinese characters absolutely unintelligible to us, bright-colored lanterns, and a medley of grotesque signs. Within we come to a large rude sort of hall dimly illuminated, having a gallery on three of its sides. The place looked more like a huge barn. The floor was parted off by a framework leaving interspaces six feet square and a foot or more deep, and these bins were the boxes in which entire families could find room (fig. 21). The Japanese sit with their legs bent under them, and not like the Turk, who sits cross-legged. There is no chair, stool, or bench. It was quite as interesting, or at least equally novel, to watch the audience as it was to watch the acting. Here are entire families; mothers nursing babies, children inattentive to the play and sleeping, the ever-present fire vessel over which water is being heated for tea, old men smoking, and all so quiet, re-

fined, and courteous. The two aisles are floors on a level with the tops of the bins, and the people walk along these plat-

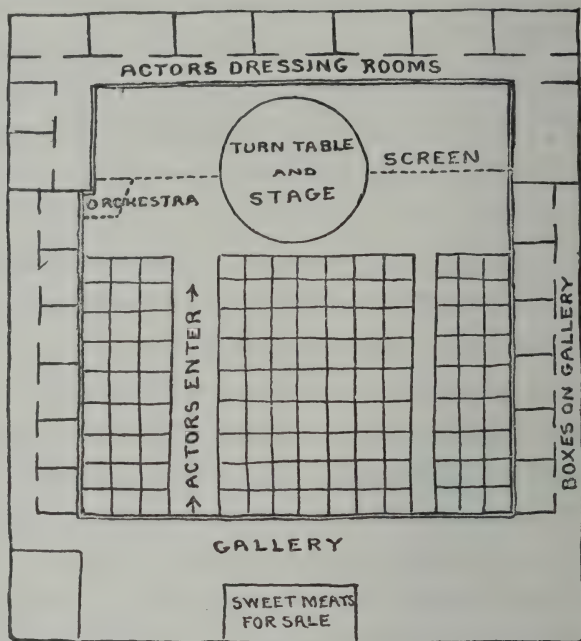


FIG. 21

forms, and then on the edge of the boxes, which may be five inches wide, to their respective places.

The stage is low and the orchestra, at one side, is concealed by a black, painted partition. In the centre of the stage is an immense turntable, twenty-five feet in diameter, level with the floor. When the scene changes there is no lowering of the curtain, but the turntable slowly rotates carrying actors and all, bringing into view another scene that the stage hands have been busy about and carrying out of sight the scene already used. It was interesting to watch the audience in their re-

ception of the play. They certainly showed more feeling and animation than I had seen displayed by a Chinese crowd in a Chinese theatre in San Francisco, and I may add parenthetically that the Chinese theatre at Shanghai differed in no respect from the San Francisco one save that a big, round Connecticut clock kept time on the San Francisco stage. We were told that the play represented some classical drama of ancient times. The language was difficult even for the Japanese who interpreted for us. He could catch a word only now and then. It was interesting to see the actors dressed in garments of the style of centuries gone by — the samurai with the long and short swords. A tipsy scene was acted with a great deal of drunken vigor; a stuffed kitten was dangled from the end of a long pole and stole a letter. Coming up the raised aisle from the entrance several actors stride along with a regular stage strut and swagger, the grandest of all having his face illuminated by a candle on the end of a long-handled pole held by a boy who moved along too and kept the candle constantly before the actor's face no matter how he turned (fig. 22). The boy was dressed in black and walked backward.



FIG. 22

He was supposed to be invisible, as indeed he was in imagination to the audience, but to us he was quite as conspicuous as the actors. There were five footlights, simply gas tubes standing up like sticks, three feet high, and unprotected by shade or screen, a very recent innovation; for before they had these flaring gas jets it was customary for each actor to have

a boy with a candle to illuminate his face. The prompter, instead of being concealed, as with us, walked about deliberately on the stage, coming up behind each actor in turn (my table has just been shaken by an earthquake, June 25, 1877, — another shock, and still another), crouching down as if he were hiding, and prompting in a voice loud enough to be

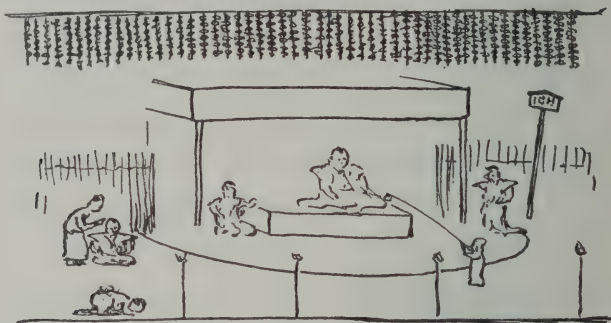


FIG. 23

plainly heard. Figure 23 is a rough sketch of the stage. Above the stage for a drop affair there hung down a mass of stiff cord on which were closely strung bits of bright-colored paper. The orchestra was in action all the time — a lazy, absent-minded thrumming on the Japanese banjo with now and then a toot of a flute. The music was not so energetic or so loud as in the Chinese theatre. The menial subjection of women in past times was illustrated by the constant crouching attitudes assumed by those representing women, for we are told that men or boys always play the female characters. Between the acts a huge curtain was run across the stage and upon it were the most enormous figures in high colors with all the grotesqueness one sees on some of their fans. The



theatre in every detail was a novel sight, and only the faintest idea of it can be given in this brief account.

Sunday was an interesting day to one brought up in the old New England manner. Every trade and occupation was in full activity; the boats in the harbor were just as busy as on a week-day, and the old pile driver opposite the hotel was hard at work; scavengers and waterers were in the street; all the native shops were open, and so far as I could see there was not the slightest observance of the day. I went to Tokyo in the afternoon to visit the Imperial Museum in Uyeno Park. The workmen in the park were busy on the grounds, the shutters of the Museum were closed, but twenty naked carpenters (the loin-cloth worn in every case) were at work on tables and cases. The Museum was a perfect surprise to me — a collection of birds finely mounted, a beautiful case of native crustaceans, large alcoholic collections, and many other groups of the animal kingdom represented; and it was odd enough to notice that every label was in Japanese. The advance in educational matters and the adoption of foreign educational methods is bewildering.

In riding through the streets of Tokyo I observed many new things. Nearly every house has a staging on the ridge-pole with a few steps leading to it. Here one may go the better to observe the progress of a conflagration, for the fires in this city are often terrific in their swiftness and extent. The dwellings are usually light and apparently flimsy affairs, rarely over one or two stories in height, but there are fireproof buildings behind or by the side of these dwellings which have walls of clay or mud two feet thick or more. The door and the

shutters of the few windows are of the same material, very thick, and made precisely like our safe doors at home with three or four separate jogs. The houses are separate, though standing close together. When endangered by the approach of a conflagration the heavy window shutters and the door of the fireproof building are closed and clay is then plastered over the cracks and chinks. Before closing it up, a number of candles are placed in a safe spot on the floor within and are lighted, thus gradually consuming all the oxygen and rendering ignition less likely. Now, while they are supposed to know nothing about the chemistry of combustion, they understand and put into practical use a principle which, so far as I know, has never been practiced elsewhere. These buildings are called *godowns*, an Indian word, the native word being *kura*. The merchant and housekeeper hastily stow their property in these godowns and neighbors avail themselves of the protection thus afforded. After a great fire these black buildings tower up from the ruins, not unlike our chimneys under similar circumstances at home. The smoking ruins of some of them recall the experience of some of the so-called fireproof safes at home.

The visitor to Japan and other Oriental countries very soon remarks on the almost universal use of bamboo for a multitude of objects. Along the river great lumber yards of bamboo are seen, the bamboo standing up in huge masses. It would astonish an Occidental if he could see a list of the objects made from bamboo. I have seen rude hoes of bamboo with which small stones were being hoed out of a cart for road repair; a serviceable, broom-like rake is made from a single

piece of bamboo, one end being split into eight pieces spread apart broom-like. It was used as a broom, a rake, and a pitchfork.

Going through the strange-looking streets it is odd to hear the click of the American sewing machine. The prompt way in which the Japanese adopt new ideas is the surest indication of the fact that this ancient nation is free from that deadening conservatism that marks the Chinese.

In coming from the University I walked up to a group of four jinrikisha men and wondered if they would all rush for me as do our hackmen at home; but, no, one of them stooped down, picked up four straws of varying lengths, and then drew lots. No feeling was shown as the lucky one drew me away to the station. Time had to be made to catch the train and during the ride the wheel of my jinrikisha bumped into the hub of another one ahead. The men simply smiled their apologies for getting in the way, and kept on. I instantly contrasted this behavior and the customary swearing resulting from a similar accident at home. In my numerous rides I have noticed how carefully they turn out of the way for a cat, dog, or hen that may be in the road, and thus far I have never noticed the slightest evidence of impatience or ill treatment of animals, and the men never scold. This I record not as based upon my own very limited experience, though I have kept my eyes open, but from the testimony of those who have lived in the country for many years.

The chopsticks are the oddest devices to take the place of a knife, fork, and spoon. The food which really requires a knife to cut is served already cut in small pieces, the soup one



drinks from a bowl, and the chopsticks act as a fork in picking up bits of food and as a shovel in pushing rice from the rice bowl as the rim is held to the mouth. One is surprised, however, to see the chopstick idea come into use in many other ways: a pair of iron chopsticks is used to pick up live coals; the cook uses a pair to turn his fish or cake; the jeweler uses a delicate pair of ivory chopsticks in putting together a watch; and on the street one notices the rag-picker and scavenger with a pair of chopsticks three feet long with which he picks up rags, paper, etc., from the street and drops the material into a basket carried on the back.

In going through the streets one notices the remarkable absence of beggars. The absence of deformed persons is also noticeable. One is amazed at the number of jinrikishas! In Tokyo, I was told, there are sixty thousand! It seems beyond belief and the statement may be incorrect.

A visit to the local market in whatever country one travels is an interesting lesson in natural history. The world traveler should make a note of the two important places to visit, the local market, and, in Europe, the local art gallery. At the market he gets a view of the local natural history, but, in Europe especially, he sees not only the peasants in their native costume, but the home-made boxes, baskets, and the like. A visit to the market in Yokohama was a series of interesting sights. A large area, roofed over with matting and having alleys running through it, contained the greatest collection of living fish that I ever saw. The various forms of tubs, trays, and baskets alone were interesting, filled with living fish, of many species, brilliant in color or quaint in form;



the exhibition was unique. A peculiar flat basket with the bottom made wider than the rim is useful in holding fish, as the form prevents the slippery creatures from sliding out (fig. 24). The shallow tubs filled with various species of edible

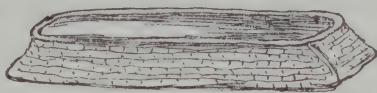


FIG. 24

mollusks were fascinating; sprays of water showering upon them kept the color-markings bright and fresh. Specimens that the collector at home would regard as rare and valuable objects were displayed by the basketful. Here was a boy opening a beautiful little species of bivalve, preserving the soft parts and throwing the shells away by the bushel. Shallow tubs filled with the most remarkable looking prawns of large size, crabs of grotesque shapes and quaint forms, rare in our museums at home, were here in quantities. Immense oyster-like creatures were exposed on the half-shell, their

hearts still beating, an evidence that they were alive and fresh. The pearl shell, *Haliotis*, known as *abalone* on the Californian coast and as *awabi* here, was offered for sale as an article of

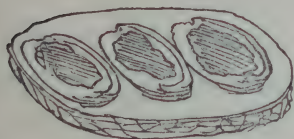


FIG. 25

food (fig. 25). Shallow bamboo baskets, each containing three shells, were exposed for sale, the shells covered with beautiful seaweed and tubular worms, a perfect little forest of sea life. The most curious sight to me were the cuttlefish, some of large size, both squid and octopus (fig. 26), some alive and others boiled and ready to eat.



FIG. 26

The various creatures were all kept alive by a simple device. A huge circular tank resting on a low stand was kept filled with water by men who traveled back and forth from the ocean to the market with heavy buckets of salt water suspended from carrying-poles; and I may add, parenthetically, that I have met these salt-water carriers many miles inland on their way to some inland market. From this tank of water runs a long, bamboo tube, perforated at intervals, from which fine streams of water spurt for a considerable distance. Shallow tubs filled with fish receive these streams, and thus fresh sea water is not only supplied to the fish, but

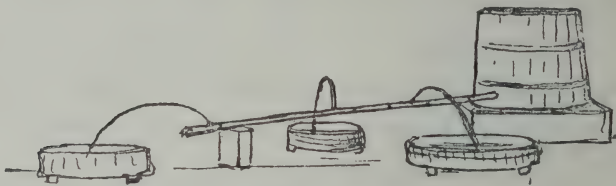


FIG. 27

aerated as well (fig. 27). One is amazed at the great number of species of fish displayed as food. There are in Japan several fish-raising establishments; salmon is artificially raised.<sup>1</sup>

The vegetable portion of the market was poorly supplied, apparently very few kinds of vegetables being known before the advent of the foreigner. A curious kind of radish, called the *daikon*, is a staple article of food. It is a foot and a half long, of the shape of a beet, and greenish white in color.

<sup>1</sup> Professor Baird, the first Director of the United States Fish Commission, told me that in our seas we had as many edible species of fish as there are in the Japanese seas, but we catch only these fish which can be caught in great numbers, while the Japanese fishermen bring in all fishes caught, and these are patiently sorted in the market.

It is eaten raw as a relish, and is also fermented and converted into something resembling sauerkraut, and, as a friend with me expressed it, was odoriferous enough to drive a dog out of a tanyard. You recognize the odor as it is being transported through the streets, and it is hardly less offensive to encounter than the offal-carriers. The tomatoes were very poor-looking and much deformed; the peaches small, unripe, hard, and green. One can hear a boy bite a peach from across the street, yet in this hard, green state the Japanese seem to prefer them. The pears, apparently of only one variety, were round and without sweetness or flavor; it was difficult to tell whether they were pears or apples, as they had the appearance and shape of large, symmetrical russet apples. The fruit seems to lose its sweetness, and sweet corn has to be renewed every few years, as it soon loses its sugar. The beans in pods are displayed on curious little mats of bamboo to which they are sewed (fig. 28). The hens' eggs were very small, and it was an odd sight to see large boxes filled with eggs and all of them much smaller than we ever see except those preserved as curiosities.

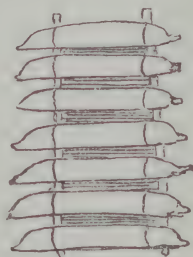


FIG. 28

It is delightful to be in a country where the people are honest. I never think of keeping my hand on my wallet or watch. On my table, with door unlocked, I leave my small change, and the Japanese boy or man coming in fifty times a day leaves untouched everything he should not touch. He took my ulster and spring overcoat to clean, and soon came back with some small change which he found in one of the

pockets; then he returned again bringing three San Francisco horse-car tickets. I am informed that some stealing takes place when the people have been associated for some time with the so-called civilized races, but in the interior dishonesty is seldom known and, indeed, is a rare occurrence in treaty ports. The best evidence of the honesty of the Japanese is seen in the fact that the houses of the native population of thirty million have no locks, keys, bolts, or buttons; indeed, no doors to lock. The sliding screen in the daytime is the only door they have, and this is so fragile a structure that a child ten years old could pull it down or break a hole through it.

I had my first taste of saké — the Japanese national beverage — at a tea-house. It is a fermented drink made from rice and, I should judge, not stronger than our lager beer, though instead of a half-litre mug, such as we use for beer, the Japanese sip it from tiny shallow porcelain cups. (Fig.



FIG. 29

29. Saké cup, natural size.) It is always drunk hot, but I preferred it cold and drank several cups of it without feeling the slightest reaction.

It certainly did not seem even as strong as claret. On the whole I found it pleasant and entirely unlike any wine or liquor I ever tasted, having a flavor that suggested the odor of geranium leaves. Thus far I have seen no staggering drunkards, though now and then at night you pass a man singing, an indication that he has had too much. The Japanese may be considered a temperate race. That the Japanese are a gentle and tranquil people is indi-



cated by the fact that they are never seen to drum with their fingers, nor do they whistle or rattle anything in their hands or indulge in manifestations of nervousness as we do. I came from Tokyo last night having in my hands an insect box, and as I walked up the narrow street whistling some tune I drummed on the box and the people looked out from their open houses as if a full band were going by! Since the people are never impatient they have no need to use expletives and an oath is unknown, the hardest words they can say upon excessive provocation mean fool and beast. Gentlemen never use even these.

Dr. Eldridge, an eminent American physician, who has practiced in Japan for a number of years and who has been for two years connected with the Medical College in Tokyo, has given me much information regarding his practice among the Japanese and the experiences of other physicians some of whom have been here sixteen years. The climate of Japan is considered remarkably healthful. Smallpox, which has always been epidemic, is now coming under control, the Government taking vigorous measures to secure general vaccination and maintaining a vaccine farm for the purpose. In this matter as in many others, the Japanese are far ahead of occidental nations. Scarlet fever is almost unknown, never epidemic; diphtheria also is rarely seen, never epidemic; severer forms of bowel complaint, such as dysentery and chronic diarrhœa are very rare; phthisis is not more common than in the Middle States of our country; malarial diseases of severe nature are uncommon, even the milder forms in most regions not being common; acute articular rheumatism is rare, mus-

cular rheumatism very common; typhoid and typhus are rarely epidemic, the latter uncommon; relapsing fever is occasionally seen; skin diseases are common, especially the contagious forms. It is said that injuries and fractures of the bones heal very slowly and often imperfectly. Rice has but half the ash material of wheat, and the water does not supply sufficient inorganic matter necessary for the bones.

While many of the Japanese display beautiful white teeth, yet one sees bad teeth also. Some show a remarkable protrusion of the incisors, and this deformation has been ascribed to the custom of children nursing so late; children nurse until they are six or seven years old and this is supposed to pull their teeth forward. The Japanese are already studying foreign dentistry, and with their remarkable and delicate mechanical ability they should in time develop skillful dentists. More solid advance has been made in foreign medical practice in Japan than in any other department of Western science. Medical colleges and hospitals are already firmly established. A chemical laboratory was immediately started to analyze all imported drugs to see that they were pure, and so rapid is the adoption of the medical practice of Western nations that already the empirical Chinese practice is doomed. Next to religious belief peoples cling most tenaciously to their medical belief, no matter how crazy and idiotic it may be. The rapid displacement of the Chinese medical cult for the rational and scientific practice of Western methods is overwhelming evidence of the remarkable character of this people, seeking the best from every civilization and promptly adopting it. We are comparatively slow in learning from

other nations. We know there are better methods of municipal government in Germany and in England, better ways of road-building in all Europe. Do we adopt these methods promptly?

We are familiar at home with the Chinese circular brass coin having a square hole in the centre. In Japan a similar coin is seen and also a larger oval one with the square hole in the centre. We have often wondered what

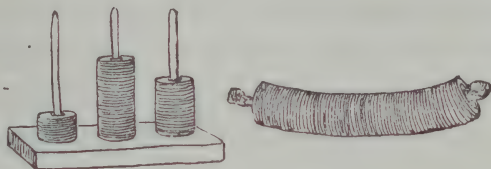


FIG. 30

seems that they string the coins as beads on a rough straw cord or stack them on small vertical sticks standing erect on a block of wood (fig. 30).

There is one subject, among many subjects, that foreign writers are unanimously agreed upon, and that is that Japan is the paradise for children. Not only are they kindly treated, but they have more liberty, take less liberty with their liberties, and have a greater variety of delightful experiences than the children of any other people. As infants forever riding on their mother's back or somebody's else back; no punishment, no chiding, no scolding, no nagging; such favors and privileges are they allowed that one would certainly think that they would be spoiled, and yet no nation possesses children that can approach the Japanese children in love of parents and respect for the aged. Honor thy father and thy mother, is an ingrained characteristic of the Japanese. As the children get out of babyhood they begin to work, apparently

good-naturedly. One sees little boys in the street scooping water with their hands from buckets and sprinkling the road, and among all classes one observes the natives either sprinkling the paths about the house or sweeping them with short-handled brooms. The cleanliness of the Japanese is always remarked upon by foreigners. A Japanese never enters his house except in his stockings, literally stepping off his wooden clogs or straw sandals as he enters the house. Children of the poorest classes play in front of the house, but instead of enjoying their fun on the ground a straw matting is spread for them. Every town and village has its bathhouse, and it is hot-water bathing always.

With rare exceptions, such as Bar Harbor, Newport, and places of that standing, one sees in hundreds of regions along sea walls in our country, outhouses, refuse, and other abominations, conditions that our Village Improvement Societies and Municipal Leagues are combating. Indeed, were it not for these unsightly conditions, in town and country alike, these societies would never have come into existence. As one approaches Tokyo by rail a cove is crossed bordered by a long sea wall lined by simple dwellings, yet everything is neat and refined. It seems incredible when I recall that in country village and city alike the houses of rich and poor are never rendered unsightly by garbage, ash piles, and rubbish; one never sees those large communal piles of ashes, clam shells, and the like that are often encountered in the outskirts of our quiet country villages. In refined Cambridge, a short cut between the houses of two scholars led through a deep depression of the land. This land was so disfigured by a cer-



tain type of rubbish that for years it was facetiously called the "tin canyon"! The Japanese in some mysterious way manage to bury, burn, or utilize their waste and rubbish so that it is never in evidence. At all events, the egg-shells, tea-grounds, and all the waste of the house is spirited away so that one never sees it. In our extravagant way of living in contrast to the simple life of the Japanese we have much waste to dispose of and it is truly waste. At home the well-to-do have cleanly surroundings, the poorer classes in country and city alike being responsible for much of this untidy condition.

The first general impression that one gets of the Japanese as one sees them in groups is that they all look alike and individual distinctions come only when you have been in the country some months. You are amazed, however, when the Japanese tell you that at the outset we, including French, English, Italians, and other Europeans, all look alike to them! Upon inquiry as to wherein we resemble one another they invariably reply, "You all have fierce, staring eyes, prominent noses, and white skin." It is only after some time that they, too, begin to recognize individual differences. In the same way their peculiar eyes, somewhat flattened bridge of the nose, and darker skin make them all look alike to us. To foreigners who have been in the country some months the Japanese show as many individual differences as ourselves. Besides appearing alike, they are all short of stature with short legs; black, thick hair; rather protruding lips, parted, showing white teeth; prominent cheek-bones; dark complexion; hands small, delicate, and refined; in manners, gentle,

polite, and good-natured, with smiling faces. Among the lower classes it is amazing to see their excessive good nature. A jinrikisha man, for example, will smile and laugh in the heartiest way while demanding a few more pennies than you have paid him and which he has reasons for believing are not enough. You repel him harshly, but that makes no difference; he smiles and retires with a kindly grin.

A foreigner, after remaining a few months in Japan, slowly begins to realize that, whereas he thought he could teach the Japanese everything, he finds, to his amazement and chagrin, that those virtues or attributes which, under the name of humanity are the burden of our moral teaching at home, the Japanese seem to be born with. Simplicity of dress, neatness of home, cleanliness of surroundings, a love of nature and of all natural things, a simple and fascinating art, courtesy of manner, considerations for the feelings of others are characteristic, not only of the more favored classes, but the possession of the poorest among them. That others also feel this is shown by a remark made by an American who belongs to the highest rank of society at home. We were at a country inn for a few days. After a polite concession to some of our mistakes by one of the maids, he said, "The manners and refinement of these people are equal, if not superior, to those of our best society at home."

## CHAPTER II

### A TRIP TO NIKKO

A TRIP to Nikko, sixty-six miles by stage to Utsunomiya and nearly thirty miles farther by jinrikisha, gave me my first experience of the country. We started from Tokyo at four o'clock in the morning for a ride of three miles to where we took the stage. It was strange enough to ride through this great city, at this early hour as quiet as the heavens above. Here we met other friends who were going with us. An officer of the Educational Department was to accompany us as interpreter, and two Japanese attended us to do our cooking, packing, lugging, etc. Our stage was very much like the little wagons the expressmen get up for carrying parties to the beach — seats running on both sides, our knees bumping together. The road, however, was smooth and level, and the pair of Japanese horses kept along at a good rate, a change being made every eight or ten miles. We passed through a town about six o'clock in the morning, and in one street there were hundreds of people with baskets and trays of vegetables, fish, and fruit for sale; an open market, in fact. As we went through this crowd the driver blew a high-toned blast on a small trumpet and the betto who ran ahead gave a curious whoop; in fact, when any one appeared in the road ahead, either on foot or in jinrikisha, the driver and the betto would yell and howl as if we were going at the rate of an express train and everybody was deaf and blind. We could

hardly understand this exhilarating racket until Dr. Murray explained to us that it was only within a few months that the stage-line had been established and the whole enterprise was a great novelty. After leaving the market town we met scores of people struggling along with heavy loads hung from their carrying-poles. Such loads! I have tried a number of times, without success, to lift them from the ground, and these people will travel miles with them. We met several girls walking to Tokyo, ten miles and more, to do their shopping! Even at half-past six in the morning children were going to school. Now and then a Japanese would pass with an American hat on his head, though with the usual dress of a Japanese. In several instances we met a Japanese with only a thin pair of cotton drawers clothing his legs, though, as many go bare legged, it did not seem so strange.

For miles we went through a region of rice-fields, and here I saw the water-wheel used as a tread-wheel for irrigating purposes. Figure 31 shows a man coming down the road with



FIG. 31

the wheel and box carried in the usual manner. In the same sketch is a man treading the wheel and raising water from the ditch in the rice-field. The box is first fitted into the



embankment, the wheel drops into appropriate sockets, a long pole is driven into the mud alongside the wheel, and holding on to this the man keeps his equilibrium and turns the wheel with his feet. The road we traveled was smooth and straight and a much better road than I ever saw in New England outside the cities. The farmhouses were neat and tasteful and, with their heavy thatched roofs, picturesque. Now and then we would pass a Buddhist or Shinto temple. These were of all grades from simple little shelters to large and imposing structures with enormous thatched roofs. These buildings overshadow the low-studded houses of the people, as the cathedrals in Europe overtop the dwellings surrounding them. It is interesting to observe that in Japan the Shinto and Buddhist shrines and temples are always placed in the most picturesque spots, — at the head of a ravine, in a grove of trees, or on the top of a mountain. I was told that many Buddhist temples had been abandoned owing to the withdrawal of Government support. We passed a few large places of worship which were being utilized as school houses (fig. 32). While a school was in session in one of these abandoned temples we walked near the steps and listened and admired. Supported as the temple was on its great wooden columns it was like an open pavilion and one could look through it from front to back. From one side the pupils could see us, and some of them were smiling roguishly as we stood there staring at them; another class had its back turned. A large black-board was standing on props, and besides a few Chinese characters there were our numerals depicted. The teacher was reading from a Japanese book and the pupils were re-

peating after him in a most singular and vociferous sing-song drone. At the foot of the broad stone steps and on the steps were long rows of wooden clogs and sandals just as the pupils

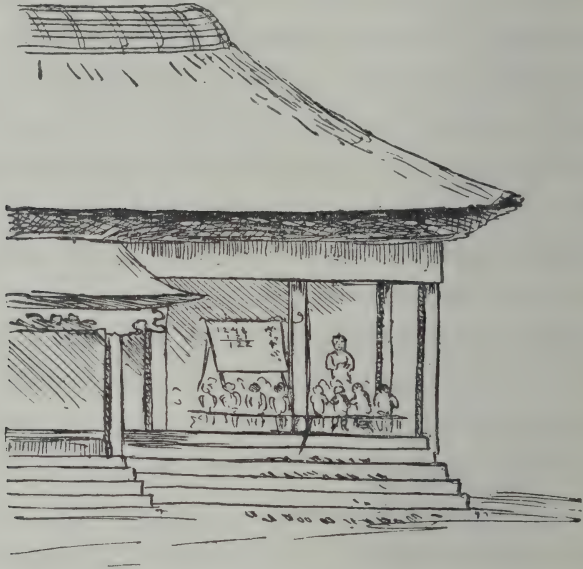


FIG. 32

had left them on entering the school. I could not help thinking what a mischievous boy might accomplish in mixing them, but, happily, the children of Japan are brought up in gentle ways, though full of fun. The expression in our country that “boys will be boys” — an apology for hoodlumism, the greatest menace to our country — is never heard in Japan.

The entrance to these various shrines is marked by a curious gateway or frame (for there is no gate) known as *tori-i*. The name is said to mean “bird-rest.” If one finds this structure on the side of the road he may know that it indicates a shrine of some kind, which may be deep in the woods. The

device originally belonged to the Shinto faith and was made of the plainest logs, sometimes of immense size. When Buddhism was introduced from China the tori-i was adopted. The various figures and drawings of the tori-i made by foreigners are rarely correct. In Japanese books on architecture certain proportions of the structure are indicated by diagrams. For example, the angle made by the end of the upper cross-beam must have a certain relation to the base of the upright post and a dotted line is drawn to indicate this angle. The tori-i is often built of stone, the vertical as well as the horizontal elements above being monoliths. In the Province of Hizen there is a large tori-i made of porcelain.

In riding along the road one sees bunches of twigs tied to the trees. This is the kindling collected by the people, garnered, and tied up in this way to dry.

In one town which we passed through I saw for the first time two beggars, and shocking sights they were. One had lost all the toes of one foot, the other had a face that appeared as if it had begun to ferment and swell up, and such rags! They bowed with a quick sort of bob several times when I gave them some coppers. A small coin valued at a tenth of a cent is very convenient for such purposes. I bought at one shop some object for six and one half cents, giving a ten-cent scrip, receiving in change a handful of coppers of various sizes, which I pretended to count very carefully as a safeguard to the next Yankee that came along, but I learned afterwards that such trouble was needless.

By quarter of eight in the morning we had traveled fifteen miles, and our jinrikisha, with all the luggage, consisting of

canned soup and food of various kinds and a dozen bottles of English ale, was still ahead of us, though the man had started at about the same time we did. While most of the people were bareheaded and some had a blue cloth tied about



FIG. 33

the head, straw hats of various kinds were also seen. In the rice-fields the workers wore a very wide shallow straw hat

and in the distance presented the appearance of animated toadstools (fig. 33).

Blind girls walking slowly along, playing on a kind of banjo and singing, were a common sight, and at one place was a man performing after the manner of Punch and Judy. With a doll on his left hand he was bobbing its head and singing.

The bright, light-red color of the pomegranate flower, as you see it amidst the dark foliage surrounding the house, is very beautiful.

As one goes along the road various domestic economies are in full view. Much weaving is going on with a loom just like ours in essentials, and, in the spinning-wheel which is turned in the reverse of our way, is another illustration of the contrary way of doing things. The farmhouses bordering the road are so open that you notice the polished floors from the light that comes in from behind. One would no more step on these floors with his shoes on than he would step on top of a grand piano. With the open character of the house one cannot help realizing the fresh air available all the time. The swallows build in the houses just as they build in our barns



at home (fig. 34). In some houses I counted a dozen paper and lacquer trays placed under the nests to protect the floors, in other instances a little shelf is affixed to the beam directly under the nest.

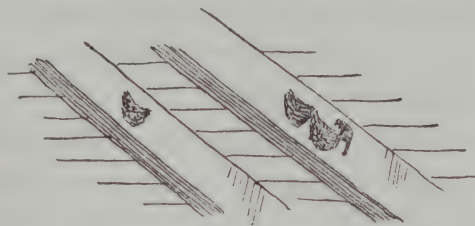


FIG. 34

One sees but few flies

about, and this is probably due to the scarcity of horses, in the manure of which the house-fly breeds.

In washing floors you do not see a woman on her knees scrubbing; instead the woman stands at the work and reach-



FIG. 35

ing down pushes the cloth back and forth while walking (fig. 35). Such an attitude would break the backs of most of us, but theirs have been strengthened from childhood.

It is curious to see fragments of window glass utilized in making a semi-musical device by hanging a number of fragments near enough for the wind to clang them together producing a pleasant tinkling sound (fig. 36).



FIG. 36

Every village through which we passed had a main street lined with little shops, and whenever we stopped

a box containing a live coal buried in ashes was offered us to light our cigars, then a tray containing a few little cups of tea was passed to us, and sometimes a few sweet bits of candy or rice cake, insipid tasting, was offered. I am get-

ting accustomed to the tea and find it refreshing. It is always very weak, very hot, and is drunk without milk or sugar. It is drunk by everybody, high and low, at intervals throughout the day.

So rare is the sight of a foreigner in these parts, or so intensely curious are the natives, that whenever we stop, the people, old and young, cluster about us to observe our behavior, and at times, when I made a motion to a little child, it would run away crying frantically. During the ride I often beckoned to the laughing children running after the stage to come to the steps and ride; they would instantly become sober and look inquiringly to some older person for an explanation. I finally came to the conclusion that they did not understand the gesture, and on inquiring of Mr. Arita, our Japanese attendant, I was told that the gesture should be made with the back of the hand uppermost and with the fingers bent together downward, several times, and quickly. When we passed the next group of children I made the proper gesture, and they instantly smiled and ran after the stage,



FIG. 37

and by pantomime I got a few to jump on to the steps. It is amazing how quickly a child gets about on her wooden clogs even with a baby on her back and most children are encumbered in this way. The following figure (fig. 37) illustrates the manner in which a soft band passes over the baby's back, under its arms, and under its legs at the knees, and is tied

across the chest of the girl. The children are everywhere and are a constant source of interest. Many of them are not attractive, however, as in the country they suffer from catarrh.

Next to the universality of children in Japan the traveler notices the universal use of bamboo. Rafters of summer houses, balcony rails, baskets, flower vases, roof-gutters, even well-sweeps are made of it, and inside the house it forms certain structures and in the kitchen certain utensils. It is the universal substitute for our cuspidor, a short piece of bamboo being placed in a box with the fire bowl and used discreetly with head averted, and it is usually thrown away at the end of the day.

In riding through the country one soon notices the absence of flocks of hens. A single hen and cock roam together, though they are usually seen confined under an inverted wicker basket. There seem to be only two varieties of domestic fowl — a handsome, long-legged, big-spurred game cock with long, brilliant tail feathers, and a little bantam cock with enormous comb and legs so short that they can hardly be seen.

The peripatetic barber is seen with his curious brass-mounted box performing his task in the street. In some cases the barber appears to be a young boy, though usually men and even women are seen. The entire face is shaved; even women have their nose, cheeks, and all the surface of the face shaved. The prevalence of eye troubles, due in part to these traveling barbers, becomes very noticeable as one rides through the country; cataract, inflamed eyelids, and loss of one eye are seen as well as many blind people.

In the rooms in the taverns in which we rest are hung mottoes in Chinese characters, and it is interesting to watch our Japanese interpreter in his efforts to translate the meaning, and we are greatly puzzled that the language as written is so obscure to the people. In reading, however, if there is one character the meaning of which the interpreter does not know he is perplexed. There are very few connectives and evidently the context does not aid. Let us suppose the proverb, "Penny wise, pound foolish," written in four Chinese characters. Now, if the proverb was new and one character in the four was unknown to the reader, it would be impossible to interpret it. Thus, as "penny wise . . . foolish," or ". . . wise, pound foolish," or with any other character unknown, it would be impossible to make any sense of it. Whenever our interpreter succeeded in reading these inscriptions, the meaning proved to be of a high moral character. They consisted of proverbs, good precepts from the classics, appeals to the beauty of nature, etc. These framed inscriptions were found in the poorest taverns, places where the men could drink saké; and as I heard the high sentiments embodied in these inscriptions and recognized the gentle art in the pictures I could not but recall the kinds of pictures and sentiments in similar places at home; that is, in the poorer saloons and the poorer taverns.

One of the many delights in riding through the country are the beautiful hedges along the road, the clean-swept walks before the doors, and in the houses everything so neat and the various objects in perfect taste; the dainty teacups, teapots, bronze vessels for holding the burning charcoal, beautiful grained panels, odd knots from trees, and woody fungus



hollowed out to hold flowers. And all these beautiful things are in the houses of the common country farmers.

The artistic character of the people is indicated in many ways — in trifling matters even. If a child accidentally punches a hole through the paper screen, instead of mending it with a square piece of paper, the paper is cut in the form of a cherry blossom. Seeing this pretty way of mending holes in screens I recalled the broken windows in our country mended with an old hat or a stuffed bag.

The mill for grinding grain is turned by hand, and strong arms are required to turn it. A rod comes down from above where it is attached to the rafter, directly over the centre of the millstone, and the other end is attached to the side of the mill. The man grasping the rod rotates the stone (fig. 38). The rice is hulled by a sort



FIG. 38

of trip-hammer made of wood and weighted with stone. This is worked by a man stepping on the end of the beam, thus raising it and letting it drop. This device has endured in China for two thousand years, at least, as shown in pottery of the Han period. One may see this rice-pounding going on even in the city of Tokyo (fig. 39). The man is naked and is concealed by a curtain con-

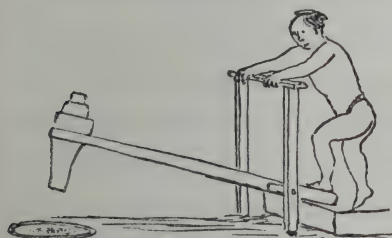


FIG. 39

sisting of strands of straw rope, a convenient device, for one may pass through this curtain without delay. It is a device that might be used for portières.

After the most delightful of rides on the coolest of days we reached Utsunomiya. It has been impossible to recall the infinite number of novel sights and experiences. For sixty-six miles rumbling along in rather a rattle-trap wagon, not a sight or a sound was encountered that was not peaceful and refined: the gentleness and courtesy of the country people, the economy, frugality, and simplicity of living! One experience I can never forget. A refined old lady sat next to me for some miles in the stage; I got into conversation with her hardly knowing a word of the language, but by pantomime and by drawing rude diagrams we managed very well. She had never conversed with a foreigner before or met one. The interesting questions she asked were precisely of the nature of those an intelligent and refined old lady would ask of a foreigner in our country.

I cannot describe the neatness of our rooms in the hotel. They open on a wide walk in the second story. Dr. Murray's Japanese boy soon cooked us an excellent dinner in our style, for none of us had as yet become accustomed to Japanese food. I ought to record the interesting experience I had with the children and other people of the inn when drawing, with a Japanese brush on Japanese paper, a number of objects such as toads, grasshoppers, dragonflies, snails, and the like. The little children would recognize the animal intended even when I had made no more than a stroke or two.

We were tired after the ride of sixty-six miles, and after the

above performance to bed we went. A night lamp was brought in the shape of a large square lantern standing on two up-rights, at least three feet from the floor. Only by the figure (fig. 40) can one get an idea of its structure. One side of the lantern can be raised in its frame to light a few pith wicks that rest in a shallow saucer of oil. One sleeps on the floor in Japan, the soft mats forming an excellent firm and level surface on which to rest.<sup>1</sup> A huge green mosquito netting in the form of a square box was hung from the four corners of the room. It was big enough for one to stand upright inside, and nearly filled the room. The pillow was a little cushion stuffed with buckwheat hulls, about the size of a blackboard eraser. This was supported on an oblong wooden box three inches in height. The pillow-case consisted of a sheet of soft paper tied to the cushion. Feeling very lame and stiff after the day's journey I called in the services of the *amma*, or masseur. He was an old man deeply pock-marked and blind. He knelt down beside me and began on one leg, pinching and rubbing with a sort of tremulous motion. He moved my knee-cap back and forth a number of times and kept up this vibratory kneading process on the back,

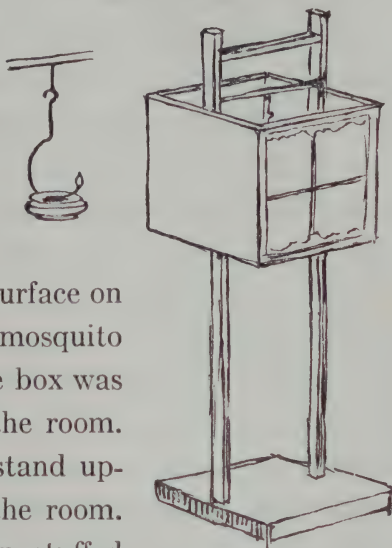


FIG. 40

<sup>1</sup> Details in regard to the mats are figured and described in my book on *Japanese Homes*. (Harper & Bros., 1886.)

arms, shoulder-blades, and neck, — and the ribs too, which I could not stand. It certainly rested me a great deal, and for this service, which lasted half an hour, his charge was four and a half cents.

In the morning we were up bright and early and now we had to make twenty-six miles by jinrikisha. It was odd to see the jinrikisha men gathered in front of the inn and half the village crowded about us examining with curious interest our clothing and our actions. It was hot and I had taken off my coat and waistcoat, and an unusually gaudy pair of suspenders which I wore won special interest. They were too vulgar in design and color to win admiration even from the countrymen. We had in all six jinrikisha men; great, brawny fellows, quite naked but for the loin-cloth, skin browned from constant exposure to the sun. They went at a fast walk or trot, until they came to a village, when they dashed through like mad. I could not help noticing that human nature is the same everywhere. Our old stage-coaches used to jog along the country road until they came to a village, when they would tear through at a gallop.

For twenty-five miles before reaching Utsunomiya and the entire distance to Hashi-ishi, close to Nikko, the road is closely bordered with magnificent cryptomeria, a species of pine. In some places the road is bordered by embankments over twelve feet high and on each side are dug deep channels to conduct the water. In certain places are wide dams so that the current is checked in its flow. The effect of the close fringe of stately trees, some of them five feet apart and never more than fifteen feet, continuous for twenty-seven



miles, is wonderful. In many places the trees came together above. In a few places we saw deep holes in the tree-trunks made by cannon balls in the Revolution of 1868. Here and there were gaps in the line of trees, but in every case young trees had been planted and carefully propped (fig. 41). At times we noticed a tree with a large square chip taken out of the bark, and on the smooth cut two or three small circular stamp marks were impressed, and several feet above the cut a straw rope was tied about the trunk (fig. 42). Trees marked in this way were to be cut down, and in every instance trees very close together were



FIG. 41



FIG. 42

selected. To see this careful attention miles from a habitation indicates the most perfect care. For centuries it was the law of the Empire that when a tree was cut down another tree should be planted in its place, and the practice has been continued by the people. All the principal roads of the Empire are lined with a row and sometimes a double row of stately trees, chiefly coniferous. On the Oshu-Kaido we traveled for

hours without meeting a single break in these lines of trees except at the villages. One rarely sees a house beyond the limits of the compact settlement; generally a little framework, or gateway without the gate, marks the entrance to

the village, when the houses immediately begin, and you leave them abruptly as you pass out at the other end of the village street.

Along the sides of the road were telegraph poles, and as there was no room to place them on the embankment they had been planted in the middle of the deep gutter and the gutter had been neatly cut about the base of the post and into

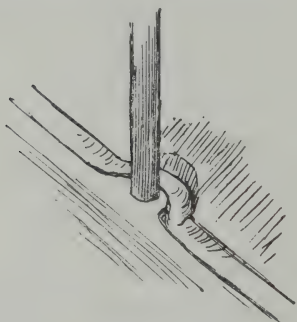


FIG. 43

the embankment (fig. 43). It was curious to see the old New England well-sweep hung in precisely the same manner as at home, the beam and upright being made of bamboo. At noon we noticed everybody taking a siesta lying on the floor; children nursing from sleeping mothers, and everything to be seen, as the houses

were open to the street, the farm-hands coming in from the fields bringing the ever-present appliances for making tea. The mountain views were beautiful and reminded one of the Housatonic Valley.

At work or at rest the Japanese sit on the inner side of the foot and leg; that is to say, the legs are bent beneath them, the heels apart, and the upper part of the foot resting on the mats. One often notices a callosity or thickening of the skin on the upper and outer side of the foot and understands the cause only when he sees the attitude of the foot in sitting. The blacksmith sits on the ground at his work, though the helper stands; the carpenter saws and planes on the floor, and it is an odd sight to see the carpenter's shop with no bench or vise.

We met at times pack-bulls carrying enormous loads on pack-saddles of clumsy forms. For miles we met only stallions, and in and around Tokyo stallions only are seen. After getting beyond Utsunomiya all the horses were mares without a single exception, and this curious way of setting apart large regions, where only male or female horses are seen, I am told is peculiar to Japan, though, doubtless, it will be found in China and other Eastern countries. It was interesting to see the villagers engaged in a game of chess, a game more complex than our chess. I tried to imagine such a sight in one of our New England back towns. In no instance did we pass a deserted house or people living in an unfinished one. We saw dwellings in construction, but where people were living the house was always complete, no staging clinging to the sides, or areas unshingled or unclapboarded. Most of the roofs were thatched, and each region or province had a different kind of ridge to the roof. A few houses were shingled, the shingles not much thicker than our playing-cards and hardly bigger; bamboo pegs, the size of shoe pegs, taking the place of our shingle nails. It is no wonder that a town burns down when a house gets afire, for the shingles are like thick shavings and instantly take fire from the sparks.<sup>1</sup>

The cleanliness of the Japanese is amazing; houses are clean and wooden floors polished, surroundings cleanly swept, and, yet, the country children of the poorer class usually have dirty faces. The wooden buckets in which the sewage is carried to the fields are white and clean as our milk pails. In Japan milk, butter, and cheese are unknown. In their cook-

<sup>1</sup> See *Japanese Homes* for details of the house.

ing, however, the cleanliness is not always apparent, and to enjoy one's dinner a knowledge of its preparation would not act as an appetizer. This statement applies only to the poorer classes, as it probably does the world over.

We saw on the banks of a stream a fisherman managing ten poles at once. He stood upon a knoll with his feet resting



FIG. 44

upon the ends of the poles which radiated like the sticks of a fan, and thus he, like a huge spider in the middle of the web, could detect which pole was being disturbed (fig. 44).

The Japanese pillow is an odd affair and at first sight seems very uncomfortable, and yet I have tried one for a two hours' sleep and enjoyed it. To use one all night gives one a cramp in the neck when unaccustomed to it. The pillow was evolved to meet the peculiar method of arranging the hair. The elaborate coiffure of the women and the rigid queue of the men, waxed and arranged to last for a number of days, required a head-rest where these conditions would not be disturbed. In hot weather the air circulates about the neck, and this is very agreeable. Figure 45 represents our pillows brought up for the night, and figure 46 is a sketch of

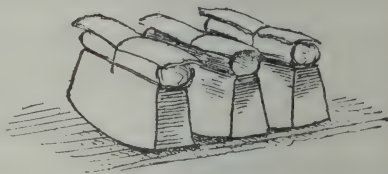


FIG. 45

Mr. Arita sound asleep. I have mentioned the mats cover-



ing the floor of a Japanese room. These are arranged in a certain order; thus, a six-mat room is shown in figure 47. In an inn a mat is allowed for each person, and the keeper always prefers Japanese guests to for-



FIG. 46

igners, for the foreigner not only wants the whole room, but a table and a chair besides. These, when procurable, have



FIG. 47

wide strips of wood on the legs; otherwise they would go through the mats. The foreigner also takes with him a cook who demands much space in the kitchen; for it requires a long experience to accustom one's self to Japanese food, which seems tasteless and insipid;

even their candies and sweetmeats are without flavor. How I have longed for a good drink of cool milk; even a plain slice of bread and butter. However, everything else is so delightful that I give no thought to the food.

We met the mail on its way to Tokyo; a man, naked and running at full speed, dragging a two-wheeled cart painted black, with the flag of Japan flying from a pole on the cart. The runners are changed often and make better time than a horse (fig. 48).



FIG. 48

At certain important corners of the road and in conspicuous

places prominent monuments are erected to the god of mercy to horses. Here is a sketch of one of them (fig. 49). It was

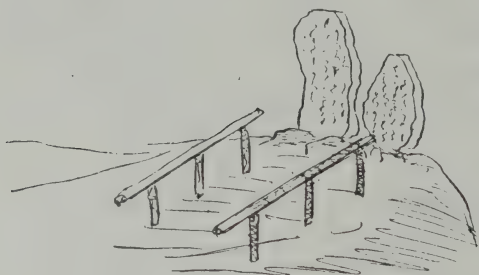


FIG. 49

impossible to draw the written script, so the sketch shows a meaningless scribble. It conveys the admonitions such as our Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at home would have: "Loosen your

check-rein when going up hill," "Water your horses," etc.

We never ceased to admire the ingenious way in which the thatched roof is treated; so much taste displayed in such a material. It is said that a good thatched roof will last fifty years.<sup>1</sup> The remarkable feature about the thatched roof in Japan is the fact that each province will have its own style, so that one familiar with the various types might land in that country in a balloon and determine the province he was in by the appearance of the ridge-pole of the house. Samuel Colman, the artist, criticized our roofs on account of their monotonous appearance; a straight ridge instead of some graceful curve and ornamental ends, and this kind of a roof from California to Maine. Here the ridges are in many instances elaborate structures. Plants grow from the matted straw, and on some I have seen a superb crown of blue iris completely covering the ridge-pole. Figure 50 shows a roof

<sup>1</sup> In *Japanese Homes* the subject of the roof is treated to some extent with sketches.

with corners nicely finished, with ridge compactly held by bamboo slats. Projecting from the eaves are sprays of sweet flag arranged in groups of threes, which were placed there on the 5th of May—the boys' festival. I was impressed with the fact that in this country there is among its holidays one set apart for the boys,

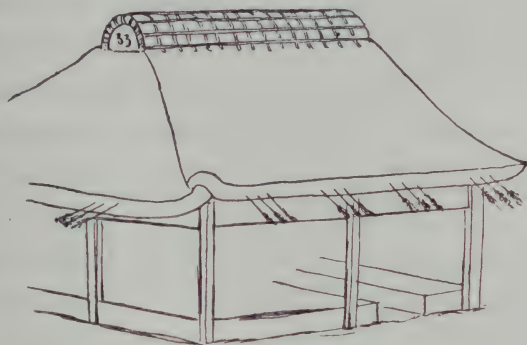


FIG. 50

and that it should be so universally observed; for every house, even the poorest, had these dried twigs hanging in threes from the eaves. The girls have a holiday on the 3d of March.

The Japanese hoe is a very clumsy-looking object (fig. 51). It is much lighter than it seems. The iron part is thin and

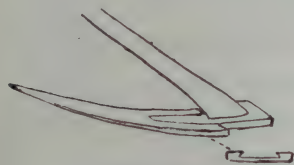


FIG. 51

the wooden part fits into it like a dovetail joint. In using it the man has to stoop a good deal, but the habits of these people in bowing low, in carrying children on the back when young, and in planting their rice all tend to develop a back of great strength. It is odd to see a little baby or child rise from the floor without the aid of its hands. Their legs are much shorter than ours in proportion to the arms, and it is commonly believed that sitting on their legs as they do accounts for this shortage, but that is absurd. The

flail is quite unlike ours. The handle is made of bamboo, the end shaved down and bent as in figure 52, to hold the thresh-

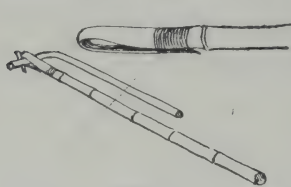


FIG. 52

ing part. A number of men will be seen using the flail, which has the advantage of moving in one plane. It does not pursue a devious course like ours, which in the hands of a novice is liable to crack his head. The grain is

neatly spread on mats by the house to dry, and the hens and chickens have the freest access to it. I have never seen one driven away. The farmers have long racks with which they lug grass or grain from the fields (fig. 53). They are longer than a man and are carried high on the back. When they rest the lower end touches the ground. The grain is lashed on in big bundles and the load would almost fill a small hayrack.

Along the road we occasionally found a round, bright-red strawberry which was entirely without taste. I have thus far seen three different kinds of wild strawberries. Flowers are grown in masses around the house. The hollyhocks are very beautiful; the yellow and red flowers from their brilliancy appear almost artificial; indeed, some I have seen in bouquets deceived me as to their nature. The pomegranate is the most beautiful of all. As



FIG. 53

we get into the interior we see wonderful hedges of the red azalea, precisely the same beautiful plant that we see in our conservatories at home.

In the tea-houses where we stop for a little rest our eyes



are roaming everywhere: the rooms are clear of everything, the mats clean, the ceilings of cedar boards and all the wood-work unfilled, unoiled, unvarnished and unpainted. The whole side of the house is open to the sun and air, and yet snugly closed at night by wooden sliding screens and, in the daytime, if necessary, by light framework screens covered with white paper. The few ornaments in the room consist of flower vases and a *ka-kemono*, which, instead of a picture, may be the writing

of some distinguished man or Buddhist priest, giving some precept or moral phrase from the classics. Figure 54 is an inscription simply framed, with red silk cushions to protect the frame.

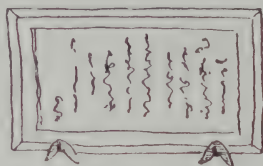


FIG. 54



FIG. 55

The care and taste displayed in the forms of their windows, when they have them, is shown in figure 55. The drawing shows a circular window, four feet in diameter,

made in a plain gray wall; outside is purposely trained a pine, and a stone lantern is seen. If a view of some mountain peak can be brought into the circular outlook it is considered ideal. These openings may be double gourd-shaped or square, but always in good taste. We were in rap-



FIG. 56

tures over these features, always so quaint and beautiful—

features that are never seen in our houses, but which might be adopted.

Figure 56 is a sketch of a woman who was having her hair made up by a female barber. The combs of wood were saturated with pomade and the barber's hands also, as she puts a daub of pomade on the back of her hand for convenience in using. Hair done up in this way holds its shape for several days.

The infinite industry of the people is shown everywhere. In speaking of the planting of their crops I have mentioned the thousands of acres of rice-fields where little bunches of rice-plants are transplanted by hand, but I was not prepared to see the barley, wheat, and buckwheat actually transplanted in rows, and thorough weeding also done by hand. I was told that there were two hundred and seventy varieties of rice; there are two principal kinds — the ordinary and a glutinous variety.

### CHAPTER III

#### THE NIKKO TEMPLES AND A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

THE village of Hashi-ishi (stone bridge), near which are the world-famous temples of Nikko, is to be our resting-place for several days. In coming from Tokyo we have ascended two



FIG. 57

thousand feet. The village is stretched along by the side of a big roaring brook with wide channel and high banks (fig. 57). The entire surroundings are just as wild in craggy ledge, mountain forest, tangled bushes as are wild places in the White Mountain region. To appreciate the unique and surprising character of the Nikko temples one must bear in mind all this wildness and inaccessibility. The street of the village is upgrade the entire distance. It has a slight curve, has a stone pavement, and directly in the middle is a strong current of water running in a stone gutter. There are also gutters on each side of the street (fig. 58). At intervals the central gutter enlarges into a square well at which women are seen washing

tubs and pails, or bathing their arms or legs. The water comes from a mountain brook and is as pure as crystal. The

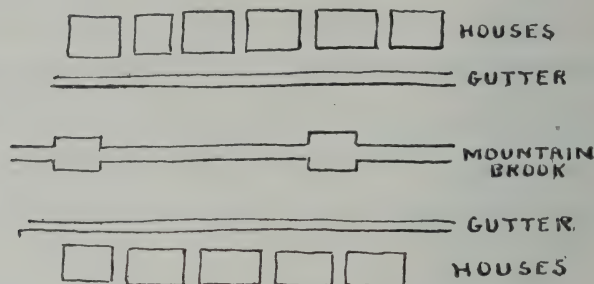


FIG. 58

drinking-water is taken from other wells. The roadway is interrupted by steps at intervals, and the whole appearance indicates that no wheeled vehicles ever use it. Nothing but pack-horses are seen, and even jinrikishas find it difficult to make their way over the steps.

We stopped at the best inn, a charming long reach of quaint buildings running away from the street, with beautiful balconies, cleanly swept courts, odd shrubbery, dwarfed pines, stone lanterns, curious fences, and everything fascinating. We selected the apartments at the extreme end of these buildings and have two rooms on the first floor and two rooms above. Our balcony is nearly as wide as the room and is covered by an overhanging roof. We move our table out and write at night by the aid of two kerosene oil lamps hanging from the rafters above. These lamps are the only evidences of European or American contact except ourselves. We have seen nobody but Japanese. Not a fragment of newspaper, poster, cigarette box, or anything foreign. Now, while I am writing



here at ten o'clock at night, the insects are very welcome but annoying. I have my insect box beside me and cannot resist pinning some of the moths, they are all so beautiful. Many of them are familiar as belonging to the same genera as those we have at home, but different in color and pattern. Now and then a strikingly familiar form lands on my paper, but even in these cases there is a difference. I must record here a dish of wild raspberries we had for supper, twice as big as ours, polished like a blackberry, seeds very small, with a flavor of raspberry with a wild, woodsy taste, quite delicious and really an entirely different fruit from ours.

After getting settled we look about the village, and enjoy the magnificent mountain scenery; the roar of the river back of us reminds me of Carrigain Brook. The next morning we started for the temples of Nikko, the greatest temples now standing in the Empire. These temples are associated with the burial-place of the first Shogun and the third Shogun, the first dying two hundred and fifty years ago. We passed over a quaint bridge, close to which is another heavily covered with red lacquer. This bridge is supported near the ends by huge stone posts two feet in diameter and fifteen feet high, rising from the turbulent river. The cross-pieces are of stone and mortised into the upright posts. The bridge on each side of the river is closed by a high fence and no one is allowed to cross it. In past times only the shoguns were allowed to cross; even the daimyos in their pilgrimages were not permitted to cross this bridge.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An interesting fact connected with this bridge is that, when General Grant visited Nikko, in his trip around the world in 1879, the fence was taken down that he might cross, but his modesty led him to decline the honor.

I must confess the utter inability of doing the slightest justice to the temples and tombs, so wonderful are they, so elaborate, so vast and magnificent. In two hours I became completely exhausted. I have little photographs of them, but these do the scantiest justice to the minute ornamentation, the intricate wood carving, the bronzes, wrought-brass work, brilliant coloring, and the thousand details that cannot be recorded. No drawings have yet been made of these marvelous structures. One gateway is named in Japanese the "whole day gate," because one can examine for a whole day the details of its elaborate carving. After crossing the public bridge we ascend a broad avenue with a step every six or eight feet and a massive stone wall on each side, for the avenue is cut out from the side of the mountain, and all about the old forest trees loom up just as they do in the wildest parts of Maine. It is useless to try to give an idea of the magnificence of these wonderful structures, and what makes it all the more impressive is that the entire group of buildings is on the steep slope of the mountain-side in a wild forest of primeval pines, while the undergrowth of tangled vines and flowers, throwing out the sweetest perfumes, gives the richest framework for these elaborate works of man. This wild forest comes up closely in contact with the foundation of every wall and temple. It is as if the exact boundaries of the Nikko temples had been outlined in this deep forest and everything had been cleared away and the temples and walls then built. The first shrines were built over one thousand years ago, but the present buildings were erected nearly three hundred years ago and a forest could have grown around them in that time. In addi-

tion to all this beautiful natural scenery is often heard the deep, flutelike note of a bird celebrated by the poets of Japan; a note quite as charming and striking as that made by our hermit thrush.

Figure 59 is copied from a German map of the Nikko temples. I have lettered a few of the buildings with corresponding lettering, for the rude sketches I made give no idea of the size of these buildings. Letter O represents a structure with three large halls, the middle one forty by sixty feet, and the side halls, shown by dotted lines, forty by twenty-five feet. These dimensions are underestimates rather than over. The walls of every one of these buildings are covered with elaborately carved panels brilliantly colored. The wood carvings are deep, the branches and flowers are separate, and the wood is dug out so deeply that it makes a dark background for the carvings. In the plan marked F there are fifteen panels on one side of the entrance and eight on the other.

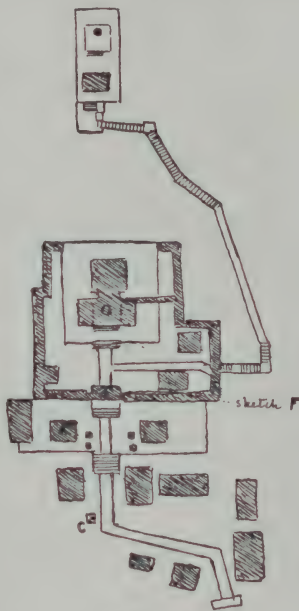


FIG. 59

These panels are six feet long, and each one has a different composition. One panel has storks, another swans, another one, represented in the sketch (fig. 60), shows a mythological bird, beautifully carved in high relief, full of life and action, the

feathers and flowers brilliantly colored. Beneath the larger panels there are smaller ones just as elaborately carved, and

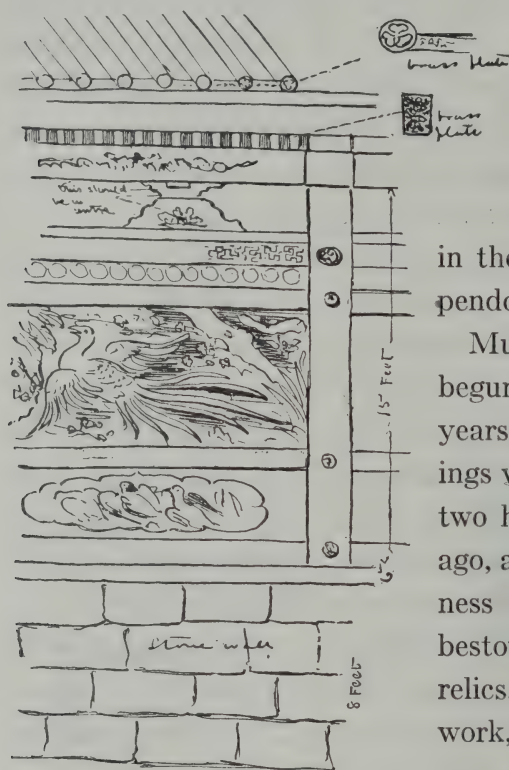


FIG. 60

all the brass plates, of which there are many, are delicately incised in intricate designs. One stands amazed, breathless,

in the presence of this stupendous achievement.

Much of this work was begun nearly three hundred years ago and various buildings were added up to within two hundred and fifty years ago, and yet the perfect freshness shows the great care bestowed on these sacred relics. Within, such lacquerwork, such bronze, gilt, silver, and gold objects, such paneled ceilings, and every

floor carpeted with cool straw matting, and outside massive stone pavements, stone walls, stone balustrades, stone figures and monuments! And all this incredible handiwork is planted on the steep slope of a wild, rugged mountain-side with not a rotten log or scraggy bush disturbed outside the walls, and even the stone foundations clothed with lichen and moss, with beautiful fronds of ferns springing from the rock crev-



ices. I gave up in despair any attempt to portray even faintly this amazing revelation of Japanese art and workmanship. To approach the tomb which lies highest on the slope, we pass through a massive gateway and enter upon a broad flight of stone steps, green with age. The stairway was ten feet wide, on one side a high stone wall, and on the other side a rail wrought out of solid stone in lengths of six feet, and four and a half feet high. There are two hundred of these steps, wide and spacious. It was wonderful to walk slowly up and look over the massive stone railing into a grand old forest of spruce and pines, and at the top to find another richly carved temple rising in the midst of this wild and sombre forest. After two hours of these marvelous sights we came back to our inn mentally exhausted and somewhat physically so. At times the deep, sonorous clang of the temple bell comes down from the forest above like the note of some gigantic, deep-throated bird. The charm of the temple bell in Japan comes from its being struck from the outside with a swinging wooden beam with its soft and battered end, instead of with a heavy metal tongue dangling from the inside as in our bells. The curious drum tap increasing in rapidity is also a signal for prayers or some other priestly function. These shaven-headed, mild-faced priests as they go by attest to the potency of Buddhism for the swarming millions of the East.

The following sketches (figs. 61 and 62) convey a rude idea of the great stone staircase, green with age and damp from the deep shade which covers everything. A perfect silence reigns, as in all dense forests, broken only by the trill of the cicada,

or the deep, flute notes of the thrush (?). Figure 62 shows one of the stones of the balustrade, a single piece cut out of the

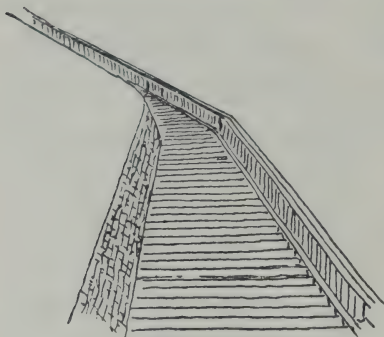


FIG. 61

solid rock and each segment united by brass ties. One thinks of the immense labor involved in all the work! The stones hauled from a distance, dragged up the steep mountain-side, hewn and fitted for a flight of two hundred steps, arrests our attention because all this work was done before

the days of steam and rail. The interior of the temples is as impressive as the exterior. On each side of the shrine were

massive vases each holding dwarf pine trees, four feet high, trained to a rod of bamboo, the whole affair—the trees with their irregular, crooked branches, rough bark, and hundreds of clusters of pine needles, the vase, bamboo, and all—composed of bronze,

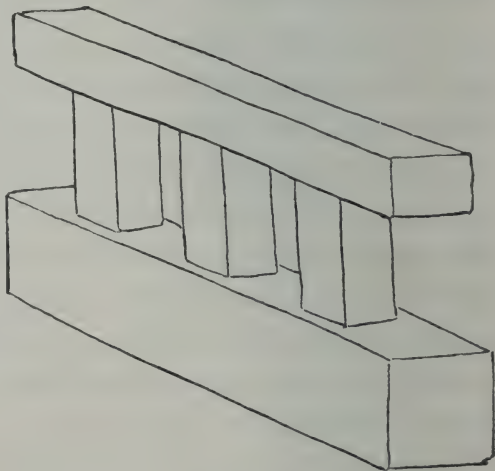


FIG. 62

and so truthfully rendered that one has to examine minutely to assure himself of its artificiality!

As we approached the temple we heard a peculiar chorus of voices which sounded like a chant, and we supposed a religious service was going on. It was simply a lot of workmen turning a windlass and hauling a big piece of timber to the foundations of another building under construction. We passed into the enclosure to see them work. It was an odd sight to see this crowd of naked, brown-skinned carpenters all howling a chorus for some time before making the slightest effort at pulling. At another place a double truck was being dragged and pried along by a crowd of workmen, and in the same way they would sing lustily, one man stand-



FIG. 63

ing out from the crowd singing a chanty, and when they all joined in the chorus a simultaneous effort would move the clumsy affair about six inches. Figure 63 shows the form of the truck, but no musical notation of ours would render the weird music.



FIG. 64

In coming along from the temple I made a sketch of two massive stone posts each wrought in one piece (fig. 64), representing a mythological beast that looked as if he had just jumped over the post and caught his tail.

It is a contrast to return to our restful rooms after all the bewildering work, the gorgeous coloring, and elaborate de-

tails we have been studying. Our rooms above and below are absolutely devoid of furniture, save the foreign table and chairs specially provided for us. We sleep on the floor. From the veranda downstairs we look out on a quaint little garden with evergreens, a few flowering shrubs, and clean paths. To

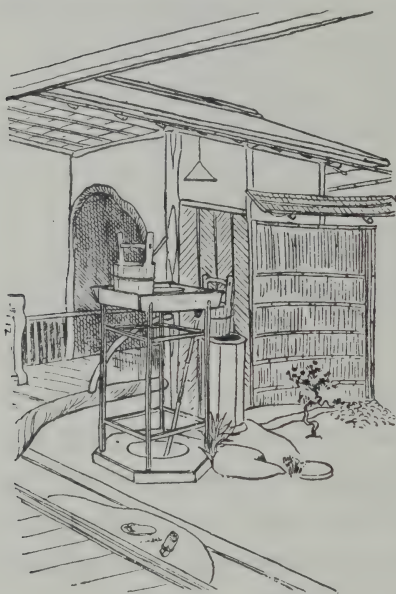


FIG. 65

the left is a veranda leading to the latrine (fig. 65), a good illustration of the artistic refinement of the Japanese in concealing what in a New England village usually forms an unsightly and conspicuous object. Observe the manner in which the Japanese carpenter, or better, cabinet-maker, has brought in the natural wood.<sup>1</sup> All the woodwork is just as the plane left it and much of it is in the natural condition. I found the little cupboards, closed by sliding

screens, convenient to stow away my insect boxes and other things.

In the little shops lining the streets were many objects made for souvenirs of the place, and in every instance they were made from material collected in the immediate forest; a

<sup>1</sup> In *Japanese Homes* a redrawing is given of figure 65, with description. Figure 66 is also redrawn and described in the above-mentioned book; it represents one of the rooms in which we slept and is typical of the simple and refined character of the Japanese room.



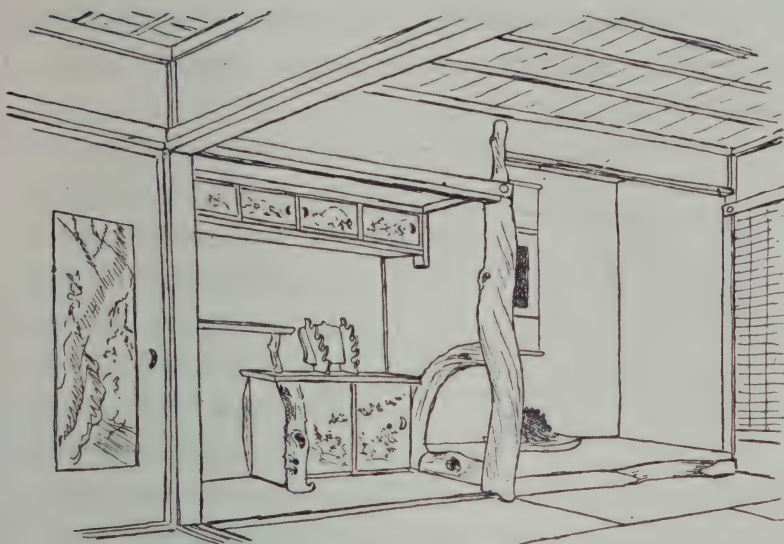


FIG. 66

woody fungus (*Polyporus*), scooped out and lacquered within, formed a cup; a twig of worm-eaten wood made a rustic candlestick; a bole from a tree hollowed out for a bowl; beautiful little wood trays with flower designs incised, and many other curious devices made from wood and bark (fig. 67).

In many parts of Japan, famous as places of resort, the souvenirs are invariably made from objects collected in the immediate vicinity. In our country one finds at Niagara

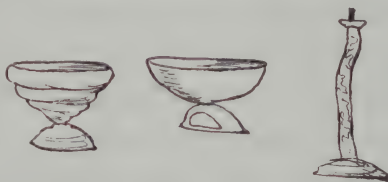


FIG. 67

Falls, Bar Harbor, and other places, objects sold as souvenirs that have been brought thousands of miles, and have, of course, no relation to the place. Indeed, I have seen at Bar Harbor souvenirs from Japan which the dealer will tell you

are collected from the shore; or ammonites from the English lias are sold as fossils dug from the immediate rocks at Niagara Falls!

Figure 68 shows a bronze bell, three feet in height, and the

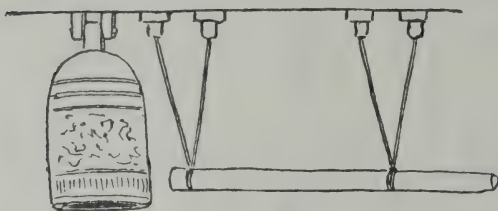


FIG. 68

round beam eight feet long, and the method of hanging by which it is struck. Figure 69 is a sketch of a Japanese insect collector examining my box of

insects, and when I sketched him he was telling me their names in Japanese and I was continually thanking him, not understanding a single word he said.

In collecting about Nikko I have noticed some remarkable examples of protective coloring, in one instance a small wood-frog which is found alongside the road, always resting on a large green leaf; the green of the leaf and the green frog absolutely



FIG. 69

the same shade. I have also noticed a green spider occupying a leaf in the same way. The spiders are abundant and interesting. One curious spider belonging to the geometric

kind made a net horizontal instead of nearly vertical with the radiating threads nearer together than the usual forms and in the centre a mat, woven by many zigzag lines, perfectly white in color and very conspicuous, while the remaining web was almost invisible. The spider was long and slender and rested some distance from the centre and facing it; when the net was disturbed, it was violently shaken by the spider (fig. 70). Another web was unlike any kind I had seen before.

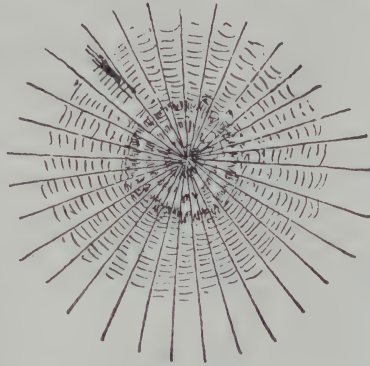


FIG. 70

It was a little nest of sheltering web nearly an inch in diameter, several ribbons running off in an irregular manner. The spider conceals himself beneath the canopy and rushes out when the radiating ribbons are disturbed (fig. 71).

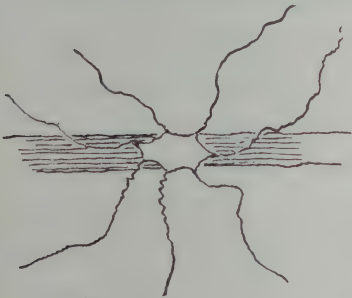


FIG. 71

On Monday morning, July 2, we started for Chiuzenji, some seven or eight miles distant, and all uphill. Nikko is two thousand feet and Chiuzenji is four thousand feet above sea-level. We had a *kago*, a simple

palanquin carried by two men with a third to assist at intervals, and two sturdy fellows who carried on their backs all the bags, extra clothing, provisions, etc. A wooden frame, four and a half feet long, was strapped to the back and

upon this rack was hung our impedimenta. A thick piece of matting was worn on the back against which rested the



FIG. 72

rude knapsack or frame. Figure 72 is a sketch of one of the men with insect net, shell scoop, collecting-bottles, and other objects. They must have weighed seventy or eighty pounds. The two servants brought up the rear of the procession, and as we filed up the street the natives were out in full force to see us go by. We passed up a beautiful avenue leading to the temples and then turned up the valley to the left. Here was a little cluster of houses by the river, shaded by deep forest and overshadowed by

mountains, all volcanic, the denudation leaving them all with rounded peaks. Figure 73 is a hasty outline of the mountain peaks as we enter the valley, so unlike the mountains at home. The road was good, hard, and entirely free from dust, as there are no carriage wheels



FIG. 73

to grind the pebbles into powder. After a walk of two miles we turned aside from the road and descended into a little hollow where were a shrine, a tea-house, a garden, and a



pond of crystal water fed by a mountain brook, which came tumbling down through the woods; the garden, pond, house, and all surrounded by the densest hedges of azalea in full bloom. As we saw it from the top of the hill it was one mass of red. The hedges were four feet high and six feet thick and blooming in a way that our poor hothouse azaleas never do. While we were sitting on the veranda sipping our tea and enjoying the garden, some travelers came along who were bound for Yumoto to bathe in the hot springs. It was a novel sight to see two of the girls go to the spring to bathe, dropping their garments to the waist. On discovering that we were looking at them, they shyly, but laughingly, drew their dresses up again, having learned that foreigners considered such behavior immodest. The whole affair was idyllic, and we realized more than ever that we were in a foreign land.

After leaving this charming place the road narrowed and we came to a dashing mountain brook,—the water clear and blue, the rocks piled up in masses, the ascent steep, and the views wonderful. The mountains were high and precipitous and the body of water much larger than one would expect in a place of this nature—really a mountain river rather than a mountain brook. A narrow pathway led in and around huge rocks and crossed the stream several times by little foot-bridges. After a mile or two of this tumultuous river we began to climb in earnest, either a steep incline or an interminable flight of stone steps, at intervals coming to a tiny tea-house which commanded some entrancing view. One place I particularly made a record of. It stood on a promontory, a bald point, not only embracing a magnificent view of the valley,

but giving a view of three different mountain streams that converged below. Some of the travelers we had seen at the first resting-place overtook us, and we walked along together, the girls laughing and talking in Japanese, at times crying out, "O atsui, atsui," the only word I understood, which means "hot"; and it was a scorching day. One old fellow would ask me a question and I would respond, "You incomprehensible idiot, why do you not frame your speech," etc., etc., to which he would say "hai," which means "yes"; for the people we meet say "hai" to everything they do not understand. Two of our party took turns riding in the kago, and I tried it for about an eighth of a mile, but got out, as it did not seem like mountain-climbing to be carried by men in this way. It was an uncomfortable way of riding, though to the Japanese, with their way of sitting, it must be ideal; but the vehicle to us is a somewhat cramping affair and it requires practice to get used to it, as our long legs are in the way. I managed to get a sketch of it while resting for a moment. It is interesting to see two sturdy men walk vigorously along supporting the kago which hangs from a long, round pole on their shoulders.



FIG. 74

Each carrier holds a long staff to support himself, the two keep in step, and the kago has a gentle, swaying motion. A third man follows behind to take the place of the first one who gets tired. Figure 74 represents the kago and figure 75 is a sketch from the inside while riding.

At one place I turned over a bit of rotten wood and found exquisite little land shells like *Pupilla*, only reversed. (I recalled the figure of the species in a French journal.) Associated with them was a little shell apparently identical with a common species in New England. Such beautiful butterflies were seen, of which I secured a few. We were in-

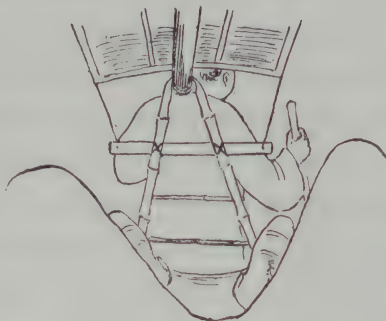


FIG. 75

terested in the number of stone figures along the road, most, if not all of them, images of Buddha, and many of them broken, some toppled over, and all lichen-covered and bearing other evidences of age. Some were mounted on stone pedestals, and one had had small stones piled on its



FIG. 76

legs and arms, each stone representing a prayer (fig. 76). In coming up the mountain torrent it was delightful to stand on the narrow bridges and be cooled by the air which came from the dashing water below. It seems odd to find no evidences of glaciation; one boulder among the thousands had the appearance of glaciation, but the edges are not rounded nor eroded as are the New England boulders.

At a deserted shed used by travelers for a resting-place I noticed for the first time that signatures had been written on the boards and rafters, done with a brush in Japanese

script. I had before observed the absence of all disfigurement of public places by names, or rude pictures, or inscriptions, as is so common in our country. This deserted shed was so far in the wilds that this gentle abuse of making an autograph album of it did not seem an offense.

After a long, fatiguing, but glorious tramp we reached the shores of Lake Chiuzenji, a body of water, two miles across, bordered on one side by mountains fifteen hundred feet high or more, with abrupt slopes, and to the north the famous Nantaisan, eight thousand feet above the sea, rising abruptly from the lake. The lake bed was evidently a volcanic crater. There was no sand beach in sight, and the shore was strewn with fragments of volcanic rocks of all sizes and occasionally lava and pumice. Nantaisan is one of the famous mountains of Japan, called on the map Nantai, though it has several names, as with new mikados new names have been given it. After the Revolution of 1868 the Mikado gave it a new name and the old one, whatever it was, was dropped. This strikes us as peculiar, the changing of old names; thus Yedo was named Tokyo — Eastern Capital — after the Revolution. We have made similar changes, however, though in some instances these changes consisted in dropping Indian names for English names; thus, Shawmut became Boston and Naumkeag became Salem.

The dragonflies swarmed by millions. I never saw such numbers; they flew in your face, alighted on your hat and clothes, and were decidedly annoying. A great many ephemera and other insects which develop in the water, were also abundant. I spent the afternoon collecting along the shores



of the lake. Not a trace of a living mollusk was found, though leeches were common on the rocks and a little crustacean also. Frogs of two species were common. I found to my amazement only the dead shells of *Corbicula*, a very common shell in the rice-ditches about Tokyo. I scratched around with my dipper in vain for a live specimen, and when I returned to the inn I learned that the Government had planted ten thousand live specimens in the lake, but that they had all died.

Fleas are the one fearful nuisance of the country. They are found wild even on tops of mountains. They invade the houses, and at night extra precautions have to be taken to avoid being eaten up by them. The bite, or sting, is very sharp, and one that stung me on the arm woke me up with a start and the tingling sensation remained for some time. My body is covered in some places by the red blotches of their bites. The universal use of straw mattings gives them great opportunities for shelter. The *futon*, a heavily wadded coverlet of cotton or silk floss, — rarely the latter except in the best houses, — takes the place of our bedclothes. You place one under you and as many more as you want above. Before we left Tokyo we had some nightgowns made in the form of large pillow-cases or bags, into which we got at night and drew up with a cord around the neck. It was a ludicrous sight at bedtime to see us stretched upon the floor with no signs of arms or legs; we looked like corpses. If we wanted to open a screen it was a comical sight as we waddled along and used the head in pushing aside the screen. This device succeeded in keeping out most of the fleas.

A list of the foods used by the lower classes would be inter-

esting. Almost everything in the sea furnishes food for the masses; not only fish, but sea urchins, sea cucumbers, squids, and even some species of worms are eaten. Seaweed, a thin green leaf, is also eaten; it is dried and put up in tin boxes. It is apparently the common green seaweed, a species of *ulva*. Some of the preparations are appetizing in appearance, but to a foreign palate somewhat insipid. I have mustered courage enough to taste a few of the dishes, and have succeeded in swallowing but one of them, and that was a kind of soup, though I was nearly starved to death when I tried it. Water was boiled in a tin vessel with a sauce made from fermented bean, dark in color like Worcestershire sauce; into this were put thin slices of what looked like cucumber, and then followed large blocks of a substance which resembled new white cheese, fresh from the press; this was cut into triangular slices. This last substance was made from beans which had been boiled, strained to remove the skins, and then made into a paste-like block. This soup was certainly nourishing, and with a little practice one might come to like it. Another common article of food is made from seaweed and is known as *tokoroten*. It is in the shape of long, square pieces of a white substance and is always kept in water. At the side of the shallow tub containing it is a square wooden syringe having at the outlet a mesh of wire leaving twenty-four interspaces; the food, cut in strips the size of the syringe, is forced through by a piston, the wires cutting it into long, narrow strips. This is quite tasteless, reminding one of macaroni, and is eaten with a little sauce. Figure 77 is a sketch of the syringe and piston with end, natural size.

The village of Chiuzenji is deserted in winter, and even now, the first week in July, there are few houses occupied. Later, however, thousands of travelers will come to ascend Nantai, and then the houses are pressed for room. The country houses and inns use wood for cooking purposes, and the rafters of the kitchen are black with smoke, while the floors are polished.

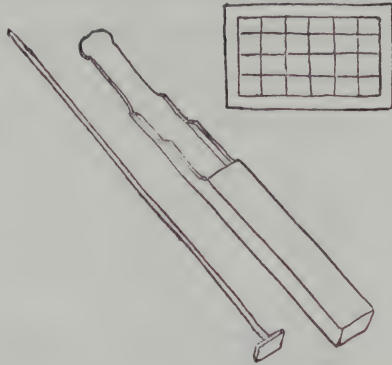


FIG. 77

As we get into the interior, clothing seems to be used only on state occasions; the children are entirely naked, the men mostly so, and the women partially so.

After a sound night's sleep we were up the next morning at five o'clock, as Dr. Murray and I were to ascend Nantai. We had to pay a dollar, ostensibly for a guide, but really for the priests of the temple. We had a man accompany us to carry heavy clothing, drinking-water, etc. Passing along the street for an eighth of a mile we ascended a flight of stone steps to the temple where long staffs were given us. In front of the temple were two long flags, one on each side of the gateway. The adjustment of a long, narrow flag to the pole was so ingenious that I

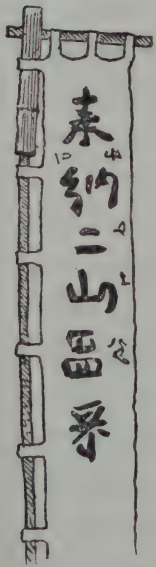


FIG. 78

made a careful drawing of it (fig. 78). (Since then I have

seen many smaller ones in front of shops and other places made in the same way.) The flag is attached to a movable piece of bamboo which rests on the top of the bamboo flag-staff; loops on the side of the flag hold it in position, and as the wind blows the whole affair revolves on the pole. The flag

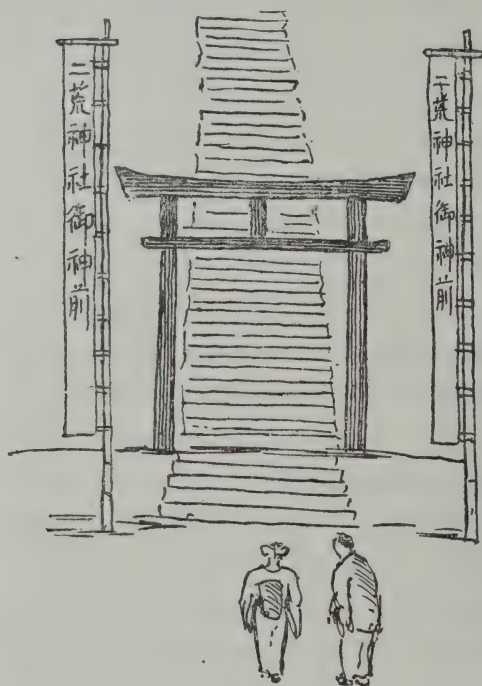


FIG. 79

is made long and narrow to accommodate itself to the vertical style of writing Chinese characters, from above downward. I endeavored to copy the characters, or rather, give an idea of them. The flag was fifteen feet long and three feet wide, so I copied only the upper half of it. The characters give the name of the temple and mountain, etc. Figure 79 is a sketch of the foot of the flight of

steps with the flags on the side and a torii just beyond. A quaint, high, and ponderous old gate is unlocked and opened, and passing through we found ourselves at the foot of a mountain path which leads directly to the summit of the mountain. Up to the spruces there are steps and beyond the path is worn over the roots and rocks. It was a direct



climb of four thousand feet in altitude, and while there was not a step of the slightest difficulty, — no stooping, or crawling on knees, or digging toes or fingers in precipitous sides, — it was the most fatiguing and exhausting mountain climb I ever made. The path was very steep and continuous; no level ridge or plateau to give one a rest. Figure 80 shows the angle of ascent as we measured it. Figure 81



FIG. 80

shows the character of the steps, very rough and irregular and tiresome to the last degree; something like walking on railroad sleepers, only uphill all the way. Such curious plants, beautiful insects again, and the sweet notes of birds strange to us, and all the rocks volcanic!

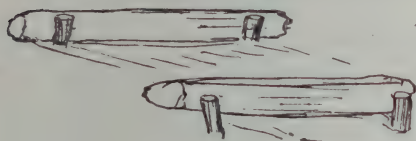


FIG. 81

And so we went up, up, the blue waters of Lake Chiuzenji glistening through the trees and gradually other mountain peaks coming into view. After what seemed an interminable time we came to the line of spruces, and then the flowers were more familiar. We saw the bunchberry flower, only smaller than ours, and a berry that suggested the blueberry, not ripe, however, and other flowers that belong to a northern flora, only strangely mixed up with semi-tropical types. As we neared the summit the views of the mountains were magnificent. Those near us were far below our level, which was

8175 feet above the sea. On the distant mountains we noticed lines of snow in the gorges. The contours of the peaks were markedly unlike those of the White Mountains. On our way up were resting-places where the natives who make annual pilgrimages stop for a cup of tea, and it was refreshing to encounter these places. It was a delight to see no trace of a



FIG. 82

foreigner; no bottles, boxes, or newspapers. At times we would pick up an oblong piece of thin board like a diminutive shingle, on which were inscribed Chinese characters which we were told represented prayers.

We were now within a hundred feet of the summit, one side of which was a precipitous slope of a thousand feet or more, the edge of an ancient crater. A little below the summit was a solidly built shrine



FIG. 83

sheathed with bronze and painted black (fig. 82). Its appearance from the highest point is shown in figure 83.

The doors were locked, but within, we were told, was a statue of Buddha. Upon a platform or veranda in front were a number of rusty coins, and all about the summit were spear-heads and broken sword-blades, so rusty and corroded that they must have been there for centuries. No one apparently had disturbed them, and I could not resist the temptation of securing two small rusty fragments. These were offerings to the shrine. On the highest point shown in figure 83 there is a deeply worn place in the rock where the swords were broken in past times. More remarkable still were a number of queues which had been offered as a sacrifice or to emphasize a vow. We were told that nearly, if not all, the high peaks in Japan were marked with shrines. A wonderful conception, such devotion to their religion, and to these places in August thousands throng to say their prayers as the sun rises, many of them traveling hundreds of miles and enduring hardships to do it. I could recall nothing at all parallel to this in our religious exercises except our Methodist camp meetings.

We spent an hour on the summit and the views were wonderful, Fujiyama looming up high on the horizon, a hundred and fifty miles away. The higher you rise the higher appears the horizon. Seeing Fujiyama from this altitude one gets a vivid realization of its immense size and the vast territory it covers. In the sketch (fig. 84), the slopes of the mountain are altogether too steep, and yet they appeared so when sketched. A curly mass of clouds concealed the base of Fuji, and a mountain the height of Mount Washington would have had its peak immersed in this layer of cloud.

Coming down we found more fatiguing than going up. I would rather descend Carrigain a dozen times than bump down the interminable flight of steps. The distance from the



FIG. 84

summit to the base is said to be seven miles, but it seemed twenty before we reached the bottom, and we were glad to rest and sleep for an hour, using the Japanese pillow for a head-rest, cool but still somewhat awkward. At five o'clock we started for Yumoto, eight miles distant, and I walked away feeling as fresh as a lark.

Our path led along the lake for nearly two miles — a path



with bushes meeting and brushing one on each side, and yet a well-trodden path, as it is the only highway between Chiuzenji and Yumoto. At times we met the natives, half naked, or the odd-looking pack-horses with burdens on their backs. Here comes a woman nursing her child in her arms as she travels along, and soon we pass another, naked to the waist, browned by the sun, leading a pack-horse, and actually holding a baby under her arm like a bundle and the baby nursing in this uncomfortable position. After the path left the side of the lake it rose gradually to an elevated plateau. The path heretofore had been through a dense forest with an undergrowth of bushes such as we see at home. Now we came out, with the rays of the declining sun hot and dry, and illuminating with a peculiar light the flat area of some miles which we were to cross. This area is doubtless the bed of an extinct volcano, the bottom of a crater, in fact. A fly, not unlike the black fly, began to annoy us, bringing the blood at every sting. Butterflies were seen all the way, flocks of them in great profusion, and many brilliantly colored beetles in the path. Large patches of iris, blue and purple, great tracts of it, were everywhere; but what amazed us most were the masses of azalea through which we literally waded for miles. We noticed the red haze of these flowers from the top of Nantai. The plateau was surrounded by high mountains, Nantai looming above them all and seeming to get nearer the farther we got away. Figure 85 shows how Nantai looks

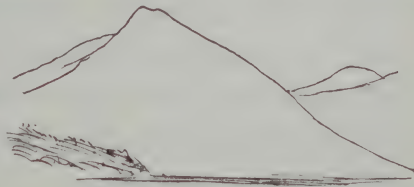


FIG. 85

from the plain. It was quite dark when we reached the woods again, and we were tired out, though not too exhausted to admire a beautiful waterfall which we had seen when two miles away.

At eight o'clock at night we entered the little hamlet of Yumoto, a number of houses closely crowded together and nestling in the very heart of high mountains. A peculiar, disagreeable odor of boiled egg filled the air, and this came from the hot sulphur springs which abound here. We quickly found an inn with rooms wide open to the air, and without unpacking a thing, fell on the mats and were soon fast asleep. It was dark when we reached the place, and we had seen nothing, and to wake up in the morning and look out on the magnificent prospect, the odd buildings, the people in their curious clothes, or no clothes at all, with the strange odors intermingled with the sulphur odor, the unusual sounds, was as if we had landed on a different planet. Impatient to see the place we walked through the little village with its two or three narrow streets, the entire extent not over a thousand feet. Before starting out, however, we had some difficulty in finding an opportunity to wash our faces, for, of course, there is no such convenience as a washstand, bowl, or pitcher of water in any Japanese house. Heretofore we have had brought to us a copper or brass pan, a bucket of water, and a long-handled bamboo dipper. At Hashi-ishi there was a tall sink for washing the face, as shown in figure 65. We finally found at one end of the veranda a wooden sink on the floor with pail of water and brass basin, in which we managed to wash our faces, though it was very awkward stooping down to it. At another

place I saw a bucket on a shelf, or support; instead of a faucet there was an iron pin to pull out of a tube which stuck out like a faucet as in figure 86. The stream was so small that it took some time to get enough water for hands and face.

The baths are stretched along the side of the street; rude wooden sheds open in front, within which are the tanks, which are eight feet long and five feet wide, the water pouring out from a wooden pipe at the inner side of the tank, or simply running over the edge of the tank from the spring just behind. In one six or seven persons were bathing, in a crouching position, with the water up to their shoulders, at times dipping up water and pouring it over their heads. But the most striking sight was to see both sexes in the bath, young and old, and the whole affair open to the street along which many were passing, though a low screen partially intervened.

Here I must digress for a moment and express some plain truths about the subject of nakedness, which in Japan for centuries has not been looked upon as immodest, while we have been brought up to regard it as immodest. The exposure of the body in Japan is only when bathing and then everybody minds his own business. On the streets of the city or country I never saw a man looking at the ankles or legs of a girl; I have never seen a low-necked dress. I have, however, seen at Narragansett Pier, and at similar places, girls with the tightest of bathing costumes with legs and contour exposed, in full sun-

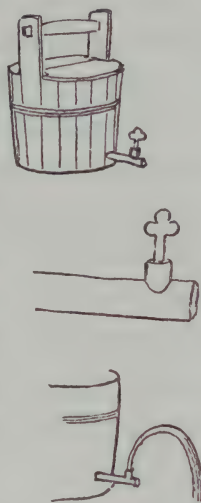


FIG. 86

light, lounging about in the sand with men having still less on. I lived for ten weeks beside a famous bathing beach in Japan and never saw anything remotely approaching such a sight. The men when naked always wear a loin-cloth. It is related that when an English frigate entered a port in New Zealand and the sailors went in bathing entirely naked, the chief of the village sent earnest protests to the commanding officers complaining of the immodesty of the men being without clothing, for the natives always wear an apron or girdle around the waist.

I spoke of overtaking travelers on our way to Chiuzenji; in climbing up steep places I offered to help two pretty girls over the difficult places. I was not in any sense flirting with them, though such attention was regarded as such by the girls, who were on their way to the hot baths, and they declined my offers modestly with "Go men na sai" (Excuse me). At the baths Dr. Murray wished to know the temperature of the water as it poured from the pipe, and being somewhat lame asked me to hold a thermometer under the spring. To do this I had to stand on the edge of the tank with one leg far in on the inner side, stretching out my arm to reach the stream. It will be understood that I was somewhat abashed and did not dare look at the people in the tank. Judge of my surprise on hearing a pleasant "Ohayo" from two voices in the tank, and looking found my two modest girls of the day before naked in the water! The fact is they seem like little children, and I can positively avow that we seem infinitely more immodest to the Japanese than they do to us. The sight of our people in low-necked dresses dancing together in the waltz, a dance they



do not have; kissing in public places, even a man greeting his wife with a kiss in public, and many other acts cause the Japanese to regard us as barbarians. If in going along the street one looked into the bathing-tank, the bathers would probably comment on it in much the same way that we should if a greenhorn were to look into a dining-room window while we were at the table. There are a few acts of theirs that seem very immodest to us; there are many of our acts which seem very immodest to them.

There are several baths along the road; some open to the sky; others with a shed-like covering as in figure 87. It was a strange sight, — the water pouring out from the ground in a voluminous stream, a boiling spring literally, for it was so hot one could not bear the hand in it for a second. In one

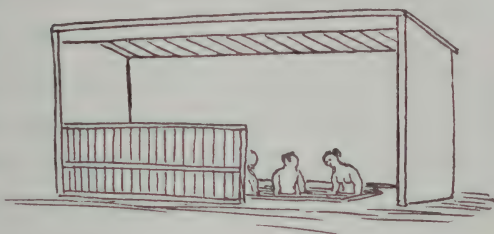


FIG. 87

spring we lowered an egg for ten minutes and it was thoroughly cooked. The springs all seemed to have the same sulphurous odor, and yet a dignitary of the village informed our interpreter that they varied in their therapeutic properties. One spring was supposed to be good for pain in the chest and leg, another was good for stomach disorders; another for weak eyes; and another for troubles in the head, and so on. Each spring was supposed to have different curative virtues!

It was an extraordinary experience going along the road, Dr. Murray with his notebook, and I entering these baths one

after the other, standing on the corners of the tanks, and reaching out the thermometer to the streams which trickled from a spout, and numbers of men, women, and children following us curious to see what we were about. They did not mind the bathers nor did the bathers mind them, as indeed they should not. It was the height of modesty and simplicity; no prurient prudes in the crowd. Each bath contained from two to eight or more bathers, and some of them were sitting on the edge of the tank; young girls, middle-aged women, and old men wizened with age, all bathing in the same tank. I have been blunt and explicit in explaining this phase of Japanese life, for it is one of the extraordinary anomalies of this people. With ten times the graceful politeness that we have, with gentleness of manner and sweetness of disposition, yet they are wholly lacking in appreciation that nakedness is immodest, and, utterly lacking it, you are no more abashed by it than are the Japanese, and therefore conclude that what would be immodest for us is not for them. The only immodesty displayed is the behavior of foreigners in looking at nakedness, and this behavior the Japanese resent and turn away from. For example, on one occasion when we were returning home, having seven jinrikishas, six for our party and one for baggage, we clattered down through the village street. In front of one house and almost directly on the road was a woman bathing in one of the deep wooden tubs. Now, one might think that without a thread on she might have retired to the rear of the house, or at least have bathed her body in installments; not so, however, she contemplated us as we passed without once ceasing her operations. Not one of our

jinrikisha men turned his head to look, nor would any other of the thirty millions of people have done so. I could not resist calling Dr. Murray's attention to her in a hurried way, and the woman, noticing my gesture, turned partly away from us, probably taking us for country bumpkins, or barbarians, — as, indeed, we were.

Having finished our temperature measurements at Yumoto, we hired the only boat in the place, a huge sort of gondola, and with two men for boatmen started to explore the fauna of the lake. When the boatmen came aboard, a girl accompanied them bearing the universal box of live coals and a tea-kettle. We wondered why she invited herself to come in this way, but she stayed, and so I utilized her by having her hold my glass jar while I picked shells out of my scoop, and in various ways we got her to work her passage. She held our hats while we looked over the sides of the boat for specimens. Judge of our surprise when we got back to shore to find that she was the owner of the boat and that we had to pay her for the use of it! As these people have a good deal of fun in their constitution, she must have enjoyed the way we had treated her. I found a specimen of *Lymnæa*, suggesting a Maine species, and a tiny *Pisidium*. Just after we started and had got into a new patch of lily-pads, a hunting-ground for shells, a wind began to blow in vigorous gusts, and despite the desperate efforts of our boatmen in poling and sculling, they had no control over the boat. To help them I took a pole, but soon realized that a bamboo pole was a novelty to me, and so, for fear of getting a ducking, the boat and all being so entirely unlike anything we have at home and behaving so absurdly,

I let matters take their course. We were driven across the lake into a cove, where we collected for a while hoping that the wind would go down. The men then undertook to pole the boat back again. I took the pole and tried again, but, impatient to shove her somewhere, managed to ram her on a hidden rock. Here we were for some little time, the boatmen finally jumping overboard upon the same rock, and after tremendous exertion fairly



FIG. 88

lifting the boat off. The wind, at the same time, drove us into the cove again, so we all jumped ashore and walked back to Yumoto. Figure 88 shows a hasty sketch I made of the village from the boat.

Arriving at the inn we hastily packed our belongings, and the Doctor hiring a pack-horse, we started to walk back to Hashi-ishi, a distance of seventeen miles. After the experiences of the day we were somewhat tired when we started uphill and down, over plains and through mountain brooks. And this was the way we celebrated our Fourth of July. I spent so much time collecting insects that I was left alone, and for hours enjoyed the supreme novelty of being in the interior of Japan, where no English was spoken, my vocabulary limited to "How do you do?" "Good-bye," "Wait a little," and a few isolated words. The day was intensely hot and I was reduced to my undershirt and drawers, all my clothes



having gone ahead on the back of a coolie. The buttons giving way at the outset, a safety pin held me together, and so I went on singing, "Boom goes the cannon" and "Star-Spangled Banner," on account of the day; netting butterflies, picking up beetles, and altogether greatly enjoying the strangeness of the situation. I had a round-topped Japanese hat to protect my head from the hot sun, and my closest friend would not have recognized me (fig. 89). It is astonishing how these people can go bareheaded



FIG. 89

under a broiling sun, though now and then you see the broadest of broad-brimmed, matted hats. After crossing the flat area again, I came to the path in the dense woods, and suddenly met a savage, wolfish-looking dog, which barked viciously at me, but retreated, as the path was too narrow to pass. We kept on, the dog retreating and howling. I must confess that my scant clothing seemed exceedingly diaphanous, and I had no pistol. Soon three Japanese came in sight. The dog went by them and we rubbed as we passed. Then the dog, fearing to lose them, finally bounded into the woods and ran by me. I could not understand the dog's fear of the wood. I was glad to get rid of him, though not particularly alarmed, as, judging from the dogs I had already seen, they are harmless beasts.

I overtook my party at Chiuzenji resting and waiting for me, and having eaten our dinner we started again. In going

back to Hashi-ishi the views were much grander than when going up. The descent enabled us to look down on wild and precipitous ravines and all the imposing character of the deep gorges was more impressive than when ascending, for in the effort we were too hot and fatigued to think of anything else. Our provisions were giving out; the crackers were all gone, though the claret and beer still held out, an indication of our extremely temperate habits. (One should get accustomed to Japanese food and saké, as I did in a year or two, and much trouble and expense would be saved in transportation and cooking, as well.) With rice, canned soup, and chicken we got up a Fourth-of-July dinner, drank the health of His Imperial Majesty the Mikado, and our President and the dear ones at home, sang patriotic songs, and drummed on the table, amazing and delighting the people of the hotel who peeped at us through the screens.

## CHAPTER IV

### TOKYO AGAIN

FOR two days it rained steadily and that gave us ample time to write our letters and journals. At five o'clock in the morning we started for Tokyo, our jinrikishas with the tops up like an old-fashioned chaise, and a sheet of oiled paper tied on in front to keep out the rain (fig. 90). We were literally locked up, and away we went with an exhilarating line of seven jinrikishas, half the men naked, the rest with a loose jacket on their backs as the only clothing. It was quite cold, yet they fairly steamed with the exercise. At times



FIG. 90

it stopped raining and we would have our tops down. These men ran almost continuously for thirty miles with no long rest. I noticed that when there was a strong incline the gutters were dammed at intervals of ten or fifteen feet, retarding the current of water and thus preventing the gulying of the channel. The trees in every case had been sawed off instead of chopped, thus saving wood. At times we passed huge fragments of rock with evidences that an attempt had been made to split them; but instead of drilling round holes they drill square ones. Such odd characters we saw on the road. We passed a pilgrim who had a little drum which he struck at

intervals, and he made a noise between his lips, a sort of prolonged grunting strain which sounded like an expiring bagpipe. These sounds were his prayers which he was constantly uttering in his pilgrimage. These men, who travel hundreds of miles in their visits to various shrines, may be carpenters, merchants, or farmers. They often start off without a cent, depending upon charity for their food and lodging, though they may have money enough at home.

At one place where we stopped for lunch a man was reciting a poem or some such thing, and his voice had a most tense, artificial strain. He held two long blocks of wood and emphasized his remarks by striking them together at proper intervals. Nobody about the house paid any attention to him, so we each gave him a cent and kept him at it for some time longer. Upon the road we were traveling was a wall of giant pines or cryptomeria lining the road similar to the one already mentioned. Here as elsewhere the swallows build their nests in the houses and even in the best rooms, a shelf being put up to prevent the floor from being soiled.

Along the road at short intervals were guide-posts giving distances to the next places. After thirty-five miles the roads had become so bad and the wind had increased so in violence that our jinrikisha men got tired and wanted to go back, so they were paid off, and after a dinner, which cost them four cents, back they went. Some of the villages we passed through were poor-looking and the inhabitants evidently poverty-stricken. Strangers rarely ever came this way, and entire households turned out to see us pass, and whenever we stopped a large crowd would gather. While the people were the very



lowest, and their faces were coarse and the children were very dirty, and the houses were poor, there was no trace of brutality or maliciousness in their looks or any expression of haggard despair such as one sees in the slums of our great cities. At one village where we stopped for lunch the landlady squatted down on her knees near us, and grinned and laughed at us whenever we took a mouthful, and finally became so annoying that Dr. Murray asked her sharply in Japanese what she wanted, and she took the hint and went away. The poor creature was ignorant and intensely curious, and every minute detail of our complexion, our clothing, food, behavior, the knife and fork, all were entirely new and strange to her, and her manners were certainly bad.

Even in this dirty town it was interesting to contrast the inn where we stopped with the many inns I had seen in New England and in other parts of our country.

Figure 91 is a rough sketch of one side of our room: rough, worm-eaten wood for a shelf, the natural trunk of a tree for the mid-post, a simple kakemono. The details were solidly

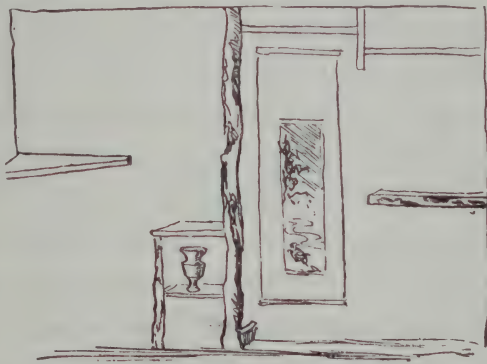


FIG. 91

constructed. This room looked out upon a beautiful garden in which was a little wooden tank holding water. The wood had come from the seashore. It was, indeed, a bit of wood

from a vessel, black in color and bored by teredo. In it were a rock, aquatic grass, a bronze crab, etc. (fig. 92). It was beautiful, and would have been eagerly sought for to grace

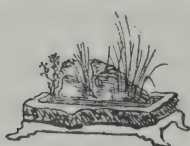


FIG. 92

our best rooms at home. A translation of some inscriptions on the walls of the room proved them to be precepts from the classics. When I recalled the things that decorate the walls of similar places at home, — prize fights, burlesque horse-race, or naked women, — we agreed that the Japanese were far superior in refinement. Now, all this exquisite taste was in one of the poorest villages and shows how universal the appreciation of artistic things is in this pagan country.

At this place we had a row with our jinrikisha men. They saw we were in a tight place and were going to take advantage of us, as they often do in so-called civilized countries. We threatened them with our canes and they became docile; indeed, they had not been ill-natured, and matters became smooth again. It was a drizzling rain all the time and cold too, yet our naked fellows never seemed to mind it. It was curious to see how indifferent the natives were to the rain; children with little babies on their backs were out in the twilight and all wet to their skins. As it became dark the ride grew tiresome, the low-thatched houses looked dark and smoky, and a cloud of smoke would be rising from almost every thatched roof as if the house were afire. Whenever we stopped to drink tea there were always little points of interest in the poorest of houses. For example, the ingenious way they have of making screens of rope, bamboo, and even shells, strung as beads,

which hang like a fringe before the door; an admirable idea, as it admits the air, conceals the interior, and one can walk through it without obstruction. I remember seeing in one of the villages the roof of a small house covered with large perfect shells of *Haliotis* and cuttlefish bone. These had been brought from the sea as articles of food and the shells had been placed on the house-top.

When we finally got to the end of our jinrikisha journey, we found ourselves in front of a large house all open beneath as in the case of all the inns. It was very dark and rainy, and it was a weird sight to see the jinrikisha men steaming from their long run, sitting in picturesque groups drinking tea, — mind you, not rum, — the warm light from the painted lanterns throwing shadows beyond them, and making their brown, glistening bodies almost red.

They appeared like savages. There seemed to be no end of families in the house; there were at least a half-dozen, and many women. Figure 93 shows a group of children watching us from the outside. We were shown into a room where we dropped on the floor tired out.



FIG. 93

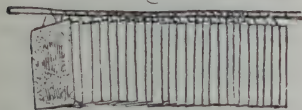


FIG. 94

From the ceiling hanging from long poles were hundreds of cards of silk-worm eggs ready for exportation to France (fig. 94). These cards of paste-board were fourteen inches long and nine inches wide, and, we understood, they were worth five

dollars a card. Good cards contained from twenty-four to twenty-six thousand eggs. The cards were hung back to back, each card having the owner's name on the back. A company in Yokohama controls the price of eggs. The company buys up all there are in the country, and one year, in order to keep the price up, actually destroyed all above a certain number. The man who evidently owned the place was an intelligent fellow and through an interpreter we got a lot of information about silk culture. He had a beautiful little boy, and though I have been here a month and have seen hundreds of children, this boy is the first one I have held in my arms and even on my shoulders, the family showing their appreciation by smiling.

The married women, with their polished, blackened teeth, are a shocking and startling sight to a foreigner. When the blackening is first applied they keep their lips apart for a while that the color may set. Thus holding the lips apart becomes a habit; at all events, they are rarely seen with the lips closed. The young man brought us fans and asked for our autographs on them, and on the fan he gave me I drew a lot of insects, shells, etc., which pleased him greatly. In return he gave me a bagful of confectionery. The sugar plums were good, but to a foreigner the candy is insipid, having no flavor whatever.

At this place, Nowata, we were to take a boat on the river Tonegawa. Nowata was the head of navigation. As the final *a* is pronounced like *r* it seems an appropriate name for the head of navigation, "no water." Ten o'clock at night came before we could get a boatman to scull us sixty miles to Tokyo. The night was totally dark and rainy, and it was difficult to induce



the boatman to go, particularly as the last time he went down the river he had been robbed by river pirates. Dr. Murray and I represented to him that he and I were terrible fellows and would tear to pieces any number of pirates if they dared to approach the boat. This danger was probably greatly exaggerated, though at the time it added an exciting zest to our trip. So after bidding "sayonara" to our pleasant hosts, we started through the wet fields and bushes to the river-bank, illuminated all the way by a number of paper lanterns, in the hands of accommodating boys. The boat was a long, clumsy sort of craft, with a place in the middle having a little roof of matting more like a thatched roof in pieces. There was no light on the boat, as it would interfere with the boatman steering, so we had to grope around to find a place to lie down. I sat up for an hour enjoying the novelty of the situation, the boatman silently sculling with a long, steady swing, the others sound asleep, and such perfect quiet — no sound, in fact, except the shrill chirrups of many strange insects, most of them higher or shriller than those I am familiar with at home or else they marked time differently from ours. While smoking and half dreaming I caught myself, now and then, suspiciously watching some dark object near the shore. I was the only one who had a pistol, and it was at the bottom of a promiscuously packed bag. Where the cartridges were I did not know, and in the dark the luggage had been piled up helter-skelter, and finding even the empty pistol was out of the question. At all events, when I lay down to sleep I thought that if we were attacked the bamboo pole should be my weapon. Long before daylight the boatman, alarmed at

something, called Dr. Murray, who got up and watched for a while and finally concluded it was a false alarm. (I record this incident, as it was the last time I carried a pistol in Japan.) The boatman had probably lied about the river pirates so as to get higher pay. After a few years' residence in Japan one realizes that a man is safer in the wilder regions of Japan at any hour, night or day, than in the quiet streets of Salem, or in any other city in our country.

We awoke at six o'clock in bright daylight, and after breakfast, cooked on the boat by the faithful Yasu, we lay back



FIG. 95

upon our pile of luggage and enjoyed the novel sights of the river, boats of all sizes and the curious-looking houses. The

banks of the river were low and the current sluggish, and so we went slowly along, yet not slowly enough to get good sketches. The boats on the river are very much the same in style, but vary in size. None is painted, and the absence of paint on the houses, in towns and cities alike, gives a remarkably dingy appearance to the streets, the houses reminding one of old sheds or barns in our country. If paint is used at all it is black and gives out a disagreeable odor like sour paste. The sketch (fig. 95) represents our boat. Figure 96 shows another boat with sail up, but there being no

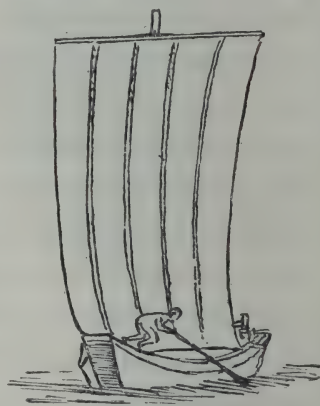


FIG. 96

wind the man is poling it along. The boat sails are made of long, narrow strips of thin cloth laced together, leaving an interspace of three or four inches. The sails are very large and these interspaces relieve the pressure in high winds. The long bamboo pole is sheathed with iron, resembling a gigantic pen (fig. 97). The endurance of the boatmen is quite equal to the strength and endurance of the jinrikisha men. Our man, for example, began sculling at ten o'clock at night and kept it up with one or two intermissions until four o'clock the next afternoon, with no sleep and apparently no fatigue. At intervals we would pass crowds of coolies engaged in repairing the river-bank. In this work they were building walls of bamboo, driving piles, in some cases making a wall of huge bundles of twigs or bushes ten feet long which were laid with their cut ends toward the river. A most effective way consisted of long, tubular structures of bamboo, a foot in diameter and fifteen or twenty feet long, filled with large stones. These tubes were piled criss-cross at points of danger along the river-bank. The river has to be constantly watched, as it wears away the banks very rapidly.

We saw an ingenious device for netting fish. The net is arranged on two long bamboo poles, the ends of which are fastened to a simple framework attached to the boat; the framework being pushed forward the bamboo poles dip into the water, thus submerging the net. After a while the frame-



FIG. 97

work is pulled back, raising the net from the water, and the fish are tipped into the boat. Figure 98 shows the net out and

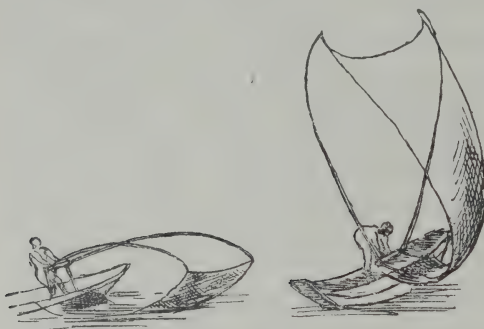


FIG. 98

drawn in. The type of houses along the river is shown in figure 99. Figure 100 shows another boat.

After four weeks I am beginning to recognize the differences at first glance between the men and women; they

both dress in long, blackish-blue garments. The men have no beards, and in the country the women's hair is often so tangled that little difference is seen; but after a while the distinctions begin to be recognized. The country people—the peasants—are, on the whole, rather plain-

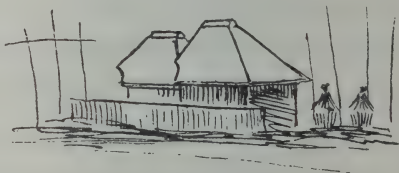


FIG. 99

looking. The men are better-looking than the women, and now and then you see faces of intelligence. I have seen a few girls that might be considered pretty.



FIG. 100

Allusion has been made to the practice of children carrying on their backs the babies.

Figure 101 represents a large boy fishing, and hung to his back is his little baby brother or sister. I have never yet seen a cradle, nor have I seen a baby left



alone to squall its eyes out; indeed, it is the rarest sound in Japan — a baby's cry.

From a foreigner's standpoint the nation seems to be devoid of what we call an ear for music. Their music seems to be of the rudest kind. Certainly there is an absence of harmony. They all sing in unison. They have no voice, and they make the most curious squeaks and grunts when singing with the



FIG. 101

*samisen*, or the *biwa*, which remotely resemble our banjo and guitar.<sup>1</sup> When the men sing at their work, however, their voices seem more natural and hearty, and this kind of singing they actually practice, as we learned the other day at Hashi-ishi. We passed a place where we thought a carousal was going on, and we learned it was a lot of workmen practicing their songs and choruses, which they sing at their work in hoisting, pile-driving, or moving great loads. It is an interesting sight to see twenty or thirty men bending to their work and ready to pull together when a certain part of the song is reached. It strikes us as a great waste of time to sing for a full minute or more before the slightest movement or effort is made.

<sup>1</sup> Later I learned from a student that our music was not music at all to them. He could n't understand why we cut it off by jerks; to him it was "Jig, jig, jig, jig, jig, jigger, jig, jig"!

The water-wheel device for irrigation purposes was on a large scale. There were three big wheels on the same shaft and six men treading them. Large tracts of rice-fields were being irrigated in this way. Whether these men were hired or whether the farmers take turns at this work, I did not learn.

One observes a marked absence of deformities or malformations among the people. This may be attributed, first, to the personal attention given to children, and, secondly, to the almost universal one-storied house with absence of flights of stairs down which children might fall. There are no doors to jam their fingers, no runaway horses, no biting dogs nor hooking cows; there are bulls but they are always in leash. There are no guns or pistols, no chairs to tumble out of, nor high windows to fall from; hence no broken backs. In other words, there are no conditions surrounding the children that would lead to accidents of a serious character. I have never seen a stone thrown, and no clan fights in cities among the boys as with us. One wonders why they do not scald to death in their hot baths.

Within ten miles of Tokyo a head wind sprung up, and so we landed and engaged jinrikishas, leaving the boy to bring along the luggage. We had another ride across a new tract of country. It was interesting because we were in the confines of one of the great cities of the world. The style of house was somewhat different; that is, there were new ways of treating certain portions, particularly the ridge-poles, which varied greatly from those of houses a hundred miles north.

The device for lugging dirt for filling or other purposes con-

sisted of a coarse mat with long loops. The dirt is hoed into the mat and then, with carrying-stick, two men lug it away, as in figure 102.

It is an interesting fact that round the wide world children are fond of making mud pies and cakes. Along the road in

Japan little girls were moulding plastic mud into little round forms, which in this case must have represented *mochi*, a cake made of rice, as pies or bread are unknown in Japan.

One is continually surprised at the attitude of courtesy and politeness invariably shown to the foreigner, even by the poorest classes. I have repeatedly noticed that when they address me they first untie and lay aside the cloth about the head. When one jinrikisha overtakes and passes another on the road, as ours did, as we were in a hurry to reach Tokyo, the man would always apologize and say, as it was translated to us, "By your permission, if you please."

We passed many beautiful hedges, in one or two instances a double hedge, the inner one of trees densely growing and squarely trimmed, and next a shrub hedge squarely trimmed and reaching halfway up. It was quite effective, as it lined the street for a considerable distance. The Japanese gardener has a way of binding the branches to bamboo frames until the twigs assume the position permanently. I saw a large ginkgo tree that spread out like a fan in one direction at least forty feet wide, while in the other direction it was not more than three feet through, though it was so densely leaved that no



FIG. 102

light came through it. These people lead the gardeners of the world in the way they make the trees behave. The beds of flowers we passed in going through the country were beautiful, particularly the hollyhocks, and the dazzling masses of portulacas, and the blue hydrangeas with big clusters of blossoms. The plum and cherry are cultivated, not for their fruit, but for the flowers. So much has been written by travelers in regard to the famous cherry blossoms that further allusion is unnecessary; a number of varieties are known. The peaches exposed for sale are small, green, and hard, as unripe as a green olive, and they are eaten by the people in this unripe state. I opened several peaches and four out of five had worms in them.

The odd ways of these people are everywhere visible and arrest the attention. Over one entrance besides a few Chinese characters was the impression in ink of two hands with fingers wide apart.<sup>1</sup>

In a few instances we have noticed wise-looking elderly men watching us as we passed them, and gravely shaking their heads in retrospective contemplation, as if they were of the old school and believed the country was going to the devil in permitting the long-excluded and detested foreigner to go freely where he pleased. I could read all this in the expressive looks they bestowed upon us. No such freedom, however, is permitted; the foreigner cannot go without a passport twenty miles beyond the limits established for the four treaty ports without being arrested and turned back. To go into the interior of the country the passport must not only specify the

<sup>1</sup> I learned years after that this sign was made to ward off smallpox.



actual route to be followed, but the number of days he is to travel. At every inn where we stopped our passports were taken by the innkeeper, or some officer, carefully copied, and returned to us with profound bows of apology for troubling us.

As we neared the city we passed large lumber yards. The boards, instead of being in promiscuous piles as with us, were tied together just as the tree was sawed up, so that in building the carpenter was sure to get the same color and grain of wood. Large lumber yards of bamboo are seen, the bamboo standing in masses and resting against some support. One also sees stone yards. Here one may pay fifty or a hundred dollars for some odd-shaped and weather-worn stone that may have been brought from Sado or Yezo. The Japanese furnish their gardens with stones, and these are brought from long distances. Any quaint form, or one with a natural depression to hold water for the birds, is specially desired. Stones that may be piled one upon another to represent a stone lantern, slabs of stone for diminutive garden bridges, stones for poetic inscriptions, and stones for other purposes are eagerly sought for by the Japanese.

Allusion has already been made to the staging on the ridge of the house from which the progress of a conflagration might be watched. I now observed a number of houses on the ridge of which was supported a huge tub filled with water and a long pole with brush at the end with which to extinguish any spark that might alight on the roof. In some instances the tub was covered with basket-work to hide its unsightly appearance.

Peddlers toting their stock in trade upon their backs were often met with. One peddler was carrying large boxes filled

with little cages, in which were imprisoned green grasshoppers which kept up a constant trilling, singing much louder than a similar species at home. I bought one and stowed him away in a match box, and after eight days he was alive and vigorous. Children buy these insects from the peddler, feed them on sugar, and keep them as we keep canary birds. The tiny cages were made very tastefully and in a variety of forms; one had the shape of a fan, each compartment having an insect imprisoned.

It was delightful to get back to the hospitalities of Dr. Murray and to sit down again to a dinner of rare roast beef, real butter, and good bread. It is difficult to understand a country in which there is no milk, butter, cheese, bread, or coffee, and never has been. Butter is so distasteful to the Japanese that many cannot eat cake or other article of food in whose composition butter is used.

Since my engagement as Professor of Zoölogy at the Imperial University I have been busy making plans for a summer laboratory, arranging a course of study for a class of ninety students, and planning for the foundation of a museum of natural history.



FIG. 103

One sees often on the streets a man with a huge pack on his back; this pack covered by a blue cloth reminding one of a hand organ. The bundle is a large stack of books; in truth, a circulating library. The books are carried everywhere, and as there is no illiteracy in Japan these books go to every house, new books being left and old ones taken away (fig. 103).

The streets have no names, so far as I can learn, not even the longest avenue in the city, except when foreigners have in a few cases given names to the streets after some block or bridge. The principal blocks or possibly all of them, have names, but the streets never. A man lives in such a block and one has to follow around the four sides, — that is he has to traverse four different streets or lanes — to find the person he is after. Dr. Murray started out with me to find a Japanese to whom I had a letter of introduction. Our jinrikisha men inquired repeatedly for the block, and having found it they went around three of the four sides reading the little wooden or paper labels on each house before we found the place. In this connection it is interesting to learn that in our country the professional city directory makers get every name by starting at one corner of a block and following around its four sides, up every alleyway and indentation, and when the block is completed crossing it off on the map they carry and starting again from the corner of a new block. In that way the canvassers cover the entire city.<sup>1</sup>

In the houses little lights and offerings of food are placed on a shelf containing a Buddhist shrine, the *kamidana*, or God-

<sup>1</sup> As an illustration of the often unreliable statements made by hasty travelers, the erroneous statement above made in regard to the absence of street names in Tokyo copied from my journal is a good example. As I could not speak a word of Japanese, the misinformation must have been derived from my American associates, who had resided in Tokyo for a considerable time. An interesting communication in the first volume of the Asiatic Society of Japan, by Dr. W. E. Griffis, entitled "The Streets and Street Names of Yedo," was read in 1872, published in 1874, three years before the above record in my journal. I earnestly commend this article, in which one will learn that there are hundreds of street names, many like our own, as, Front, Pine, Willow, Cedar, and others of the most extraordinary character, such as Abounding Gladness, Tomb Door, One Color, Mountain Breeze, Finger Valley, and many others equally odd.

shelf, as it is called. These offerings of food are to the memory of departed friends.

At times one runs across the celebration of some festival in the streets. The other night the streets were filled with people buying and selling; a regular fair. I walked through the throngs for an hour observing the many curious things offered for sale, many of them the products of domestic manufacture and to be bought for a trifle—a half cent or the tenth of a cent. The streets were lighted by little candles and lanterns resembling fireflies and, at best, giving but a feeble illumination. The shelves on supports were tastefully arranged; in one case a little fence had been made by binding short twigs of some evergreen between two strips of bamboo. Hundreds of bouquets of flowers and innumerable little potted plants were seen, cunning little wooden trays, toys of all kinds, and the most ingenious paper lanterns. One was in the form of a cylinder of paper, within which was a central axis of wood supporting a windmill above, the heat of the candle

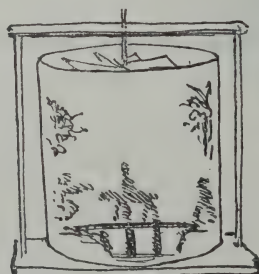
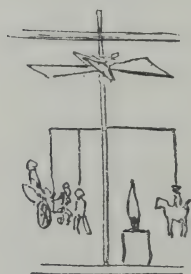


FIG. 104

turning the axis; projecting from the sides of this were supported figures cut out of paper in the shape of a man on horseback, a jinrikisha, and figures of people. On the lantern a little bridge

and landscape were painted, and as the figures moved round, the candle shadows were thrown on the cylinder of paper,



and thus a moving picture was made of these objects crossing the bridge: a most entertaining toy for children, and its price was one and a half cents. Figure 104 gives an idea of its structure. Another white-paper lantern, round in shape, had on its surface what appeared to be fresh drops of water. I thought at first the appearance was produced by glass beads or drops of transparent gum stuck on the inside. The illusion was made, however, by little cylinders of silver paper of three or four sizes pasted inside, and the light of the candle produced a shadow on the paper with a bright spot precisely like a round drop of water (fig. 105).

Nearly all the objects for sale by these peddlers had been made for children. Games of all kinds were on the ground. One consisted

of three figures standing on upright pieces of bamboo. The boys bought ten little, button-like objects, stood four feet away, and threw these at the figures; if one was struck, the boy won an egg for a prize. Targets of various kinds were shot at by boys blowing little darts through a bamboo tube — a regular blow-gun.

As one rides through the streets he is constantly reminded of the people's love for natural objects. For example, in front of a drinking-booth, offering nothing stronger than ice water, or



FIG. 105

As one rides through the streets he is constantly reminded of the people's love for natural objects. For example, in front of a drinking-booth, offering nothing stronger than ice water, or

soda water in bottles, one observes a huge, black, tangled root of some tree six feet in diameter, resting at an inclination, and

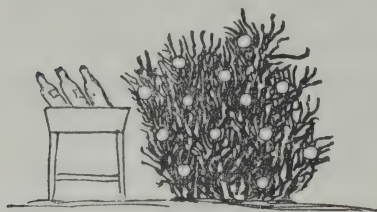


FIG. 106

the beautiful porcelain cups from which the customers drink are placed here and there in the roots (fig. 106). The root was such as the farmers build root fences with. It was kept wet to make it the blacker, and with

the bright porcelain cups made a striking appearance. A stand for plants was made by two planks of a ship perforated by teredo, black in color with bamboo bands between (fig. 107). It made a very effective and unique stand.

In wandering through the streets of Tokyo I entered a public school, first asking permission of the teacher, who understood what I wanted. I was shown from one room to another, and when I made my appearance in the different rooms the teacher would stop the recitation, and at a word of command the pupils all stood up and at another word all, including the teacher, made a low bow almost touching the desks. Then the recitation went on without interruption.

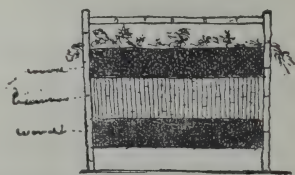


FIG. 107

One notices in the Japanese face no strongly marked expression. This is the result of their training. As they never appear to get mad or even excited, there is nothing to prompt the deep wrinkles that one observes in the faces of foreigners.

A curious system of tattooing is seen among the lower classes; at least one notices it in the naked jinrikisha men. The back,

arms, and legs are elaborately tattooed in grotesque designs in blue and red, some of the designs being quite artistic; a dragon, for example, extending down the back and legs and most delicately executed. What weird ancestry this survival must point to! In many cases one notices on the legs a row of scars which are made by burning a substance like punk, a painful operation, but supposed to be a curative for rheumatism.

Allusion has been made to the skill of the Japanese in dwarfing trees. I saw the other day a sturdy apple tree just two feet high; it was growing in an ordinary teapot and bore twenty apples. The apples were equally dwarfed, but sound-looking. What centrepieces for the table could be made if our horticulturists turned their attention to this ingenious art of the Japanese!

Thus far in my few weeks in this country I have come in contact, with few exceptions, with the laboring classes, — the farmers and work-people, — and yet what a record of sobriety, artistic taste, and cleanliness it has been! I hope before long to have access to the higher classes, for here the words “higher” and “lower” classes have their definite meaning. A book might be written on the lower working classes of Japan; their honesty, frugality, politeness, cleanliness, and every virtue that in our country might be called Christian.

A region in Tokyo known as *Asakusa* is one of the many novel sights to a foreigner! The great Buddhist temple towers far above the low dwellings of the neighborhood. The avenues leading to the temple are lined with booths on each side, mostly filled with toys or exhibitions of trained dogs or top-spinners. There may be tea-houses and cake-shops, but most of the

activity and display are in the interest of children. Here is a place where one can buy a tray of seeds to feed the pigeons, which come down from the roof of the temple in great flocks and alight on the ground or upon the people who are feeding them.<sup>1</sup>

Within the dark recesses of the temple the coolly dressed priests were moving about and groups of people were praying. The only earnestness of expression I have thus far seen is when the Japanese are praying. The curious objects one sees in the temple often excite surprise and even contempt. An American missionary journal, reflecting on this subject, held up to derision an object which was seen on the walls of this religious edifice, namely a framed lithograph of the Pacific mail steamer, *City of China*. I could not believe it, and so on this first visit to the temple I specially searched for it, and found it among other souvenirs and emblems adorning the wall. It was, as described, a cheap, colored lithograph of the steamer, and from its rather soiled appearance I judged it had been there some years. On the glass at one side was an inscription in a few vertical lines. A few days afterwards I got a student to go to the temple with me and translate the inscription, and this is a free rendering: "This vessel rescued five shipwrecked Japanese sailors and brought them back to their native land. To commemorate this kind act on the part of the foreigner the priests of this temple have secured this picture and placed it among its relics." This was done at the

<sup>1</sup> Within twenty years we have vastly improved in this respect, and now one may see flocks of pigeons fed on Boston Common by men and boys, some of these birds actually alighting on the head, shoulders, or hands of the feeders.



time of bitter feeling against the foreigner and revealed a true Christian spirit on the part of the priests, and this picture is venerated by the Japanese.

There are many features in the temple that remind one of the Catholic cult; indeed, when Kaempfer, the Dutch doctor, who accompanied the Dutch Mission at Nagasaki, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, studied the Buddhist rites and ceremonies, with its monks and nuns, its holy water, incense, and rosaries, celibate priests, masses, chants, etc., he was forced to say, "Diablo simulanti Christum." In this temple on a stand is a wooden image, three feet high, polished and rubbed down to such an extent that the fingers and toes are almost obliterated and the merest traces of features remain. By the lower classes this figure is believed to have virtues of such a nature that if one has an ailment or pain he may be relieved or cured by simply rubbing the image on the part affected and then rubbing the same surface on one's self.

One can study the image and make an estimate of the prevalent diseases in Japan by the amount of wear! Thus the eyes are almost obliterated; the abdominal region is well worn, pointing to intestinal troubles; the well-worn knees and back of the image suggest muscular and articular rheumatism!



FIG. 108

(Fig. 108.) I stood for some time watching the poor people soberly approach and rub the figure and then rub themselves in the same place or apply the massage to the baby carried on the back. The faith cure and massage were all right, but when it involved the eyes, one would

think that here the health officer should interfere, for certainly a contagious eye-trouble might be widely spread. As in other countries only the lower or ignorant classes share in these superstitions; the intellectual classes have long outgrown such senseless beliefs.

One may wander through the streets of Tokyo again and again and meet new sights to record. In one shop for the sale of sugar it was interesting to observe little boys, certainly not over eight or ten, doing all the work of weighing the sugar with steelyards, or rather bamboo yards, doing it up in bags and making change. A large crowd of customers were making their daily or weekly purchases, and in their work the boys were as active as ants. A meat-shop was a great novelty a few years ago, and even now only a few are seen in the larger cities. Refrigerators are not known, ice being very expensive. In the

front of a shop was a large piece of beef, and a woman sat near it fanning it to keep the flies away.



FIG. 109

An illustration of the tolerance of the people and the good manners of the children is shown in the fact that no matter how grotesque or odd some of the people appear in dress, no one shouts at them, laughs at them, or disturbs them in any way. I saw a man wearing for a hat the carapace of the gigantic Japanese crab (fig. 109). This is an enormous crab found in the seas of Japan, whose body measures a foot or more in length and whose claws stretch on each side four or five feet. Many looked at the man as he passed and some

smiled. It was certainly an odd thing to wear upon the head when most of the people go bareheaded.

I attended a festival known as "Opening of the River." Precisely what it means I did not learn. The celebration takes place on the Sumida River and the city pours its thousands on the river and into the tea-houses along the banks. Three of us started from Kaga Yashiki at eight o'clock in the evening, and of all the wild rides in jinrikishas this was the wildest one. We were late in starting, the streets were dark except what dim light came from the paper lanterns which everybody carried; the men were in a hurry, too, and they ran at top speed yelling, "Hai, hai, hai!" for people to get out of the way; and such narrow squeezes! We bumped into each other as the forward jinrikisha stopped, we slewed round corners, cut through narrow streets, and passed every jinrikisha we overtook. At the river the sight was entrancing, the wide river as far as the eye could reach being thickly covered with boats and pleasure barges of all descriptions. We had permission to pass through the grounds of a daimyo, and his servants brought chairs to the edge of the river for our accommodation. After sitting for a few minutes we concluded to see the sights nearer, and at that moment a boat came slowly along the bank, the man soliciting patronage. We got aboard and soon were sculled into the midst of the crowd. It would be difficult to imagine a stranger scene than the one presented to us; hundreds of boats of all sizes, — great, square-bottomed boats; fine barges, many with awnings and canopies, all illuminated with bright-colored lanterns fringing the edge of the awnings (fig. 110), and in every case a carpet or rug spread in

the middle of the boat, and upon it knelt the family with friends surrounding an array of big and little dishes and saké bottles, while geisha girls were thrumming the samisen and



FIG. 110

singing in their curious, falsetto voices. The broad river was completely covered with these lantern-illuminated boats; scenes of gentle revelry in some, children in all of them, and good nature and good manners everywhere. Across the river near the bridge brilliant fireworks were being discharged, and we managed to reach the place after an hour's work in pushing through this labyrinth of boats; bumping, backing, and, at times, turning in the opposite direction. While most of the boats were drifting on the water, others were in our predicament in trying to land or in seeking other points, and yet not a harsh word or rebuke was heard. Abounding good nature everywhere. It was a startling sight when we got near the place to see that the fireworks were being discharged from a large boat by a dozen naked men, firing off Roman candles and set pieces of a complex nature. It was a sight never to be forgotten: the men's bodies glistening in the light with the showers of sparks dropping like rain upon them, and, looking back, the swarms of boats, undulating up and down, illuminated by the brilliancy of the display; the new moon



gradually setting, the stars shining with unusual brightness, the river dark, though reflecting the ten thousand lantern lights of all sizes and colors, and broken into rivulets by the oscillations of the boats. In our efforts to return to the river-bank where we had embarked, we met many boats going in the opposite direction, the boatmen with their long poles avoiding one or assisting another, and not a cross word in all this confusion, only "Arigato," "Arigato," "Arigato," (Thanks, thanks, thanks), or, "Go men na sai" (Excuse me). Such a lesson in refinement and gentleness, from boatmen too! Little by little the realization of why the Japanese have always called us barbarians is dawning upon us.

After we landed we had another exhilarating ride home. It was Sunday night and nearly every shop was open even at eleven o'clock. I sat up until midnight discussing with Dr. Murray the attributes of the Japanese. Among other things we discussed fires, and Dr. Murray said he had never been at one and promised to go with me when the next one occurred. Off we went to bed, he upstairs and I in a room on the ground floor literally filled with mosquitoes. I managed to get under the netting without letting one in, but their humming kept me awake, and shortly after we got to bed the fire alarm sounded. The fire alarm bells are on high posts with a ladder leading up to them (fig. 111). A man climbs up and strikes with a stick the number of the district. The sound produced is harsh and unmusical, a ridiculously feeble sound apparently not reaching five hundred feet. However, these bells are scattered closely all over the city and are within hearing of everybody. I was out of bed instantly and quickly dressed, when the Doctor

appeared and said that the fire was not far away. We rushed out of the yashiki and both of us jumped into one jinrikisha, and within half a mile came to a blazing fire which illuminated the trees and the faces of a throng of Japanese. It was a row of houses at the gateway of another yashiki, which was enclosed by high walls. Of the many extraordinary sights I have thus far seen in Japan, a Japanese fire company in action at a fire goes beyond them all. The engine itself is not over two and a half feet long; a stout wooden box with no wheels, and so light

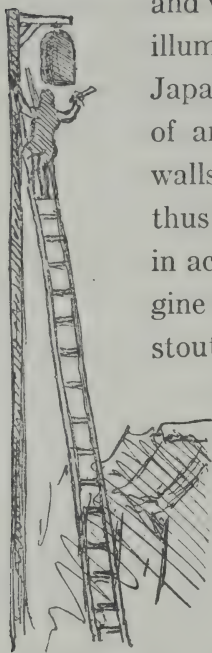


FIG. 111

that two men pick it up and carry it on their shoulders for miles, using the long beam, by which they pump it up and down, as a carrying-stick. The sketch (fig. 112) shows the engine at rest at the fire station hanging on two pegs from the side of a shed-like building. Below this hangs a ladder made of stout bamboo the rungs of which, consisting of strips of wood, are firmly tied, making a light, strong, and serviceable ladder. One man can easily run with this if he can steer it through the narrow streets. There is no hose. A wooden pipe, six feet in length, is joined to an upright



FIG. 112

wooden pipe which rises from the centre of the engine and is jointed at the base in such a way that it may be made to

move up and down, or from side to side. It seemed the most ridiculous and puerile device ever conceived for the purpose of extinguishing fires. The buildings were blazing furiously when we arrived and the heavy roofing tiles were crashing to the ground as they were being shoveled off the roof. This we could not understand, as they were the only incombustible things in the house structure. Two or three fire engines were on the ground, and the men, two on each end of the brake, — no room for more, — and the pipe man standing on the box guiding the stream and assisting with one foot, were all pumping up and down frantically, lifting the engine from the ground at every pump. The stream thrown was about the size of a lead pencil and consisted of a series of independent squirts, as there was no air chamber as with our hand engines. The pumps were square instead of cylindrical and everything so dry, having hung in the sun for weeks, that more water spurted up in the air from the cracks than was discharged through the pipe, and the pipe man was immediately deluged with water. The joint of the pipe seemed to be dislocated in some of the engines, and only one out of three or four could play an effective stream (fig. 113). The fire companies are private and each company has a standard-bearer, the standards being geometrical structures of various shapes made of thick pasteboard, painted white, with the number of the engine in black, this being mounted on a long pole. These standard-bearers take a position as near the fire as possible, on the roof even of a burning building, and the companies whose standard-bearers are in evidence get a certain amount of money from the owners of the buildings saved.

In the sketch, I have endeavored to give an idea of the leaky engine, of two men who are bringing water, and a standard-bearer upon the yashiki wall, but you must imagine a number of these engines, nearly all leaking, men fetching



FIG. 113

water, others with ladders, fire poles, and sticks, beating, punching, tearing down buildings, and all yelling, and most of them carrying a lighted paper lantern! There being no such thing as a hose the engines have to be brought up close to the flames, and as the firemen are naked or nearly so, it would seem as if they must be blistered.<sup>1</sup> So far as courage and

<sup>1</sup> We learned later that the firemen do have a uniform of thickly wadded material, helmet and all, and that in checking a conflagration the men are engaged in tearing down the houses in its path and the engines play on the firemen engaged in this work and not on the flames, and these little squirt devices can be quickly taken



activity are concerned and the ability of standing heat and smoke, they were as brave as our firemen, but aside from that it seemed that a lot of little American boys would do better, and as I stood among them I laughed again and again at their absurd behavior. It is no wonder that acres of the city burn over every year or two, and great destruction of property and even of lives occur from the flimsy and inflammable character of the wooden buildings; and this destruction will go on until the Japanese modify their building laws so as to prohibit the use of thin wooden shingles, and until they organize a decent fire department with effective engines.

When we returned from the fire at one o'clock a few shops had been opened in the hopes of catching a little trade. In speaking of shops one observes that in the evening until ten o'clock or later most of the shops are open. In the night time the shops seem to empty themselves into the streets; at all events, the streets near the buildings on each side—for there are no sidewalks—are lined with straw matting upon which are piled various wares, wooden, metal, and pottery, lacquer, fans, toys, candy, etc., and all illuminated with a variety of lights, from a rude dip with paper wick to a kerosene lamp. Trade and barter seem to be the exclusive occupation of the larger part of the population, and most of the shops have rooms in the rear, which are the dwelling-places.

The other afternoon a distinguished old Japanese by the name of Ito called on Dr. Murray, and I had the honor of being

up and rushed to the fire; the lanterns, furthermore, help them in the dark, narrow streets, and so the absurdities of the affair are not so great. A fine collection of the fireman's outfit may be seen at the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts.

presented to him. He is an eminent botanist and was president of a Japanese Botanical Society in 1824. He had come to bring to Mrs. Murray the first lotus in bloom. He was in full Japanese dress, though he had abandoned the queue (fig. 114).



FIG. 114

I regarded him with the greatest interest, and thought how Dr. Gray and Dr. Goodale would have enjoyed meeting this mild and gentle old man who knew all about the plants of his country. Through an interpreter I had a very slow but pleasant conversation with him. On his departure I gave him copies of some of my memoirs, of which he could understand only the drawings, and a few

days after he sent me his work on the flora of Japan in three volumes.

Mention has already been made of the castle moats from which spring in a curving incline the massive stone walls which surround the castle. This wall encloses a vast space in the city proper. The moat is like a great canal, and in riding about the city one crosses it by bridges many times. In places the moat is filled with the lotus plant which, if I mistake not, is very closely allied to our pond-lily. The leaves are a foot and a half in diameter and stand above the surface of the water. The flowers are very large and of a delicate pink color. These flowers are all in bloom now, and they are so thick with

their huge leaves that where they grow, they actually conceal the water beneath.

The absence of sidewalks in so great a city as Tokyo seems odd enough. The street beds are hard and smooth and it is strange to see the crowds of people traveling along in the middle of the street. So recently have they become acquainted with the jinrikisha that it is difficult for the older people to understand that they must clear the track. The jinrikisha men go tearing through the street and come within a hair's breadth of running over people, who do not seem to understand the necessity of getting out of the way. It is only within a short time that they have had an omnibus, which is simply an open covered wagon with a man always running ahead, to warn people of its approach. There is no reflex action manifested, and people move slowly aside in a dazed sort of way, when under like circumstances we instantly jump aside. These people are very slow in such matters and wonder at our quick motions. They never seem to be impulsive, and one has to exercise the greatest amount of patience in contact with them.

## CHAPTER V

### THE UNIVERSITY PROFESSORSHIP AND THE LABORATORY AT ENOSHIMA

I HAD come to Japan with my dredges and microscopes to study a group of animals, the Brachiopods, of which there are many species in the Japanese seas. I had been to the Bay of Fundy, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and Beaufort, North Carolina, for the same purpose, only one species being found in each of these places. In Japan, however, thirty or forty species are known. I established a station at Enoshima, a fishing village and place of resort, seventeen miles south of Yokohama. I had been there only a few days when a young Japanese came to me and invited me to give a lecture before the students of the Imperial University at Tokyo. On stating that I could not speak a word of Japanese, he replied that all the students of the University had to understand and speak English before entering. Noticing that I did not recognize him, he recalled the fact that I had lectured in a public course at the University of Michigan, that I had spent the night at Dr. Palmer's, and did I not remember a Japanese student who lived with them? I recalled the fact and this was the man, now Professor of Political Economy. He wanted me to give the same lecture with blackboard illustrations. It was a novel experience for me with a large hall full of students with flowing clothing, the skirted, or rather split-skirted *hakama*, a cross between a pair of trousers and a petticoat. It seemed as



if I were lecturing before a class of girls. This lecture led to my being invited to take the professorship of zoölogy in the Imperial University for two years. As my public lectures at home for the coming winter had been arranged, I had to get a leave of absence for five months, which was granted. This was probably to their advantage in the end, for during my absence I collected books and pamphlets for the University Library to the extent of twenty-five hundred volumes and made the beginning of a good scientific collection. I was to establish a seaside laboratory at Enoshima and collect objects for a museum which was to be built.

A contract had to be made in the two languages, and I sat in the office while two scribes were busy preparing the papers. I got a surreptitious sketch of them at their work (fig. 115). Day after day went by while getting together glass jars, alcohol, etc., for the laboratory. The foreigner gets impatient with the moderate way in which everything is done, but the people are so sweet and gentle that it is im-



FIG. 115

possible to swear or to show the slightest impatience. A professor of botany, Professor Yatabe, who was teaching Gray's Manual, a graduate of Cornell, accompanied me to Enoshima to select a site for the laboratory building and to arrange for its erection. The day, July 17, was intensely hot, so that we waited until four o'clock before starting.

We each had a jinrikisha with two men, and they kept up a good run without stopping, except at a few hills, when we got out and walked. When we got to the last village they ran like fury, not showing the slightest evidence of fatigue. The enjoyment of the ride with the breeze made by their speed was mitigated by my commiseration for the men running on such a hot day. One wonders why they did not drop dead with sunstroke and fatigue.

In going south, even the short distance to Enoshima, a slight difference is seen in the houses of the villages. In one village every house had growing from the ridge of the roof a dense mass of iris. The ride was very picturesque, charming views of Fuji appearing every now and then. It is certainly a wonderful mountain, standing up so loftily above everything else. At times we would pass through a ponderous gateway capped with flowers. The tea-houses, or inns, will often have for a sign a weather-worn, irregular piece of wood upon which the name of the place will be painted in characters. The sweet single pink that we raise in our gardens at home is here seen growing wild along the road. The highly perfumed lily, *Lilium Japonicum*, is not an uncommon object and the atmosphere is scented with its sweet, nutmeg odor.

Enoshima is an abrupt and precipitous island connected with the mainland by a long, narrow sand bar which is covered at high tide. The island bursts suddenly into view, for just before leaving the mainland we ascend a long sand hill and at the crest the island stands out of the ocean with the sand beaches fringed with breakers as they come rolling in from the Pacific. In crossing this long strip of sand I saw for

the first time the shores of the ocean. I had not allowed myself to look at the shore before, as there were so many things to be seen on land. The semi-tropical shells I had cherished in my cabinet as a boy or had been familiar with in museums were here to be picked up in quantities: *Cypræa*, *Conus*, a big *Dolium*, and other southern forms. The delight in store for me in seeing these creatures alive may be imagined. The village of Enoshima is massed together in one steep, narrow street, so steep, indeed, that at intervals there are stone steps in flights of six or eight, at short distances apart. The street is not over ten feet wide and the wooden tea-houses are two and even three stories in height, so that the street is comparatively dark. The vertical signs of wood and the vertical strips of cloth of various sizes and colors shade the street still more and the sun never reaches the surface, which is always wet. The entire street is lined with shops on both sides, and many of them are stocked with souvenirs made from the shells, sea urchins and other objects collected on the shore.

I had come away without a particle of lunch, determined to subsist on Japanese food. Having found a tea-house and being shown to a room, we clapped our hands, the customary way of calling a servant; the house is so open that the hand-clapping is easily heard in the kitchen. The servant answers, "Hai," in a long drawl. The room was literally devoid of everything in the way of furniture or other objects, save ourselves and our traveling-bags. First tea was brought, then a flavorless candy and cake, not unlike sponge cake, these articles coming first instead of last as with us. We sat on the floor. I was nearly starved and ready to eat anything. The pretty way in

which the girls knelt and bowed as they passed the things was gentleness itself. After a while up came the supper on lacquer trays, and a large number of dishes, porcelain, pottery, and lacquer, and the chopsticks which were united like a split match and had to be separated for use, this form indicating

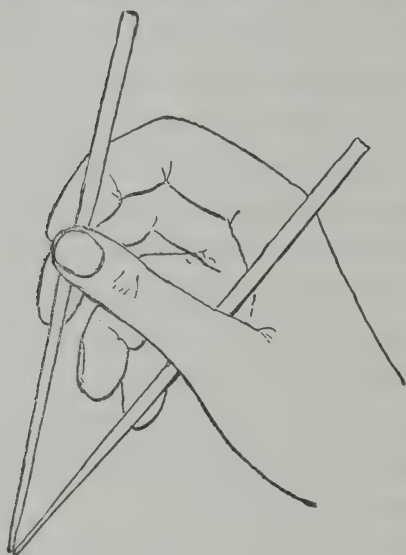


FIG. 116

that they were being used for the first time and that they would be broken and thrown away after use. The chopsticks are held in one hand as in figure 116. The one held between the thumb and two fingers is moved back and forth as the pen is moved in writing. The other chopstick is held firmly by the third finger and crotch between the thumb and forefinger. I have already learned to use them slightly. These

two simple devices take the place of every feeding utensil on the table. Meat, when served, comes to the table properly cut up. The soup is served in deep, covered bowls, small compared to our bowls, and the fluid part of the soup is drunk, while the solid pieces are picked up with the chopsticks. The rice is in similar bowls and is pushed into the mouth as you rest the bowl on the lower lip. The rice is so glutinous, however, that you can pick up lumps of it with the chopsticks. The cover of the rice bucket is often used as a tray in passing the rice bowl.



The cook uses metal chopsticks in turning food on the grid-iron or in the pan; iron or brass chopsticks are used in the *hibachi*, and these are united at one end by a ring; the jeweler uses delicate chopsticks in putting a watch together; the rag-picker on the street has two rods of bamboo, three and a half feet long with which he picks up paper and puts it in a basket, which he carries on his back. I watched an old woman making shell flowers, and where we should have used forceps she used a delicate pair of chopsticks in picking up the tiny shells. If our armies could be taught the use of the chopsticks, knife, fork, and spoon could be eliminated from the soldier's kit. Every prisoner should be taught the use of the chopsticks; every public institution should be furnished with them.

But to return to our first Japanese dinner. As it was spread out on the trays I was as much interested in the various plates and other dishes as I was in the food they contained. It was awkward to sit on the floor and to lift up many of the dishes in eating, and the chopsticks required constant attention, but the interest and novelty of the whole affair coupled with a fierce appetite led to a very agreeable experience. The fried fish and rice were quite delicious; the various pickles were not so agreeable and the little black plums were atrocious. On a large platter was a mat made of glass rods held together by silk thread, the rods as large as a lead pencil, and the mat a foot long and could be rolled up.

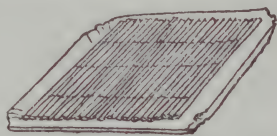


FIG. 117

It was an excellent device for draining food like boiled fish. Figure 117 shows its appearance in the dish. This device was used for a famous preparation of the

Japanese; namely, cold raw fish, cut in thin slices from the fish while fresh and alive. The idea of eating raw fish is particularly repulsive to our taste, though we eat raw oysters; nevertheless, foreigners soon get accustomed to it. The sauce made of fermented bean, barley, and some other grain seems to have been specially created for this kind of food. I ate a good deal of it and must confess that my first experience was fairly good, but my Japanese friend consumed



FIG. 118

with great gusto all that was left in the dish. It was hard work eating on the floor and my elbows soon got tired and my legs tired and awfully cramped. Though I managed to satisfy myself, a good slice of bread and butter, or either one without the other, would have helped things amazingly. Figure 118 shows the appearance of the floor after we had finished supper. After supper we went out to look up a place for the laboratory, and found a little structure unfurnished which we rented at thirty cents a day, and either to-night or to-morrow

we begin the work of collecting material for the future Museum of Natural History of the University.

The breakfast was not so good: a weak fish soup, the fish rather coarse and the other "fixin's" impossible, so I had to order a stock of canned soups, deviled ham, crackers, etc., as well as a kerosene oil lamp, knives, forks, and spoons. It will save a lot of trouble if I ever can get used to this strange food. I missed especially the morning coffee, as the Japanese drink only tea, and so coffee had to be bought.

I want to record all facts concerning household adornment and so note a tea-house we passed on the road, light, airy, and cool. A curious effect was produced by hanging from the ceiling oblong strips of gold and silver paper held to the ceiling by threads. Every breath of air made them turn and twinkle and the effect was very pleasing. These strips were three inches long and an inch wide and the entire ceiling was covered with them about a foot apart. Another way of decorating the ceiling — which, by the way, is rarely decorated — is with colored pictures of large fans. A room, sixteen by sixteen, had twenty of these pictures, some of them expensive and very brilliant. The ingenious way in which the Japanese conventionalize natural objects is remarkable. I saw on a piazza rail a board or plank in which had been cut out the figures of cranes in different attitudes, and on an awning was a picture of Fuji and clouds, highly conventionalized (fig. 119).



FIG. 119

When we washed our faces we found by the side of the brass

wash-basin a few Japanese toothbrushes made of wood; a slender strip of wood, one end sharp and the other end split up into the finest brush. These are thrown away after once using, and as the brush breaks down when used you are sure that it has never been used before (fig. 120).

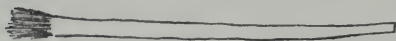


FIG. 120

The Japanese candlestick, of which there are many forms, was very interesting. It was made of brass and stood on the floor nearly three feet high (fig. 121).

The next morning we arose early and went up the long street to another tea-house where the air was sweeter and the place so attractive that I engaged a room permanently; and such a view of Fuji as I had across the water! After settling this matter we climbed to the top of the island, going up steps cut in the solid rock. The island was heavily wooded and the summit crowned with a temple and shrines, and it was a great resort for pilgrims. Beyond the shrines the island terminated in precipitous cliffs facing the ocean. We descended a flight of stone steps to the narrow shore below, where we saw two Japanese divers for shells remain under water for a minute and ten seconds. When they came up we threw in a few cents and down they went again. Some little boys dived for pennies, and they looked funny enough kicking about below, in water

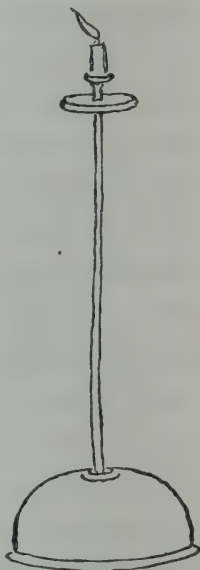


FIG. 121



clear as crystal. The shells clinging to the rocks were all so different from ours. The little crabs that live in holes on the beach run with amazing rapidity, and when I first saw them scampering over the pebbles I thought they were large flakes of soot, or furze. They go along somewhat like spiders and dart into a hole with a snap.

I dozed most of the way back to Yokohama, being very tired and the sun very hot, but enjoyed the foreign atmosphere of everything. In some respects boys are the same the world over. We passed a clay bank where some little boys were incising their names, probably, in Chinese characters. I have often seen at home boys carving their initials on similar surfaces.

The brooms the Japanese use in sweeping the mats or paths around the house are not unlike ours, only the handle is shorter and the bottom is cut at an angle to fit the floor so that the broom is not held vertically as with us.

I have observed in the train and other places that when a Japanese is reading his lips move and he often reads aloud.

Among the foreigners living in Yokohama Japanese fill every position of servants, cooks, coachmen, and clerks, and a Chinaman is rarely seen; yet in a few of the great banks one sees Chinese handling the money and keeping accounts; and in knowing every detail of international banking business, rates of exchange, etc., the Chinese excel all other peoples. For example, the trade is with Shanghai and Hongkong as well as with San Francisco, London, and Bombay, with many different kinds of money, weights, and measures. If rice is measured by the picul, which is over one hundred of our pounds, and

elsewhere it is sold by another measurement and with a different kind of currency, the Chinese compradors will instantly on the abacus calculate the difference in Japanese money. The price of rice is varying all the time as that of wheat is with us. These men may be asked the price of rice in India or China, or questions regarding the rate of exchange on London or New York, and they can instantly answer and answer correctly. They also excel everybody in the rapidity with which they count money, — that is, silver dollars, — and in their power to detect light-weight dollars or counterfeits. It is simply marvelous to see the rapidity with which they will take a roll of silver dollars lengthwise in the hand, first glancing along the edges to see if they are the right thickness (the Mexican dollar, the only one they use, is rudely made), then allow them to slip like a cataract into the other hand, glancing at the face of each one and hearing them chink against one another, and then pouring them back in the same way to glance at their opposite sides. While watching a comprador I tapped with my finger as rapidly as I could to keep time with the sound of the chinks and found that I tapped at the rate of about three hundred and twenty a minute. This may be too high an estimate, but the rapidity with which they were dropped from one hand to the other was simply incredible. In this process the man feels the weight, glances at the coin, and hears the chink at the rate, certainly, of over two hundred a minute. I watched the man with amazement as now and then he would take out a light-weight coin. It is a monstrous aspersion on the Japanese to say that these Chinese experts are employed because the Japanese are dishonest. The truth

is that the Japanese have never been expert at figures, and no Englishman or American could even faintly approach these expert Chinese in reckoning with such rapidity all questions regarding exchange, weights, values, etc.

I examined another museum in Tokyo, an industrial art museum, and there saw many models of their coal mines, bridges, dams, and models to show how they protect their river embankments from erosion. There was also the framework of the roof of a Japanese house with several large stones on top of it to show its strength. The bridge models were of large size, five or six feet in length, and were very ingeniously and beautifully made. There was a model of a foot-bridge running across a river and suspended from the trees by ropes. In

figure 122 is a rough sketch of a bridge pier showing the method of building a form of cantilever. A crib is first built, and unhewn trunks of trees, with their big ends inside, are held in place by fill-

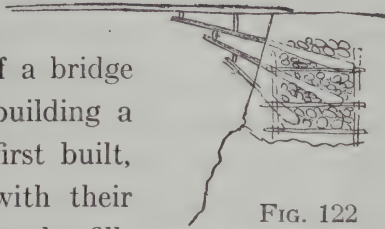


FIG. 122

ing the crib with stones; a succession of supports are constructed and finally a wall of stone is built around it.

In this museum were collections sent from the South Kensington Museum, — English porcelain and pottery. The cases were gracefully made and the glass was French plate. The halls were finished in cedar. Another low building contained a great number of objects which were obtained from the Vienna Exposition in exchange probably for their own exhibit: toothbrushes, pocket-books, soap, penholders, knives, and all the familiar things one sees in shops in our country. After

having examined so many Japanese objects it seemed like a bit of home to see this room full of familiar material.

I was introduced to Mr. Farr, the manager of the Post-Office, and he said there would be no trouble about having my letters forwarded to Enoshima. He told me that last year they had sold \$6000 worth of postage stamps to foreign collectors. Every bag that goes to America contains from fifty to seventy-five dollars worth of stamps for collectors abroad, — a clear profit.

The cloud effects in this country are wonderful; the air is so charged with moisture that long, shadow-like rays are thrown across the heavens, and such forms and colors! Some of the masses of clouds at sunset look transparent, and through them one can see dense masses of clouds beyond. In the morning the sky is clear, in the afternoon toward the north and west masses of clouds appear, and at sunset a glorious display of color is seen.

I have before mentioned the fact that the streets of those cities I have thus far seen are not named. In Yokohama the ground was laid out in rows of squares. I was told that the streets do not follow the original divisions, but as the land was

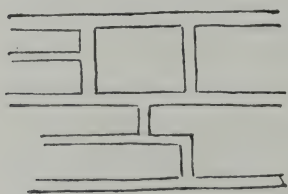


FIG. 123

subleased in smaller portions the streets were made to run to them as in the accompanying diagram (figure 123). To find any place you have to know the number of the original lot. There is no sequence of numbers; as, for example, the Grand Hotel is 88, while 89 is three quarters of a mile away. The lots were orig-



inally numbered from the water-front to the canal in sequence, beginning again at the water-front.

A curious decorative feature, known as *ishidoro*, or stone lantern, is seen in the gardens. Figure 124 shows two of the forms of which there are many kinds, usually covered with lichen, and all interesting not only in Japanese gardens, but would be in American gardens as well. A little lamp, or candle, is placed in the upper portion which is hollowed out for the purpose.

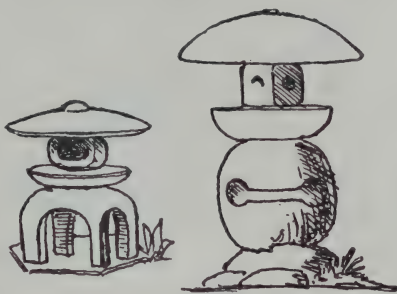


FIG. 124

It does not illuminate the region, but is simply a guide through the paths at night, just as lighthouses on the coast guide the mariner.

Back to Enoshima again (July 21), starting at four o'clock in the afternoon with the sun blazing down like a furnace. The rays actually burn as they strike the flesh, and how these naked-headed fellows stand it is a mystery to me. They all perspire profusely and the blue towel they tie about their heads is often wrung out. The evenings are deliciously cool and even on hot days a shady place seems cool. In riding over the same road again I notice more than ever the conveniences of the little shelters where one gets a cup of tea and a rice cake and leaves half a cent in payment on the tray. These places range all the way from the rudest shanty to a picturesque structure with an awning of straw matting ex-

tending over the entire road. Figure 125 gives the appearance of a rustic tea-place. We pass frequently on the road peas-



FIG. 125

ants leading cows or bulls in strings of three. The latter seem much smaller and shorter-legged than our bulls, but evidently no more gentle than our creatures, as they have a hole through the septum of the nostrils in which is a ring with rope attached by which they are led. These bulls are being brought from

Kyoto, a distance of three hundred miles to Yokohama, where they are to be slaughtered for the meat-eating foreigners. They were led along in a most quiet manner, no goading, no yelling, no barking dog to worry them. In every case they had on their feet thick straw pads, and often one sees a straw mat suspended above. I make a note of this; for in Cambridge, Massachusetts, large droves of cattle were driven by the college to Brighton, and the way they were harried by boys and men is one of the memories of a Harvard student.



FIG. 126

The farmers along the road often wear a square piece of matting across the shoulders, simply hung on the back to shield them from

the sun or rain. The pack-horses one meets often have prodigious loads of bamboo or lumber and are always led (fig. 126). With the number of pack-horses and cattle that one sees on the road one is surprised at the absence of manure. There seems to be a class of men — at least they all are old men — whose duty it is to sweep up this material, not for the road's cleanliness, but for its value as dressing for the land. Figure 127 represents one of these farmers performing the double duty of sweeping the road and looking after the baby upon his back.



FIG. 127



FIG. 128

As the rice plants grow taller the farmers look still more odd with their enormous straw hats and bodies just showing above the rice (fig. 128); but to think of any human being working all day long in a broiling sun with body bent nearly double! Women as well as men share in this work.

The sprinkling of the road in front of the houses is done with a long wooden pump, as shown in figure 129. It is three and a half feet long and plays a fair stream. It is also used as a fire protection.

In going through one village I passed a number of brightly dressed children in a cheerful flock around a woman similarly dressed, carrying in her arms a newly born infant. I learned that



FIG. 129

they had visited a neighboring shrine or church for some sort of ceremony like our christening, and that it is customary to carry the girls for this ceremony when they are thirty-three days old and the boys when they are twenty-one days old. I smiled at them when we rode by and waved my hand and some of them responded, and we kept it up until the jinrikisha turned a corner of the road

While in most parts of the world the fan is used for cooling the face or for shading the eyes, in Japan one notices not only a great variety of fans, but that they are utilized for many purposes: an oil-paper fan is dipped in water and thus, in fanning, the air is cooled; a fan takes the place of the bellows in kindling the fire; a Japanese fans his soup if it is too hot and the dancing girls make great use of the fan in their graceful posturing. Fans are educational as well, information of various kinds being printed on one side, such as the best inns and tea-houses to stop at, or the productions of the province, while a map of the region is printed on the other side.

At one of our stopping-places I saw a man intently studying a common fan. I begged the privilege of looking at it, and he seemed quite pleased at my interest. On one side of the fan was a map of Japan and on the other side a series of vertical divisions headed by circles, some black, others half black, looking like half moons. It was a list of stopping-places between Tokyo and Owari; the circles indicated the accommodations of the inns, the empty circles indicating the eating-places alone, the half filled circles the resting-places, and the black balls showing where they "can eat and sleep you." Moral precepts, poems, the praises of a tea-house are often written on fans. In



feudal times high officers directed the manœuvres of an army by waving a large fan, either white with red disk, red with gold disk, or gold with red disk. Sumptuous books have been published on the Japanese fan.

The abdominal, and I might say the abominable, protuberance often seen in little children and infants is astounding; it seems as if it would pain them; indeed, they looked as if they had been stuffed for the oven. It comes from gorging themselves with rice, which actually distends the walls of the stomach.

I have noticed with much interest the wall-paper designs. Those that I have seen are in the houses of the common classes and on the whole are quite as poor as the cheap wall-paper at home. They are better, however, in one respect, and that is that they are never bright-colored; usually the figure is white and shining on a slightly tinted ground. The designs are entirely different from ours and the wall-papers, instead of being in rolls, are made in oblong sheets a foot and a half in length. A number of different papers will be found in a single room. The one I occupy has five different kinds of paper, one kind on the ceiling, another kind around the upper part of the wall and the two sides of the room, and the other kinds on sliding screens. It was in no way attractive. It was an attempt on the part of some one to make a room after a supposed foreign style, and it was a miserable failure. In one design are irregular areas filled in with diaper and a formal design of a flower, and outside these areas are swallows, butterflies, and moths. In figure 130 is shown a drawing of a water plant known as *Paulownia*; it is represented in the crest of the

Tokugawa family; also a crude collection of pinks, convolvu-

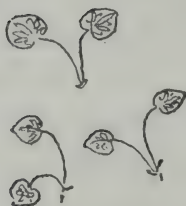


FIG. 130

Enoshima being a favorite place of resort the shops are full of souvenirs and toys for children and always made

lus, grapevine, and grasses enclosed in cloud outlines, and the interspaces, kennels with rabbits within. Another represents the rapids of a river with boats floating down filled with fagots and no man aboard to attend; it probably had some meaning. I was told that these designs were copied from brocade. What interested me was that they were most inconspicuous. One had to examine the paper closely to detect the design. Across the street I saw a screen covered with paper in which had been incorporated the outer sheaths of bamboo shoots, though they looked like strips from the inner bark of a pine, rich brown in color and quite effective (fig. 131). Green, threadlike seaweed is mixed with the pulp in making paper, with a very pretty effect.

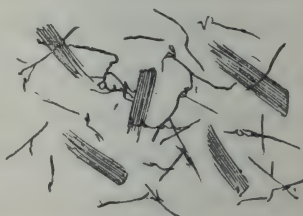


FIG. 131

from material got on the ground. A simple top was made with the shells of two sea urchins (fig. 132); a trumpet or whistle was made of a reed with the shell of *Eburna* as a resonator (fig. 133). The top spun a long time and the trumpet

gave out a long, loud sound. They were strongly and neatly made, and yet in purchasing one the smallest coin I had was

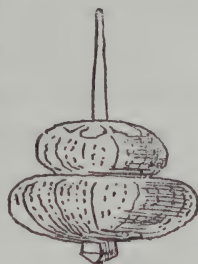


FIG. 132

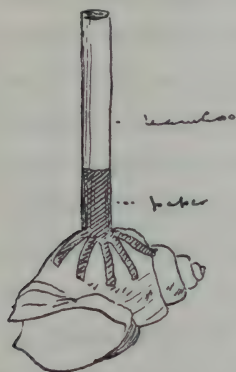


FIG. 133

a Japanese cent and rather than make change I took three in all. The shell-work in little boxes, and birds made of shells perched in hanging rings and many other graceful devices in shellwork, recalled to my mind the shocking shellwork one used to see at home: pyramids, monuments, heart-shaped articles, and dropsical-look-

ing boxes thick with putty and utterly devoid of taste.

I can look across my room to another angle of the house, where in a room by themselves are four Japanese students who in the morning are studying hard, clothed in their loose Japanese kimonos and in the afternoon, when the sun is blazing, they are naked and playing chess or *go*, both highly difficult games. They are a laughing and pleasant group. From their conversation in the forenoon I learn that they are studying German, for I hear one say, "I shall go to London to-morrow to meet my father," and another gives the German rendering of it; and so from their room comes a rattle of Japanese, German, and English, and now and then a sentence

in French and a good-natured laugh at some blunder. Their English is so good that I can understand every word they say.

Last night two of them came into my room at my request to explain to me the Japanese game of go. The game was originally brought from China, but now the Japanese excel the Chinese in the playing of it. Among expert players a single

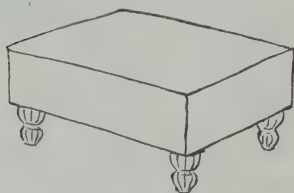


FIG. 134

game lasts for days, and sometimes an hour is consumed in making one play. The board is a low table eight inches high; a thick block of wood supported by four stout legs (fig. 134). It is squared off like our check-

erboard, but the squares are smaller and are not colored light and dark as ours are, and there are many more of them, there being 361 squares, 19 by 19. The checkers are flat disks, like buttons, made out of a black stone and white shell, and they are placed not on the squares, but at the intersection of the lines. The player begins by putting down a disk on any portion of the board and the object is to enclose the opponent's men by a continuous line of disks. When either side succeeds in doing this the disks enclosed are captured (fig. 135) and the squares are counted at the end of the game. The

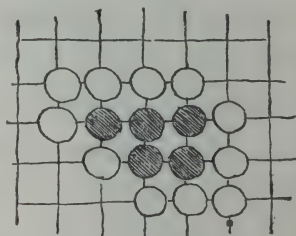


FIG. 135

battle rages at different places on the board. The famous players are classified: a first-rank player can give a second-rank player the privilege of playing two men on the first turn instead of one man, and I suppose a third-class player has the



privilege of playing three men. It is curious to watch two experts play with only a few disks on the board. The player will study the conditions for a long time and then place a disk a dozen squares from the other checks or away up on the right-hand corner, or in some other place, the reason for which only an expert can see and the response is equally inscrutable. In playing they always take the disk between the first and second fingers, the second finger on top of the first finger. It is a most profound game and few foreigners have mastered it. Mr. Korschelt presented a paper on the game, with eighty-four illustrations, in the Proceedings of the German Asiatic Society.

The students kindly played a game for me. It was hastily played for want of time on my part. One side got seventy-one squares and the other eighty-four. There are other points in the game which I did not understand.

There is also another, very simple, game which is played on the same board and which would interest our people, and that consisted of an attempt to place five disks in a continuous row! It is a simple game, though players vary greatly in their skill. I played a few games with them and they beat me every time with a few men, and when they tried it with each other they used over a hundred disks. If you can get a situation in which there are two lines of four, you win, as only one of these lines can be stopped by the other player. Figure 136 shows the position. A and B illustrate the two lines, only one of which can be stopped by the other side. Various points may be started on the board as in the game of go.

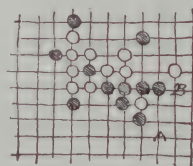


FIG. 136

In many Japanese rooms there is a post running up in the centre of the wall, possibly to support the roof. On this is often hung a long piece of thin board, five feet long and nearly the width of the upright, and upon this vertical, narrow surface the Japanese artist manages to paint a picture or part of a picture that might be seen through a slightly opened door.<sup>1</sup>

Getting back to Enoshima I found my room reserved for me. The luggage had arrived safely and the building we had engaged for a laboratory was nearly completed. A hammock that Dr. Murray had lent me I hung from a post in my room to a post on the piazza. Though I was assured there were no mosquitoes they came in swarms, and I covered my face with a towel and then a thin coat; but it was too hot to endure this covering, and every time I moved or got up to fix things my pillow, consisting of three waistcoats and trousers folded in a shirt, would drop out and I had to rearrange it. Finally I gave up in despair, and my Japanese boy brought me a mosquito netting almost filling the entire room, and I slept on the floor. It was past midnight and I had just got to sleep when into my room came an anxious-looking fellow holding a lantern on the end of a stick in one hand and a letter and newspaper in the other. He jabbered away in his own tongue, which, interpreted, probably meant, "Is this packet for you which I have just brought from Fujisawa as special courier?" I was altogether too mad at being awakened to realize how happy I should have been if it had been home letters for me, and reading the name "Dunlap" I told the man to go to the

<sup>1</sup> The one figured in *Japanese Homes* was simply charming with its brown trunk of pine, the green leaves and the groundwork of cedar upon which it was painted. On the reverse side another subject was painted.

devil, which from the tone he evidently understood, for he instantly withdrew and I had another tussle trying to get to sleep.

The Japanese never seem to realize at night that some of the family or guests may be sleeping. They may be no worse in this respect than our own people. The houses of the Japanese are far more open than ours and the slightest sound easily penetrates the next room, and if loud the entire house is entertained by the song or conversation of a convivial crowd. The closing of the *shoji*, the slamming of the storm blinds as they are pushed in place, one after another, at night, are annoying to the last degree, for they are never handled quietly. From this universal racket I had supposed that the Japanese were indifferent to these disturbances when trying to sleep. On inquiry, however, I found that the Japanese were quite as sensitive as we, but possibly too polite to complain.

Since I have been here I have slept on the floor with my clothes forced into a shirt for a pillow. The Japanese pillow is all very well for a nap, but I dare not risk it for the night, as it makes one's neck lame unless one is accustomed to it.

I must again allude to the nuisance of the fleas — large-sized ones whose bites last a long time. I have fifty marks on my body, and with the hot weather the itching is intolerable.

While eating my dinner to-day a sharp earthquake shook the house, made the water in my glass oscillate, and rattled things generally. It felt precisely as if a corpulent man forty feet high had lurched against the side of the house with a bump. The different kinds of oscillations felt must be due to the different natures of the rocks. The displacement that

produces the vibration would be different in degree with soft rock from what it would be if the rock were refractory.

Mr. Toyama and his friend came to-day, and while they ate dinner I was invited in and had a chance to taste boiled cuttlefish, which was very tough, like hard gristle, with a flavor like mild lobster. I also endeavored to eat raw *Haliotis*. It was served in thin slices, and yet so tough I could not bite into it, could not even get the taste of it; it was like rubber. I am sure of one fact, and that is that our food is more nutritious, more rational, and easier to digest than the Japanese food; but in this statement I do not include many of our fat-soaked things, heavy hot biscuits and the like. The Japanese take eagerly to our food, and it thoroughly agrees with them; we do not take naturally to their food.

The friend of Mr. Toyama, a scholarly man, does not speak a word of English, but reads and translates with remarkable accuracy. He has translated many English works into Japanese and these are sold in great numbers. It certainly would astonish an American to read a list of the works already translated: Spencer on "Education," which has a tremendous sale; Mill on "Liberty"; Buckle's "History of Civilization"; a portion of Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason"; Burke's "Old Whig and the New" (ten thousand copies already sold), and many others of like character. Books of this nature, which are abhorred by certain sects at home, are here read with the keenest interest.

Figure 137 is a map of the Bay of Yedo to indicate the position of Enoshima.

Last evening I learned three games that are played on the



chess board. One student endeavored to explain Japanese chess to me, but it was too complex to understand. I learned this much, however; the chess board (fig. 138) has eighty-one squares and is not unlike the go-board in shape. These squares are not colored, but are marked by deep lines indicating the boundary of the squares. The chessmen are made of boxwood and are uncolored; that is, they are the natural color of the wood.

They all have the same shape, though they are different in size; the royal pieces

being the largest and the soldiers, or pawns, the smallest.

The shape of each piece is like the key-stone of an arch, thinner at the lower end, and its name is written in black lacquer on the piece (fig. 139). There are

twenty pieces, the court pieces occupying the first line, the pawns the third line, and two pieces resting on the intermediate or second line. The king is in the centre of the first line of squares; on each side of him are the golden generals; and next



FIG. 137



FIG. 138

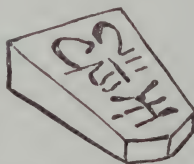


FIG. 139

to these are the silver generals. The golden generals move forward diagonally, also directly forward and right and left, but backward only in a straight line; the silver generals have the function of our bishops, but may also move forward in a straight line. The flying wagon general moves like our rook, and one oblique, or diagonal general moves like our bishop. In each corner of the board is a piece that moves forward only, but if it gets over to the third row of the opponent it may change itself into a golden general. Two other pieces called horsemen move precisely like our knights, except that they cannot move backward. When they get into the third row of the opponent they too may become golden generals if they choose. The pieces are played with their smaller end forward, and in this way only can the pieces of the two sides be distinguished. To see two players at the game under the dim light of a vegetable wax candle, when it is difficult to define the pieces colored as they are like the board upon which they are played, is quite remarkable. The pieces are captured in the same way as in our game except that the pawns move straight ahead to capture. The most curious feature of the whole game, and that which makes our game seem simple, is that pieces captured may be replaced at any time or in any place by the capturer, so in a tight place these prisoners may be played one after another against the opponent and the one attacked may play his prisoners in the same way. It is a most elaborate game and requires a good mind to understand it. It is an extraordinary sight to see naked-legged jinrikisha men playing the game while waiting for a fare.

This morning with Toyama and two other Japanese I engaged a boat and sailed round from our cove to the other shore of the island facing the ocean. Here, near high-water mark, was a cave which we wished to examine. It was delightful to sail out with the dignified swell of the ocean lifting our boat up and down in grand style. The appearance of the front of the island, with its vertical cliffs crowned with a fringe of pines, was very picturesque (fig. 140). Running about on the rocks near the shore-line were a dozen naked little boys as brown as Indians, impatient to dive into the sea for the pennies we threw in. The cave seemed to be an immense fissure in the rock, which had been rounded out by the waves in former times when the land must have been submerged;



FIG. 140

now the waves reach only to the entrance. The rocks were light in color, so the dark entrance of the cave stood out strongly by contrast. About one hundred and fifty feet within was a Shinto shrine covered with gilt, which reflected the few light rays which came from the entrance, making a striking effect in the dark cave. The shrine was nearly ten feet high and as wide, carved in the most elaborate way. It was an odd place to find a shrine, this dark, damp cave, and yet in Japan, wherever you find a striking feature in the landscape, such as this place, the top of a mountain, the verge of a precipice or deep ravine, there you will find these religious and

devoted people erect their churches or shrines. There was room on one side of this shrine to pass and penetrate farther into the dark recesses, and here we were provided with lights, and we plodded ahead a few hundred feet until we had to stoop to get along. It was absolutely dark except for what little light our candles afforded. At the extreme end of the cave was a board partition mouldy and rotten with age. A wooden grating was in the partition, and looking through it we saw a polished circular metal mirror about twelve inches in diameter, and this represented a Shinto shrine. Going back toward the entrance we came to an arm of the cave, and following that up we came to another grating through which we saw another Shinto shrine and mirror. The passage was hardly wide enough for two to walk abreast, and along the walls were symbolic figures—coiled dragons wrought in the stone and other emblems of mythology. I could not help reflecting on the devotion and piety of the early devotees who have left their marvelous rock carvings and prodigious temples in Java, India, and China. I scanned the walls closely for evidence of twilight insects, but it was not dark enough to find typical cave animals. To my delight I found two little spiders, two very small sowbugs, and, better than all, two cave crickets with exceedingly long antennæ, much smaller than ours, mouse-colored, and having a good set of compound eyes. I enjoyed my first look into a pool of sea water in Japan. I picked from the rocks at low tide a number of large chitons and greatly enjoyed the living mollusks as they crawled about, having only known them by their shells.

In the afternoon I started for Yokohama, stopping on the



way at the little village of Fujisawa, the nearest post-office to Enoshima, hoping that my mail had been forwarded, as the steamer from San Francisco had arrived. We got to the post-office just as the mail was being distributed. Figure 141 gives an idea of the postmaster as he appeared with a miscellaneous

heap of letters and newspapers on the floor before him. It was such a novelty to get my letters in a little Japanese village, and the innocent way in which he gave me a bundle of letters tied up, upon which



FIG. 141

with my name written in Japanese! I simply said, *Morse san* and out they came; he did not look up, so absorbed was he in the distribution of the rest. As a testimony to the inherent honesty of the Japanese the postmaster at Yokohama told me that in the first year the Japanese entered the International Postal Union the Department cleared sixty thousand dollars above expenses and not a cent nor a letter was lost or stolen. For the next six miles I lay back and enjoyed my letters. It fairly made my eyes ache trying to read them all as we went bumping over the road at a lively rate. I could not help realizing the novelty of riding alone through the country, not speaking a sentence of the language and everybody so kind and smiling, when but ten years before I might have been assailed. Being in my shirt sleeves I attracted the usual attention, the people gathering about whenever we stopped for tea and feeling and examining the

curious straps over my shoulders. The Japanese women are much interested in our woolen fabrics, their cloth being cotton, linen, and silk, and the weave simple. They will feel of your coat sleeve and critically examine its texture and with curious ejaculations express their wonder as to how it is made, and finally give up the puzzle in despair. On account of the heat I got out of the jinrikisha and walked up all the hills. At one hill I overtook six men struggling with a long beam on two wheels. My two jinrikisha men left their vehicle to assist in pushing up the load, and to their utter astonishment I took a hand in the pushing. When they reached the summit of the hill they gave me a volley of *arigatos* and profound bows. It was now past eight o'clock, the moon was full and bright, and I had the experience again of riding along and peering into the open houses as we passed.

I have before alluded to the festival in which they keep lights burning on the *kamidana* (god shelf) in memory of departed relatives. All the houses on both sides of the road were provided with a light and sometimes a row of lights on



FIG. 142

the shelf in front of a few objects of Shinto or Buddhistic significance. The rooms are low and above the kamidana the woodwork is black with smoke. Figure 142 is a sketch of one of these household shrines. They vary greatly in the number of objects displayed, in proportion, probably, to their piety and purse. There were little trays filled with rice for food offerings to the departed. In Shinto shrines these vessels are unglazed and for certain occasions made by hand without the potter's wheel. A few flowers and

thin strips of board with the names of the departed inscribed thereon are also seen.

The flag is a long, narrow strip of cloth hung vertically by loops to the flagpole. The inscription, as in all the writing of Chinese characters, is written vertically.<sup>1</sup> The method of raising the flag is shown in figure 143.

In meeting people at the tea-houses along the road it is impossible to make them comprehend that you do not understand a word they say; they keep on talking to you, and generally in a louder tone, imagining you are deaf, or they have an expression on their faces as if they considered you an idiot or mentally weak. In vain you say, "Wakarimasen," the Japanese for "I do not understand"; finally, I would say to them earnestly, "What is your opinion of the Kansas and Nebraska Compromise?" at which they would look at

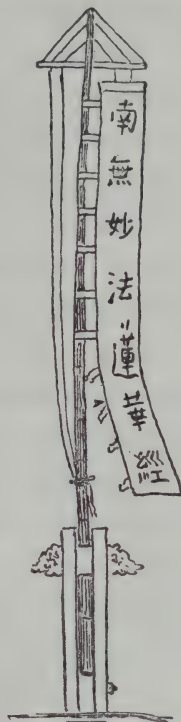


FIG. 143

<sup>1</sup> It should be constantly borne in mind that the characters used by the Japanese are strictly Chinese. So far as I know the Japanese never invented a character any more than we have ever invented a letter; the Japanese did, however, invent an alphabet by using Chinese characters in reference to their sound and finally abbreviated them to a single stroke or two; this the Chinese never did. Even with the example of a phonetic system — the Sanscrit — on their western borders, not one of the hundred millions had the ingenuity to devise an alphabet of their own. Dr. S. Wells Williams, the great sinologist, says their language has shut them from their fellow men more than any other cause, and Colonel Garriek Mallory, an authority on picture writing and hieroglyphics, says the practice of pictography does not belong to civilization. The question arises in regard to the Chinese: Is the nation inert and backward on account of their method of writing or are the people fossilized and cannot adopt another method? A Japanese scholar informed me that the Japanese language was much impeded in its development by the introduction of Chinese characters.

me inquiringly and then grunt or laugh heartily, appreciating the point.

Having procured a number of things I needed at Enoshima I got off at noon, with the heat overpowering, for a ride of eighteen miles. The perspiration stood in large drops on my face and hands and the jinrikisha men fairly reeked; the rapid evaporation, however, enabled one to endure it. We passed many pilgrims on the road, this being the time (last days of July) when groups of artisans start on their pilgrimages to the temples. It is really a tramp in the country — an outing, — but they combine with this vacation a devotional spirit by visiting various shrines where they say their prayers and contribute their pennies. They go together in groups of a dozen or more and straggle along the roads in twos and threes. They



FIG. 144

are usually clothed in cotton cloth of the same pattern, a loose sort of gown, and thus appear to be in uniform, some of them having tied about the waist a bell which tinkles at every step. In hot weather the skirt is looped up showing their naked legs. Figure 144 is a group of

two. They are always in a good-natured mood and always return a smile for a smile.

We overtook a crowd on the road accompanying the transportation of an immense bronze casting, probably a temple lantern. The design was in open work. It was suspended from a huge pole, at the front end of which was a cross-stick with a man at each end and probably a giant in strength



supporting the rear end (fig. 145). The men were clothed in white with Chinese characters on the back running from the right shoulder to the left hip, and on the casting was a little banner also inscribed. When the men let the load down for a rest they all joined in the queerest sort of chant.



FIG. 145

Such are some of the many novelties one meets or overtakes on the road.

From my room is a wonderful view of Fuji across the water. A cove coming within fifty feet of the house, the fishermen in their quaint boats are always in sight, and at night, when they come in with their "catch," they sing in a responsive way, one saying, "Hiari!" and the other, "Ftari!" — or at least that is the way it sounds; and they keep this cry up with every stroke of the oars, the men of each side sculling alternately, for the boats are never rowed, but sculled from the sides.

As I crossed the sandbar on my return from Yokohama I noticed a long, heavy swell coming in from the Pacific, an indication that a big storm was brewing outside. The wind has been increasing in violence, and now it is blowing with the greatest fury, and as I sit writing the noise is a perfect roar from the wind and waves together. This forenoon before it became thick it was a magnificent sight to see the long swells sweep grandly in and the wind blowing offshore taking a mass of foam from the crests of the waves and blowing it back and far up in the air. The bay is at least five miles across and the swells extended the entire length; they seemed at least three

hundred feet apart and were of great height, and these wonderful masses of white spray torn from the incoming, semi-circular swells, white as steam, was a sight far exceeding in grandeur anything I ever saw, while the thundering crashes on the beach must have been heard miles inland. The storm is a typhoon. How severe it will be no one can tell, but it is blowing harder than I ever knew it to blow before and is increasing in violence. The foot of the street is entirely blocked with fishermen's boats pulled up there out of reach of the waves; the houses are all closed with the wooden shutters, and the air is hot and stifling. As my room is not particularly exposed to the storm, my rain shutters have not been closed, and so while stormbound I will continue the record.

## CHAPTER VI

### LIFE IN A FISHING VILLAGE

OUR little laboratory was finished this morning and now we are ready for work if our dredge rope and a few other things will only get here. I put a padlock and hasp on the sliding door, and while I was at work an admiring crowd of men, women, and girls and naked children with dirty faces stood by and watched me. They are all extremely curious people and minutely scrutinize everything that is new; even now while I am writing three women of the house have apologetically entered my room and are watching me write, as extraordinary a sight to them as their method of writing is to us. They write with a brush held vertically, and the lines run from the top to the bottom of the page, beginning on the right of the page and progressing to the left. We write with the penholder held sloping, with a metallic point as sharp as a pin, with a watery ink, as compared with their rich, black India ink, which they have to rub from a stick of ink every time they write. These women made surprising comments about everything on my table; bottles, jars, microscope, a meerschaum pipe, which must seem elephantine in comparison with their tiny metal-bowled pipe.

After I got the padlock on the door we moved in our two cans of alcohol, a lot of glass jars I had bought in Yokohama, dredges, and other laboratory material. The building sets on the extreme corner of a sea wall of stone with a narrow lane

running along in front. Figure 146 is a rude map of the island, high and abrupt on all sides except toward the main land where



FIG. 146

you pass under a tori-i to cross the narrow sandbar. Since writing the above the storm has increased to a howling hurricane, and having some fears about our laboratory I put on my rain coat and struggled down the narrow street, climbing over boats at the foot. The natives occupying the adjoining buildings had all moved their belongings to higher places on the island. From the window of our building the scene was terrific; huge waves were rushing over the neck of sand which was entirely under water.

Such a roar and such a sight! There

were three elements of peril: the building might be blown away; it might be dashed away by the waves; the stone wall might be undermined. The man we had engaged as a watchman could not be induced to sleep in the building, and so with his assistance and other help we packed in a lot of pails the jars that we had unpacked and arranged in the morning, and with our alcohol, dredges, and everything portable,



FIG. 147

we picked our way back to the main street and conveyed them to the inn where I was stopping (fig. 147). After I went



to bed the driving rain came into my room, though the storm blinds were up, and my table and other things were moved to the opposite end of the room. I slept on the floor, which shook as if there were an earthquake, and it seemed as if the hurricane would burst in upon me before morning. When I awoke the storm had cleared off, though the sea was roaring. A visit to our laboratory showed that it had been well built to stand such a battering. Portions of the stone wall had been washed away on both sides of us, but our corner fortunately stood. The lower part of the street had been entirely swept away to a depth of four feet. The waves were still washing over the sand neck connecting the island with the mainland, and people were wading across both ways, some carrying others on their backs (fig. 148).



FIG. 148

A band of pilgrims on the other side were hesitating about crossing; with their broad straw hats in their hands and pilgrim staffs and their little blue banners flying they looked like a band of savages with their hats and staffs looking like shields and weapons. A courier has just come in to inform me that a lot of things have come for the station, but they cannot be got across on account of the waves. We shall finally get them as the waves go down.

Last evening I moved my table into the middle of the room and invited Professor Toyama and his friend, Mr. Ikkoto, and

my assistant Mr. Matsumura, to come in to enjoy my kerosene-oil lamp, a luxury the Japanese appreciate after having studied with the dim illumination of a vegetable wax candle. Mr. Ikkoto brought in the work he is engaged in, that of translating "What the Ancients Thought of the World" from the "Popular Science Monthly." Mr. Matsumura is studying my little "Textbook of Zoölogy"; Professor Toyama an analytical table of the animal kingdom, and he was hard at work upon it.

Nothing illustrates more clearly the simple and open character of the common people than the sketch (fig. 149) which I



FIG. 149

got in my ride from Yokohama yesterday. The jinrikisha men, having passed the city limits, where they are

compelled by law to wear some sort of a blouse, stopped to take off their blouses, as it was intolerably hot. They are not allowed to go naked in Tokyo, Yokohama, or in any of the larger cities in deference to foreigners; of course it is understood that they invariably wear a loin-cloth.

While waiting I wandered into a house to sketch the kamidana with its light burning at night, when I observed the woman of the house sound asleep and the child she had been nursing sound asleep also. I could not resist making a sketch as an illustration of the fact that the houses are literally open to any one who has the impertinence to intrude. I should not have entered without apologies had she been awake.

*Sunday, July 29.* There is absolutely no way of distinguishing Sunday from any other day except perhaps in the larger cities where the few English shops are closed and the Government offices are closed too (a concession to foreigners), though you may always get in to transact business so far as my brief experience shows.

Pilgrims, travel-stained and weary, are crowding the narrow street going to the top of the island to visit the shrine; the various innkeepers, from landlord down to the last girl, line up in front of the houses, and while bowing low, emit curious, whining supplications soliciting custom. The houses are filled with these travelers from all parts of the Empire; the ting, ting of the samisen and the curious falsetto notes of the geisha make the nights anything but restful. In this narrow, crowded street I pass back and forth to the laboratory. I am the only foreigner in the village, and naturally am an object of great interest to most of them, as they come from the interior, and doubtless many of them never, or rarely ever, have seen a foreigner. Yet I am treated courteously and kindly by every one; not a shout or impertinent stare greets me; and the contrast between this behavior and the experience a Japanese, or Chinese, in his native costume would receive going down the village streets, or even the city streets, of our country, was humiliating to consider. The crowds are off for a good time and many are hilarious, yet I have seen but one intoxicated person, and he lay quietly asleep by the side of the street and people passed him looking regretfully at his condition; not a boy taunted him. Such instances kept me mentally comparing the two civilizations.

Mr. Knox, the writer, Mr. House, editor of the "Tokyo Times," Dr. Eldridge, of Yokohama, and Mr. Wertheimber spent the day and night at my inn, and when they departed this morning I went to the foot of the street to see them off. The sand neck having been washed away by the typhoon, they had to cross to the mainland by boat, and such a shouting and poling and hauling, with some hauling at the bow with a rope to get the loaded boat started, such a hubbub it was and so unlike anything I ever saw before! The landlord and servants were there profoundly bowing to their guests and bidding them good-bye and thanking them for their patronage.

The effects of the storm along the water-front in Yokohama showed the terrific character of the waves. The heavy coping stones of the sea wall were thrown over into the street, which was filled with pebbles and large stones. The remains of a large Japanese junk had been strewn in front of the hotel, and a large steam dredging machine, which had been at work for two months in the channel, had been carried a thousand feet, keeled over on one side, and all the buckets torn away.

The laboratory has two windows, one looking along the shore, the other along the sandbar to the mainland. Figure 150 is a sketch alongshore from the laboratory; the first building, which is in process of construction, is a fireproof structure known as *kura*, or *godown*. Mats are fastened to a framework to prevent the plaster from drying too rapidly. The sandbar having been entirely washed away, the people cross in boats or on the backs of stout fellows who wade across.

Coming from Yokohama yesterday I passed at different places on the eighteen-mile ride four beggars, and these are



seen at this time because the road is thronged with pilgrims and will be thronged for several weeks. An odd way they have of begging; the moment you appear in sight they kneel on the ground with their heads touching the ground and remain in this position without a sign of life. I had to ask my jinrikisha man by pantomime if the man was at his devotions or was begging. A rare sight is a beggar in Japan, and the absence of tramps, vagabonds, and hoodlums adds greatly to the charms of the country.



FIG. 150

Figure 151 is a sketch of our laboratory, and, so far as I know, the first zoölogical station on the Pacific.

Two weeks ago I should hardly have thought worthy of mention the effort to secure a hut for a station of this sort, as



FIG. 151

at home I could run down to Eastport, for instance, hire a loft of a building on the wharf, get a carpenter and tell him what I wanted, buy preserving cans, and in half a day be ready for

work. When I told Dr. Murray my plan of getting a small building and fitting it up especially for my work, he laughed significantly and said I should find a great many obstacles in the way, and I must say he was right. It was some time before I found a proper building and induced the proprietor to fit it up for me. He would do it next week; no, I must have it immediately or not at all; and then to explain everything through an interpreter; to try to hammer into the thick head of a country carpenter the idea of a long table against the wall, for they have no tables; to get four stools made, for they have no such thing, as they sit on the floor; to have shelves put up and to describe long windows closed with sliding shutters, and to get each sliding window and door locked, for they have no locks in their houses. The only thing I could do was to get a padlock and hasp in Yokohama and put it on myself; and to get the alcohol, jars, and copper cans, was indeed a task.

So impatient was I for jars that I went to Yokohama and hunted up a Japanese junkshop and tried to buy some salt jars, but while I could buy other jars, they would not sell these, as they had had an offer for them from Tokyo. Three days after, down came four men from Tokyo bearing upon their backs heavy packs addressed to me, and on opening them I found some very good jars made at the glassworks in Tokyo, and beside these about forty of the identical salt jars I had endeavored to buy in Yokohama!

When Dr. Eldridge saw the building, with its complete equipment of jars, copper cans, kegs, sieves, and cases of alcohol, etc., he was amazed, and as Dr. Murray is coming down next week I am impatient to show him that by keeping up a sufficient amount of steam, exhortation, and emphatic words a station can be equipped. My Japanese assistants, while willing to do anything, give no value to time. This is Oriental, I suppose, but nevertheless exasperating. This morning I was awakened at three o'clock by a courier with the announcement that the dredge rope had come. I was too sleepy to sign a receipt for it, but not too sleepy to make a generalization, based upon a number of experiences, that the Japanese never mind being disturbed at night nor do they ever seem to mind disturbing others.

I noticed some children at play, and they had modeled out of clay a temple the outside of which they had ornamented with the little circular tin disks which cap bottled beer and the like, which some foreigner had left and which the children eagerly collect and utilize in various ways. Little toy ishidoro and tori-i were placed about the temple, and a few sprigs of

leaves finished the surroundings. In several instances I have watched children building things out of mud, sand, or clay, and I have found their efforts following the same lines as our children at home.

In looking over the roofs of houses the entire absence of chimneys is at once remarked; there are no turrets nor cupolas nor any projecting features. In the cities one sees the little



FIG. 152

staging on the ridge from which the progress of a conflagration may be watched. The fireproof building will have massive terminal tiles on the ridge, more or less ornamented. Figure 152 shows the roofs of the houses I overlook from my room, some of the roofs being thatched, others covered with the thin shingles already mentioned. The one with heavy ornamental ridge is a fireproof structure. These buildings are crowded together, and one may understand how immediately everything would go up in flame when a fire had once started.



Among the curious sounds that assail the ear inside and outside the house, none is more curious than a student reading Chinese classics. These classics are always read aloud, at least by students. It is a curious, weird sound with strange inflections, and at intervals a sudden jumping-up of an octave and a long sipping-in of the breath. Its very strangeness compels you to listen to it and it is impossible to imitate it.

The darkness of the rooms at night is oppressive. The tiny saucers of oil with pith wicks, having a flame of diminutive proportions enclosed in a paper lantern, enable one to find the lantern, at least, and snuggling about this the family gather to read or to play games. The candles are equally poor. What a boon the advent of kerosene oil is to the Japanese is shown by the rapid increase in its importation, and of lamps too.

This morning, July 30, I had my first dredging. Our boat was altogether too small and overcrowded; however, we went round outside and tried to dredge in the heavy swell that unceasingly rolls in from the ocean. A few hauls were made in fifteen fathoms of water, but the two men we had hired would not scull hard enough to pull the dredge along. It was hard work, and I had to overhaul alone the material brought up, as Toyama and his friend were seasick and lay helpless in the bottom of the boat. To-morrow we are to get a much larger boat, more men, and go out into deeper water. Returning to our cove I ventured a try there, hoping to get the objects that first induced me to come to Japan; namely Brachiopods. I had intended digging in this cove at low tide in search of the worm. Conceive my astonishment and delight when the first haul brought up twenty small *Lingula*, apparently the same

species that I had studied on the coast of North Carolina. A number of hauls brought me up two hundred specimens which I have alive for study.<sup>1</sup>

A curious feature of conversation among these people is the constant ejaculation of "Ha" or "Hei." For example, one is talking to another and at every slight pause the other says, "Hei," and the first one says, "Ha." It is an indication that he is listening and understands and is a sign of respect. Also, in talking to each other they make a noise with the mouth as if they had burned the tongue with hot tea and were cooling it by drawing in air, or a sound similar to that made by a hungry boy when he sees something very good to eat. This sound is one of self-depreciation or respect.

This morning I had a larger boat with a sail and a crew of four men, and we dredged from eight o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon. The entire expense was seventy-five cents, and the men worked like troopers every minute. Toyama, being seasick on the water, did not go. His friend had gone back to Tokyo, and so my assistant, Matsu-mura, concluded to try it, but we had not been out an hour before he began to lose all interest in dredging, and in a little while longer resigned himself to the miseries of seasickness and lay down in the bottom of the boat, and never moved until the boat touched the beach on its return. He was too sick to act as interpreter even, so I had to direct everything by pantomime. The sun was intensely hot and I got badly burned again. I do not remember the sun ever acting that way at

<sup>1</sup> The results of this work are embodied in a memoir entitled *Observations on Living Brachiopoda*. Memoirs, Boston Society of Natural History, vol. v, no. 8.

home,—burning through a shirt,—yet that is the way it behaves here. We went much farther to-day and threw the dredge into thirty-five fathoms of water and drew it many times. I got the most exquisite shells, most of them small, but some of them very beautiful. When noon came the men dropped their oars and prepared for lunch. They lifted a board from the bottom of the boat and each felt round for a fish he had caught the day before. I watched one as he prepared his lunch. The tail of the fish was cut off and flung overboard, the entrails removed, and with a big, rusty knife with wooden handle the fish was chopped into small pieces, head, eyes, bones, and all, and this hash was put into a wooden bowl. The man then opened a basket and took out a large portion of cold, rusty-looking boiled rice, and with two pickled plums chopped all together and added it to the fish. From a box was added a substance that had a very sour odor, something made of beans and allowed to ferment, a little water was added, and it was all stirred up together, and such an unsavory-looking mess I never saw before. The gusto, however, with which the man ate it to the last grain, showed that it was palatable to him, at least. Raw fish is a very common article of food, certain species being especially esteemed.

Everybody uses the flint and steel in lighting his pipe and every kitchen has its tinder-box. The matches I have seen in this country are the Swedish safety match.

We passed a number of boats; in some the men were fishing, in others pulling in their nets, and all were naked, and, with their dark, sunburned bodies and black hair, looked like savages. Such a novel sight it was to me sitting in the stern

of the boat and watching my four boatmen laughing good-naturedly and sculling vigorously, swinging back and forth in



FIG. 153

unison and singing a weird kind of chant. Figure 153 gives a suggestion of the appearance of the boat and the crew at work.

My cook burned a hole in my undershirt, and with many amiable grins explained the accident by showing me an earthen vessel filled with charcoal over which an open wicker basket is placed bottom-side up, and upon this the articles of cloth-

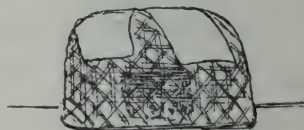


FIG. 154



ing to be dried are placed, as shown in figure 154; naturally the sparks snap out of the charcoal and the hole follows. As I wear nothing but the thinnest undergarments, these are

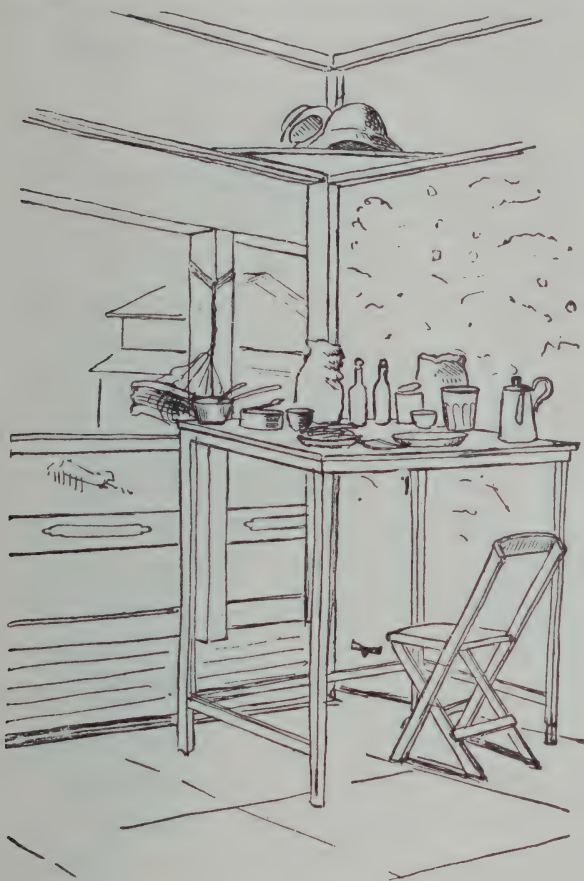


FIG. 155

undergoing the process of washing and drying all the time.

The accompanying sketches give an idea of three corners of my room at the inn. Figure 155 represents the corner where I eat; notice the table, —it is the carpenter's conception of a for-

eigner's table. The chair has been modeled from a tourist's folding chair, only made rigid. The table is a foot higher than ordinary tables, and the chair is too low, so that my head comes

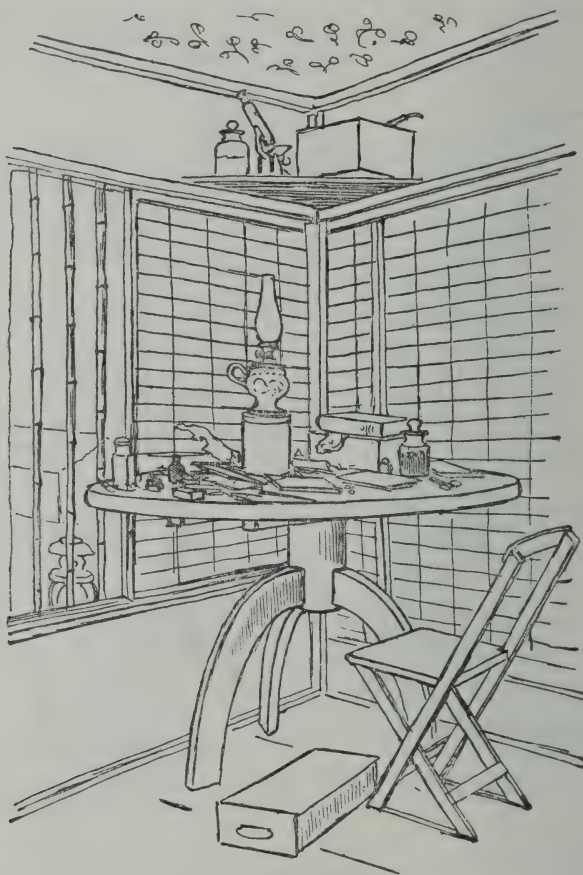


FIG. 156

conveniently level with my plate. While eating, however, I look out over a beautiful cove, a spacious bay, and magnificent Fuji in the distance. Every day the aspect is different, and now while making this sketch the view is indescribable. The

sun is within an hour of setting, all the low mountain ranges are a cold, light blue, thin bands of clouds between the ranges are brilliantly illuminated by the sun which brings out every point with wonderful distinctness, and the imperial mountain towers above all! To return to the room; the table is so high I have to rest my elbow on it to be comfortable. Corner shelves have been rigged up for me and on one I have my pith hat and a straw hat. The table has been set for breakfast and contains all the food for many meals beside. It is like camping out. The next sketch (fig. 156) shows my writing and work table with the lamp perched up on a salt jar; on the shelf above is one of my microscopes, a jar of alcohol, and box with pipe, tobacco, etc. On the floor is a tin case with my spare dredge which answers as a footstool, and on the table a jar to the left contains insect powder, and a jar of alcohol to the right is a receptacle for beetles and other insects that fly in during the night, and an occasional flea. The sketch (fig. 157) shows a corner where disorder has reigned since I have been here and will remain so until I pack up for good. There is too much to do in this world to fuss about trifles. The sketch shows my big valise in a perfect mess, the Japanese pillow upon which I sleep, a matting covering my mosquito netting, my binocular in a box, and a Japanese straw hat on the chair. This hat costing twenty-five cents is infinitely more comfortable than the pith hat costing eight dollars, and I wear it all the time, even at night when writing, as it forms an excellent shade for the eyes. On the shelf above, a box contains a number of the wonderful glass sponges (*Hyalonema*) several specimens of which are projecting over the edge of the box.

Were it not for my assistants I could never get through the work of assorting the material dredged. The sea bottom is very rich in marine life, and while I am studying the precious



FIG. 157

*Lingula* my men are at work separating the different groups: shells, sea urchins, starfish, and the like. Figure 158 shows the men at work. The one on the right is Professor Toyama, who pays his own bills, but assists in collecting; the middle one is



Mr. Matsumura, whose expenses are paid by the University; and the one on the left is the man I hire to sleep in the building at night, lug fresh salt water and do chores in the daytime.



FIG. 158

The general intelligence of everybody in Japan is well illustrated by this man. He assorts the material in the proper bottles after having had explained to him the crustacea, mollusks, echinoderms, etc. Later, when I went out in the suburbs to collect land shells, my jinrikisha men always insisted upon collecting for me, and when I showed them the tiny land shells I was after they would collect as many as I could. I tried to

imagine a hackman at home volunteering his services in such a quest! I tried this man on some shell sand and pointed to the almost microscopic shells I wanted, and he picked out the little shells so skillfully, using delicate chopsticks for the purpose, that I kept him at work most of the time.

In a newspaper just received the ravages of the typhoon are reported; many vessels have been wrecked along the coast and many lives lost. I have been unable to resist the attempt to sketch the main street, and indeed the only street in Enoshima (fig. 159). There are bad mistakes in perspective and the street is made altogether too wide, but with these faults of commission there are many of omission; I have not put in half enough flags, nor men, nor women, nor children, nor cats and dogs and hens. And speaking of hens I can walk up and lay my hand on any one of them, and though it clucks as a sort of remonstrance it makes no attempt to escape.

Since the storm it has been impossible to cross to the mainland except at extreme low tide, and a number of boatmen have been doing a great business ferrying across loads of pilgrims who come in groups, often to spend the night only. It is great fun to follow a band of pilgrims up the street. Nearly every house along the street seems to be a place of entertainment, and it resembles running the gantlet of New York hackmen; for everybody in the inns gathers in front to solicit the patronage of the strangers, and such a curious hubbub they keep up! The racket made at the first house being heard by the second, and at the second by the third, and so on, — a perfect whine of a score of voices.

Within the last few days my cook, owing to repeated objur-

gations, has braced up, and now I am living like a fighting cock. This morning I had dropped eggs on toast and a broiled fish, like the English sole; for dinner I had the most delicious

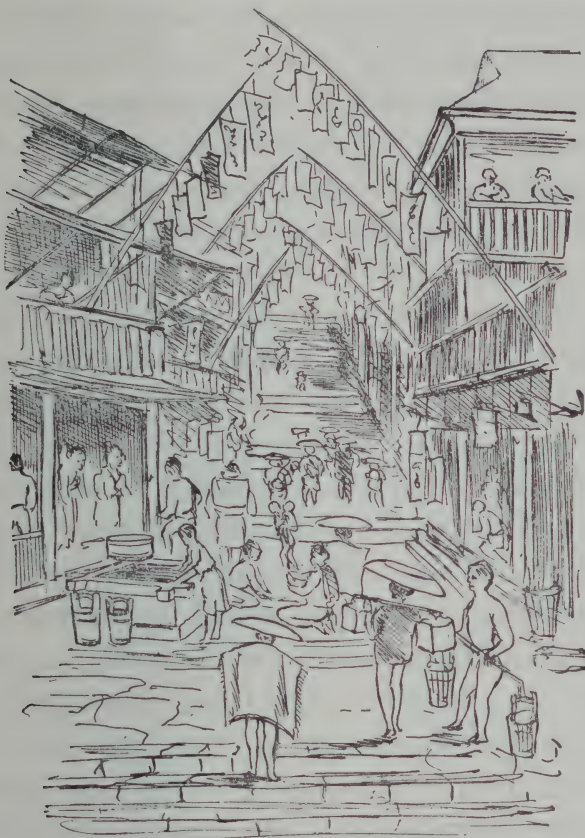


FIG. 159

fish in Japan, the *tai*, new sweet potatoes, and salted ginger-root, tender and delicious, besides a tiny kind of melon and preserved plums.

The other morning I flung a piece of stone at a dog under the window; he watched the stone as it went by him, but

showed no fear. I hurled another, which went between his legs; still he wondered at it without showing the slightest concern. Later, I met another dog in the street, and deliberately stooped, picked up a stone, and threw it at him; he did not run away or growl at me, simply watched the stone as it went by him. Since boyhood I have observed that the mere movement of picking up a stone will cause a dog to slink or even to run away. Such experiences here prove that cats and dogs are not stoned at sight, and to the credit of our people I must say we have improved vastly in these respects since I was a boy. However, in the poorer regions of our cities the hoodlum class behave precisely as all boys did fifty years ago.

Nothing indicates the politeness of the Japanese people more forcibly than the fact that good manners are universal from the highest to the lowest classes. The kindness to dependents does not seem to spoil them; all know their places and keep them with respect. Confucius said: "Of all people, girls and servants are the most difficult to behave to. If you are familiar with them they lose their humility; if you maintain a reserve toward them they are discontented." My experience has been too short to be of any value, yet I cannot help reflecting on the fact that thus far I have seen only courtesy and good manners. I have been living alone for some weeks in a little fishing village associating with the poorer class of fishermen and petty shopkeepers, and the manners of all have been universally polite among themselves and to me. In meeting one another on the street or greeting one another in the house, they bow low again and again, and in this act they may stand nearly side by side and in the direction of their



bows would miss each other by two or three feet. To see distinguished old friends meet is remarkable. Minutes are consumed in bowing, and after they begin to talk some complimentary expression or other sets them at it again. I have been positively ashamed of my vulgar curiosity in lingering and looking back at them. It seems a terrible waste of time to an active American, and Professor Toyama said the students at the University were economizing the time in such observances and their parents considered that manners were impaired by student life.

Upon my return from Tokyo the other evening I reached Enoshima at nearly midnight. It was an intensely dark night, and again I had the opportunity to see the gloomy character of the houses of the lower classes. When the storm blinds are put on, the house at night must be like a dungeon. The cheer of the open fireplace with its crackling fire is unknown in Japan. A few hot coals answer for heating and tea-making purposes, and in the kitchen the wood burned for cooking blackens the rafters above with the smoke. As you ride through the village you find little children out at nine or ten o'clock at night sitting on benches in front of the houses. You hear their prattle, but cannot see them. The sliding frames covered with paper which form the outside of the house in the daytime admit an agreeable light to the room and when closed keep out the wind. If a sufficient number of candles are burning within, the shadows thrown upon these paper screens by the inmates are often ludicrous. Hokusai illustrates the absurdity of some of these shadow pictures in his "Mangwa."

Here I was with a hundred dollars in my pocket, traveling at night, through dark bamboo thickets and some poverty-stricken villages, having a single jinrikisha man, now and then meeting a traveler, sometimes a crowd of travelers, and I was never spoken to. I had no pistol, no cane even, and yet so assured was I of the gentle character of the people that I did not feel the slightest apprehension. At one very dark place we crossed a narrow bridge highly arched and covered with turf, with no rail on either side, and hardly wide enough for a jinrikisha (fig. 160). In the middle of the bridge we passed



FIG. 160

three men somewhat jolly with saké. At that moment I thought that here if anywhere was a chance for trouble, for these fellows had to stand on the very edge of the bridge to

allow us to pass. They knew I was an "outside barbarian" by my big sun hat and a cigar, and one push would have sent jinrikisha and all into the water, twenty feet below; but not a word from them. I finally fell asleep from sheer fatigue. Luckily the road was smooth or I might have been dumped into the gutter; awake, one unconsciously balances himself as the jinrikisha sways back and forth on a rough road. When I awoke we were at the beach, the waves roaring over it, and it was dark as only the country can be in any part of the world. Little glimmers of light from the cluster of houses across the water, and a few bright fires on the shore where fishermen were mending their nets or repairing their boats, with groups of naked fishermen about them, were the only indications of

life. My jinrikisha man conjured up from the darkness two big baskets in which the bundles I had brought down were loaded, and tying the baskets to the ends of a long carrying-pole he started off through the boiling surf. Another man also appeared out of the blackness and offered to carry me across on his back; so I adjusted myself in the usual way, but this would not do. He dropped me and going behind thrust his head between my legs and lifted me as if I were a small boy and carried me on his shoulders. I could keep my position only by hanging on to his moist head, and as the waves rushed past making him unsteady, I, still half awake, felt as if I should be tumbled into the water at any moment.

If one should go over the road a hundred times he would see something novel or interesting. I noticed in a shop a big bucket of water over the edge of which hung a glass syphon, as seen in figure 161. A tiny spray from the end kept constantly cool and wet a tray of diminutive watermelons. In the little booths the melons are cut in two and a thin sheet of Japanese paper protects the cut ends. In the markets the water-

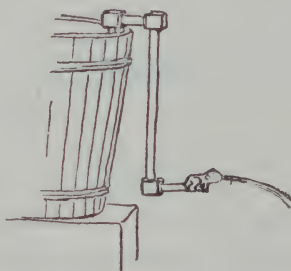


FIG. 161

melons have tied around the stems a little red ribbon, and I saw a man bringing a large load of them to market and each melon had its little red ribbon. The melons are round and small in size, not much larger than our cucumber, and resemble the Japanese squash so closely that the ribbon is used to distinguish them. The color of the flesh is dark red, a sort of congested red, and tastes like our melon, but is not crisp.

Many of the English in eating them devour the seeds as well. The pears are very agreeable when stewed, but there is not the slightest suggestion of a pear taste. They resemble a russet apple in color and are round like an apple. The plums are also very good when cooked. The tomatoes are the only fruit that tastes precisely like our corresponding fruit. The white potatoes are very small, and the sweet potatoes are much like ours, but the fibre is coarser and they are milder in taste. At the hotel in Yokohama a peculiar fruit, imported



FIG. 162

from Singapore, was on the table. It is called *mangosteen* (fig. 162). The rind was blackish in color and very thick (the dotted line in the sketch shows the thickness of the rind). The color of the rind inside was the deepest purple, and the fruit within was of the purest white, resembling the white of an egg when beaten. It broke in divisions like an orange and had

large seeds. Its taste was very agreeable and unlike anything I had ever before tasted, but suggested a slight flavor of apple with the mildest acidity; certainly a most delicious fruit and there is no reason why it could not be cultivated in Florida or southern California.

The other day going to Tokyo there were in the same car with me two little children dressed for company. They were not over five or six years old, yet their hair was done up in the most elaborate style; their eyebrows cleanly shaved; their faces and necks white with powder; on the outer corner of



each eye was painted a little line of reddish paint, and the head was shaved in certain patches. One little girl stood at the car door looking out, and I made a rapid sketch of her (fig. 163). Notice the clear places shaved on top of her head, the little queue hanging behind. I had no time to do more than draw the simple outlines of her dress, but it was made of silk crape with large, irregular designs in bright colors. The sash around the waist, gray in color with no figure, was very heavy and bulky and tied in a big knot behind, the only device that kept her clothes on, for there is no button, loop, hook and eye, string, or pin — a most rational idea.



FIG. 163

On the outer border of the long pocket sleeve was a yellow silk cord running like a basting thread and terminating at the corner of the sleeve in a yellow tassel.

In riding through the country there has gradually dawned on me the entire absence of all marks, scratches, or other signs of the defacement of fences or buildings. No buildings in this country have so much as a mark upon them, and yet the workmen carry with them an equivalent of a pen or pencil, the *yatate*, with all the facilities of writing their names and

inscribing choice sayings and proverbs if they chose to do so. I could not help contrasting this feature with the behavior of our own people in this respect. The defacement of our school-houses and other structures in our country districts proves this tendency.

On the road I saw long poles of bamboo with their leaves on and on the leaves had been tied a lot of bright-colored bits of paper: a decoration for some festival or an advertisement of some kind.

An Oriental custom is seen in the public story-teller who goes about to entertain crowds, in the street or privately, by



FIG. 164

telling stories. In Japan story-tellers travel about, and under canvas gather an audience quickly. Though not understanding a word of Japanese I enjoyed the man and the interested and amused auditors. I listened for half an hour to a story-teller who came to the inn (fig. 164). It was curious to watch the workings of his face and interesting to hear the sudden

changes in his voice to represent the different characters. The students who formed his audience would laugh heartily when one character was represented by a slow and officious voice, and the story-teller shared in the enjoyment. He kneeled before a low table, a chessboard borrowed for the occasion, and had three objects as stage properties; a fan which he used now with the left hand and then with his right; an object which looked like a folding fan closed, but was in fact a thin piece of wood covered with paper, and with this he would strike the table in front of him with sharp clicks, more or less vigorously to accent the story; and the third object, a small block of wood which he would take up frequently and with it strike the table with a sharp snap.

The man who takes care of the laboratory is doing finely. He picks out little shells from dredged sand, cleans the larger ones, and seems to take the liveliest interest in the work. His entire time is given to us for all sorts of work at the princely wage of \$1.25 per week.

To-day, August 14, the children are all gayly dressed in bright-colored clothes, and evidently a festival of some kind is being celebrated. When I reached the laboratory the janitor was engaged in cleanly shaving his children's heads. The youngest had been through the misery and was sound asleep on the back of his older sister. While I was endeavoring to sketch the group the baby awoke and began to cry, whereupon the little girl got down and walked back and forth jiggling the baby on her back with a sort of hitching motion and then got back on the stool again (fig. 165). I was told that the festival was in honor of their ancestors. In the forenoon the

children either bring from their own homes or beg from others a small quantity of rice, and formerly they got together around



FIG. 165

a big kettle on the beach and cooked it; now it is cooked in the house and the children congregate in numbers with their lacquered cups to get their portion. Figure 166 shows a woman with a child on her back, the child holding a lacquered rice bowl in her hand waiting her turn for rice. The rice has a reddish tinge given to it for the occasion, comparable to our pink



lemonade at circuses, I suppose. The color is derived from a kind of bean that is cooked with the rice. I mingled with them and tried to get some sketches, but the children were altogether too uneasy for me, and most of the girls were frightened because I tried to take up a little midget who was the least unattractive, for on the whole they were a plain set. I could hardly realize that they had the same reason to be afraid as our children would have if a Japanese

attempted to pick up one of them. The little boys seemed to enjoy my presence, and I laughed and cut up with them at a great rate.



FIG. 167

To-day our man was mending the child's clothes, as his wife, who is a servant at the inn, has no time for such work (fig. 167).

The people are very adroit in tying knots. They make a cheap rope out of straw and the stoutest of twine out of paper. All their stagings for buildings are tied together instead of nailed, as the nail is apt to weaken the wood; the rope is wound about the point of contact many times and makes the firmest of fastening.

A sketch of an inn on the road from Yokohama (fig. 168) has a small English sign stating that foreign beer is kept here.



FIG. 166

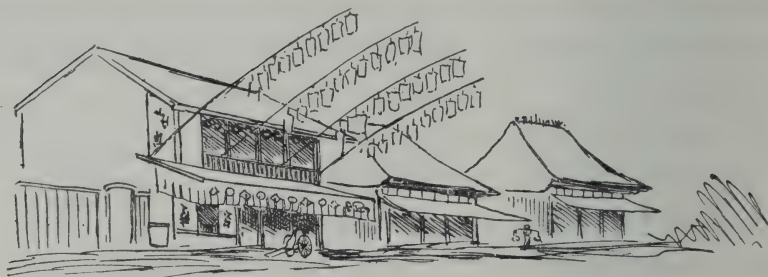


FIG. 168

The fringe around the wooden, shed-like roof in front is made of blue cloth, three feet wide, and slit up halfway at intervals of a foot to allow the wind to pass through.

## CHAPTER VII

### COLLECTING AT ENOSHIMA

YESTERDAY was a successful day at the laboratory. A fisherman brought in a bucketful of living cones and other large shells, bright-colored starfishes, and some rare mollusks I had never seen alive before, for which he asked twenty cents. We started up the river that empties into the sea near the neck of land where we cross, hoping to find some fresh-water shells, and succeeded in finding a few living *Corbicula*. Near the mouth we found a number of fine *Psammobia*, a large bivalve, and farther up we captured some lively and pugnacious crabs. A number of women and children were wading near the shore picking up *Corbicula*, which is an article of food. I bought two small baskets of them for two cents a basket. It would have taken us half a day to collect as many. Every living thing in the water seems to be eaten by the lower classes; all kinds of shellfish, every shrimp and crab as well as sharks, skates, and indeed all kinds of fish, seaweed, sea urchins, and sea worms. I ate some boiled *Trochus*, and they were not bad. The river was picturesque with the odd groups of boats, people, etc.: pilgrims coming down the river, old women picking up *Corbicula*, a man trailing a net for bait. Just as we were ready to return a boat came along with a party of pilgrims bound for Enoshima, and for two cents the boatman offered to take the four of us along. As the river was low, the tide being out, we had the privilege of literally working our passage,

as we jumped out of the boat many times and aided the others in pushing (fig. 169).

The absence of flies of the common kinds in the country is a noteworthy feature and to get one at any moment would be



FIG. 169

difficult. I remember at Grand Manan, at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, the intolerable nuisance of the flies in the fishing village, due to the fish cleanings being scattered about. Enoshima is a fishing village, but the fishermen in cleaning their fish carefully remove all the offal, and do this every day. Then, too, everything they catch they eat, and so little is left to decompose; furthermore, there are no horses, cows, sheep, pigs, goats, or any other animals except man and fowl. Very few hens are seen, and these are put away under baskets at night. It is an interesting sight to see the roosters and hens come up to the house at night and cluck around the basket under which they are to go until some one comes and puts them in one by one.

The street cries of the peddlers, already alluded to, are most peculiar, and, of course, incomprehensible, as most of these cries are in all parts of the world. I heard a cry so different from those with which I had become familiar that I rushed



out and saw a man blowing bubbles from the end of a long bamboo tube, but the bubbles were more beautiful and iridescent than those made from soap, of which the Japanese know nothing. The infusion was carried in two deep, slender buckets and the fluid was being sold to the children (fig. 170). Toyama inquired of the man as to the composition of the fluid, and was told that it was made from the leaves of a number of plants among which was tobacco. It was an odd sight, this naked man stalking through the streets blowing bubbles and at intervals uttering the most extraordinary cries.



FIG. 170

My cook has his kitchen downstairs, consisting of a sink and two stone braziers. These braziers are made either of some kind of cement or cut out of a volcanic stone which is very soft; there is no oven, of course; they are simply receptacles for burning charcoal. On them the cook boils and broils, and in roasting a chicken he extemporized an oven by placing a square of sheet iron on top of the fire to support the chicken; then he put on a copper vessel, upside down, on which he started a coal fire, and stood patiently by, fanning the coals, and kept it up until the chicken was nicely roasted. Figure 171 is a rough sketch of the cook. The chicken cost a few cents and a good fish resembling a mackerel costs one cent. I mention these prices as an indication of the cheapness of everything.

A ride to Fujisawa with two jinrikisha men enabled me to

get a jarful of a handsome species of large fresh-water snail (*Melania*), as the men worked like beavers in picking them up from the river-bed.

I sent my mail by special courier to Fujisawa; distance, three miles; price, ten cents. The landlord came in to say the man was a running courier and that it would cost two cents

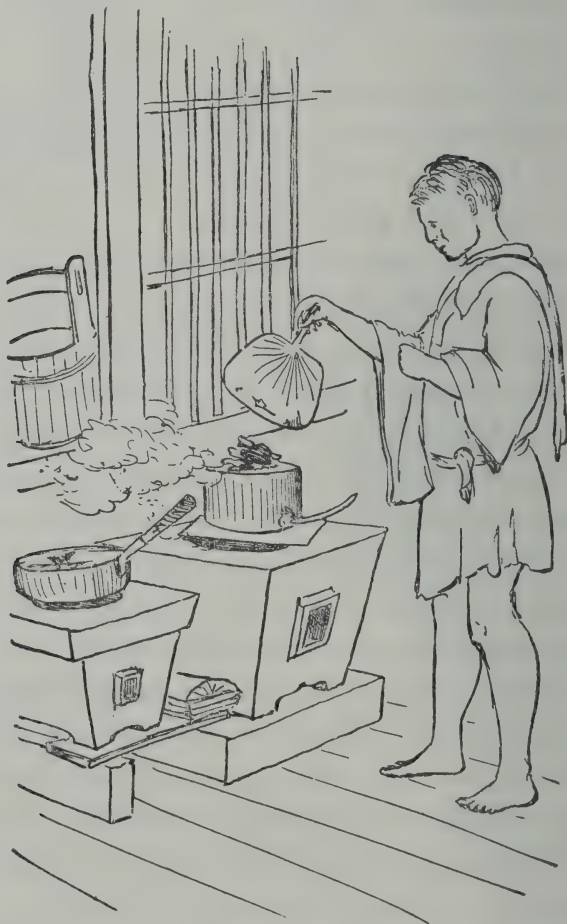


FIG. 171

more. I saw the man with sturdy legs start off at a good running gait, wading through the water and disappearing on the other side at full speed. Toyama wrote a special note which the courier carried asking the postmaster to send my foreign mail by special messenger, and an answer was brought back by the courier in an incredibly short time. He must have run at full clip over and back.

Yesterday we all went out on a reef exposed at very low tide taking with us a man who lifted the larger stones from the pools and turned them upside down so that we could examine the under surfaces. Such a harvest we made and such pleasure to find, hidden away in the crevices, large cones, a beautiful little *Cypræa* alive and fresh, and a number of *Stomatella*, the shell of which is exquisite; also *Haliotis*, abundant, and a number of genera, the soft parts of which were new to me; and besides all these treasures the quaintest crabs, starfish, *Comatulas*, strange worms and naked mollusks, chitons of large size, and a number of other species by the hundred. To-day we have been down again and with hammers have broken open the rocks and found a number of boring mollusks, such as *Pholas*, *Saxicava*, and *Lithodomus*. I have been exceedingly busy drawing many of them alive. Our building is gradually getting crowded and many of the jars and kegs are full. The wealth of material is amazing. I got tired bending over the microscope, and so for a rest made a sketch of our shanty. The window, or opening looking out on the beach, is my place of work, and sometimes it is difficult to study owing to the various and novel attractions outside. From the sketch (fig. 172) an idea may be got of the inside of

the laboratory — frames covered with cloth on which the starfishes and sea urchins are dried, and all the clutter that such work entails.



FIG. 172

At the inn, as before mentioned, a number of students occupy a room next to mine, and a very pleasant lot they are. Most of them are medical students, and at the University the medical students are taught by Germans, so that these young men have to acquire the German language before they can enter. Some of them speak a few words of English. I go into their room frequently to watch them play their games, which, it must be confessed, are all much more profound than any of ours. Their chess is infinitely more difficult; in comparison ours is kindergarten. The game of go we have never acquired, and that of "five in a row" is as difficult as our checkers. I taught them checkers, and several games, such as chalking on the floor, etc. An interesting game is played with the hand.



Kneeling opposite each other the right hand of each player is flung out at the same instant. The hands must be in one of three positions: the palm open, representing paper; the index and middle finger open, suggesting a pair of scissors; the hand clenched, representing a stone. Now the paper can cover or conceal the stone; the stone can smash the scissors; and the scissors can cut the paper. Counting "one, two, three," the players fling their arms at the same time, and on the third stroke the hand must come in one of the three positions mentioned above. If your opponent comes out scissors and you come out paper, he has beaten you once, for scissors can cut the paper; if, however, you had come out stone, the stone can smash the scissors, and you have won. Either one winning three times in succession has won the game. You will notice little children when called upon to do an errand resort to this game, doing it once only, to see who shall go; drawing lots, in fact.

Another game is played with the two hands. The hands resting on the knees represent the judge; the arms held in the attitude of shooting a gun represent the hunter; and the hands held to the ears in the attitude of hearing represent the fox. Now these have the same relation to one another as in the single-handed game. The fox can outwit the judge, the judge can sentence the hunter, and the hunter can shoot the fox. The Japanese play it with great rapidity. They count three or make three motions of the hand, or clap their hands twice and at the third clap assume one of the three positions; and the motions are really made with the hands. Turning the hands up and out represents the fox; the two hands held as if

supporting a gun indicate the hunter; and the hands with fingers pointing downward, the judge. It is impossible for us, watching ever so closely, to see which one has got three superior points in sequence. It is played very gracefully with curious sounds in rhythm emitted by the players, probably such expressions as "Look out!" "I've got you!" etc.; and with the spectators uttering similar expressions, and the chorus of laughter which follows as one or the other wins, make it very exciting. It may be added that if both players present the same form, they simply continue without interruption.

As I inquire of Toyama and Matsumura the "whys and wherefores" about everything, I am amazed often to find that they are ignorant of many things. I have noticed this feature with others, and have also observed a surprised look on their faces at some of the questions, and they smiled as if the question or subject was amusing. I have been intimately associated with Toyama and Matsumura for over three weeks, and yet they have never asked me a question as to how we did such and such things at home, or about the various objects on my table, in which, nevertheless, they take an interest, and with all this they are very curious to see everything. The students and literary class, while studying Chinese classics or modern literature, would probably consider it of no interest or importance to learn the death-rate of a town or of what diseases the people died.

I got Toyama to write down for me a list of girls' and boys' names with their meanings, names corresponding to our Christian names:—

<i>Girls' names</i>		<i>Boys' names</i>	
Matsu	pine	Taro	first boy
Take	bamboo	Jiro	second boy
Hana	flower	Saburo	third boy
Yuri	lily	Shiro	fourth boy
Haru	spring	Magotaro	grandchild first boy
Fuyu	winter	Hikojiro	male second boy
Natsu	summer	Gentaro	fountain first boy
Yasu	easy	Kameshiro	tortoise first boy
Cho	butterfly	Kangoro	examined fifth boy
Tora	tiger	Sadashichi	stable seventh boy
Yuki	snow	Kaitaro	shellfish first boy
Waka	young		
Ito	thread		
Taki	waterfall		

If the girls are not of the lower classes it is customary to put *O* before the name as an honorific prefix, and in every case *san*, a contraction of *sama*, after the name, this being a title of respect, not only coming after the name of a person, but also used in a spirit of playfulness after names of animals. It takes the place of *Miss*, *Mrs.* or *Mr.* You will hear them speak of *baby san*, *cat san*. The prefix *O* is used only before a girl's name. Miss Hana would be *O Hana san*. The boys' names *Taro*, *Jiro*, etc., meaning, first, second, and so on, are common names, but have in a way lost their significance in meaning first boy, second boy, and so on, just as our family name "Johnson" has lost its meaning of "son of John." Nowadays, Mr. Toyama tells me, the boys are being given a great many new names after the style of Cromwell's time, such as Patience, Hope, Prudence, Faith, etc.

In trying to get the names of mountains Toyama called in two or three students to help him, and it was curious to see how hard they worked to recall the names of even a few. I

fairly pumped the information out of them, and some of the words were difficult to translate, especially Fuji, which they finally said meant "rich samurai"; samurai being applied to the men who were permitted to wear two swords in feudal days. The character for mountain is called *yama*, the name of mountain in Japan, or after the name of the character in Chinese. To-day, in China, the character is called *shan* except in one province, where it is *san*. Toyama speaks and writes English perfectly, and yet he found it difficult oftentimes to give the exact English equivalent. The following are a few of the names which he gave me. It will be seen that many are names similar in meaning to our names for mountains: —

*Mountain names*

O Yama	Great mountain
Nantai san	Male body mountain
Hakusan	White mountain
Kabutoyama	Helmet mountain
Shirane	White peak
Tateyama	Erect mountain
Kirishima yama	Foggy Island mountain
Nokogiri yama	Saw mountain

Nokogiri is equivalent to the Spanish *sierra* and from Sacramento the Sierras resemble the teeth of a saw.

For the names of dogs, colors are used, red, black, white, etc., and the dogs seem to know their own colors! The common names for horses are "Harukaze" (spring wind); "Kiyotaki" (pure waterfall); "Onikage" (devil's shadow). Some of the rivers have names which signify "rapid" river, "rhinoceros" river, "large well" river, "heavenly dragon" river, and many others. Their wrestlers, who are highly esteemed, have such names as "Thunderbolt," "Seashore



Breeze," "Plum Valley," "Deviled Face Mountain," "Boundary River," "Morning Sun Peak," "Small Willow," etc. Their vessels or boats, unless they are quite small, also have their peculiar names.

In drawing a mountain, it is said, artists of every nationality always exaggerate the slope; that is, the mountain is represented much steeper than it really is. Certainly the Japanese artists err in this way; at least a few weeks' experience, which has covered only the cheapest illustrations on fans, advertisements, and the like, would show this to be the case, as the drawings of Fuji are always grossly exaggerated. It occurred to me that I would ask the students in the next room to draw from memory the slope of Fuji. This magnificent mountain has been in sight across the Bay, and from morning till night has been the one object that repeatedly draws one's eyes. The other night while at supper I made as careful a drawing as possible of Fuji, which loomed up grandly and was very sharp and dark against the luminous sky beyond. Then I cut out the outline with a pair of scissors, and on holding it up to the mountain found that despite my efforts I had the slopes too steep. So I trimmed the paper down and held it up against the mountain until the outline fitted exactly, then went into the next room and asked the students, through an interpreter, to draw as accurate an outline as possible of Fuji. I had provided four sheets of paper with the base-line — the length of my own sketch — drawn. These young men had looked at Fuji a hundred times a day for several weeks and had studied surveying and drafting and knew angles and arcs of circles, etc., and had been specially warned not to exagger-

ate. Figure 173 shows the results of their efforts with my outline below. They were simply amazed at the discrepancy between their outlines and mine and showed the

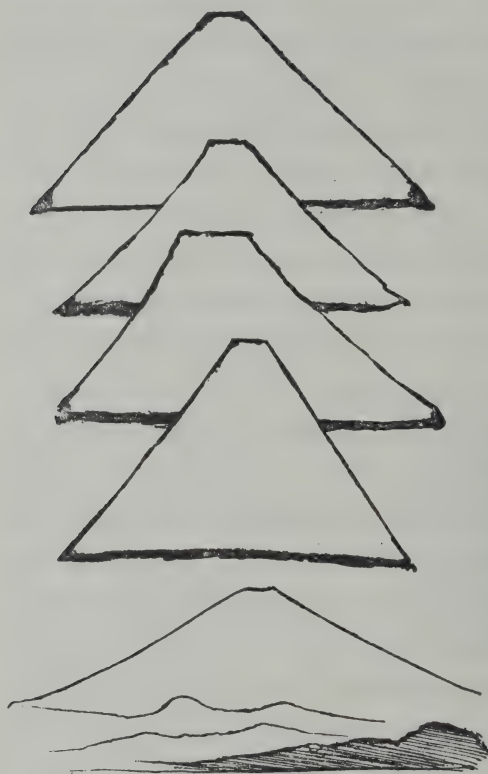


FIG. 173

greatest interest in the trial. Unconsciously they had recalled the steep outlines represented in all the pictures of Fuji they had seen since childhood. It is curious to observe that they all got nearly the same angle. A student brought to me a fan in which the slope was depicted nearly correctly. One can imagine how a man might exaggerate after having climbed a mountain, for it always seems much steeper than it really is.

On the long beach yesterday the fishermen pulled in a large net with ropes several hundred feet long. It was interesting to see the fishermen and boys, most of them naked, assisting in the work (fig. 174). A heavy swell came rolling in. The men used an ingenious toggle by which they hung to the rope. They had a smaller rope about six feet long having a loop at

one end which they had about the waist; at the end of the rope a large disk of wood like a big button was fastened. By a dexterous fling of the button it would twist around and



FIG. 174

form a hold on the net rope. I try to make this clear in figure 175. The device may be known to our fishermen, but if not it should be adopted, for it had the firmest grip on the rope, could be detached immediately, and quickly adjusted on the rope again. When the net came in sight many gathered about it to see what had been caught. Into this crowd of naked bodies I forced my way and got a bucketful of marine forms. I never before knew how tightly a voluntary crowd could squeeze; they were packed like sardines.

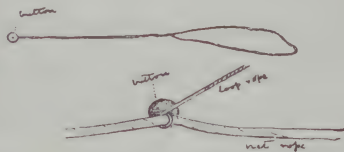


FIG. 175

A cluster of fishermen's huts is on the eastern end of the island and I attempted to sketch a few of the houses, but the

men, women, and children gathered around me so closely that I had to abandon the effort. Such a jabber as they kept up, and a child of five spoke as authoritatively as the grown man. They were evidently disputing as to whose cabin I was drawing. First, I could hear one name prominent and then, as I added some new detail to the sketch (fig. 176), such as a big fish basket, there would be much exultant laughing; but as there was



FIG. 176

more than one big fish basket the other claimants had their turn for a shout. I could stand it only long enough to get three cabins in my sketch, but it was an odd sight to look through this long lane of tangle-haired, dark-skinned natives, through which I had to sketch. One or two leaned on me whereupon I swore at them in Spanish at which they laughed heartily.

The Japanese write in Chinese characters, of which a good student may know three or four thousand. These all have their written form. They also have an alphabet of forty-eight letters by which they spell out words phonetically, but as I know little about it, the interested reader may refer to the pref-



ace of Hepburn's "Japanese and English Dictionary." Many of the characters vary only by a dot or a stroke. Professor Toyama had written to the University for nets and the character used was mistaken for rope of which I had enough. Their letters begin in an abrupt fashion; no "Dear Sir" or "Dear Friend." In writing, the brush is held vertically as shown in figure 177.

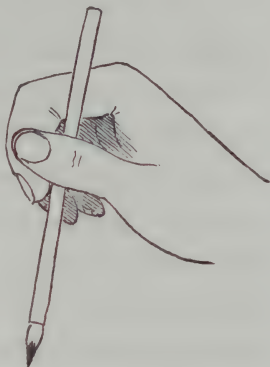


FIG. 177

It seems curious that the sound of *l* is not known in the Japanese language. One of the most difficult matters for the Japanese in writing English is to distinguish the difference between the sounds of the *l* and the *r* and those who have written English for years will use an *l* instead of an *r*, or *vice versa*. They find the greatest difficulty in pronouncing the sound. I asked Toyama's friend to pronounce "parallel," and it was astonishing to see him struggle with his tongue and lips, all the time intensely watching me to see how I did it, and finally giving up in despair. On the other hand, the Chinese have no sound of *r* and find it just as difficult to pronounce this sound as the Japanese do *l*.

Remembering the comfort I derived from the masseur on my trip to Nikko, and being very tired, I called in a blind *amma*, as he is called, to knead, rub, and pound me. Mr. Matsumura sat beside me as interpreter and I asked many questions. The *amma* was made blind by smallpox, at one time a dreadful scourge in the country, but now happily un-

known. I asked him if he thought the advent of the foreigner was a good thing and he answered with animation, "Yes"; and added, "If he had come twenty-five years before, I and thousands of others would not have been blind." He also added that the foreigner spends a great deal of money. I asked him if he could tell the difference between a foreigner and a Japanese if they were dressed the same, and he promptly said, "Yes; the foreigner has much larger feet." But suppose the foreigner had small feet? "Their toes come together," he said, "and the foot is narrower in front." He was a big, fat, bald-headed, or rather shaven-headed man, and when he began he immediately took his gown off, apologizing to me at the same time for so doing. In rubbing they have a curious, spasmodic jump of the fingers, making a movement not unlike that made by the dentist's mechanical filler.

I asked my janitor to get me some fresh salt water and he wanted to know if I wanted it mixed. He has learned to count to ten in our language, and can say, "fresh water," "salt water," and "all right." Mr. Matsumura thought it odd to say fresh salt water, and that led me to ask him what fresh water was called in Japanese; he replied that they called it "true water," and the other, "salt water." This seems to be the best term for it. The Europeans call fresh water "sweet water," which it certainly is not.

Whatever I am about in my room seems to interest the curious people in the other rooms, who can look across and watch my every action. It is hard to realize that all my ways must be as curious to them as their ways are to me. The first observation a foreigner makes on coming to Japan is that the

Japanese in certain things do just the reverse from us. We think our way is undeniably right, whereas the Japanese are equally impressed with the fact that we do everything differently from them. As the Japanese are a much older civilized race, it may be possible that their way of doing some things is really the best way.

The desire of the Japanese to acquire knowledge is indicated not only by the way they crowd the hall in public lectures, but by the efforts of young men to enter into service with you, repaying for what instruction they get by helping you in translating Japanese documents or doing menial work about the house. A young man came to my house the other day and asked permission to leave a letter. He had walked nearly two hundred miles from Kaga to Tokyo. The letter was written on Japanese paper in good English script with a brush, a difficult task. The letter is interesting as showing the ambitions of a student in regard to foreign studies and the high estimate he placed on the importance of observing my "scientific actions"!

"Sir: Please excuse me rude words & bad grammar. My name is T. Doki. I am one of the scholars sent from Ishikawa Ken to study in Tokyo. I have determined for many reasons, to study one of the Sciences of Nature. But to do this first of all I must be more or less acquainted with some general sciences such as Physics, Chemistry, geology, Physiology. Botany, Zoology & the like. And I have scarcely any idea of those Sciences. The first thing, therefore, I think I have to study is those preparatory lessons & to do this I must have a good teacher. But as I don't like, for several reasons to be-

come the scholar of Tokyo University, I can find no teacher so kind and leisurely as to teach me those lessons.

“Being told that you a famous naturalist, have done much, & are yet anxious to do, good to us. I cannot keep myself without asking you your admission to my following petition.

“As I know well that you are very busy, I wish you will let me live with you in your house as your semi-servant & semi-scholar & at any time you have got less busy, you will explain the difficult points which I find in reading about three or four hours weekly; & thus I can get the advantage, not only of getting explained the difficult points, but also of hearing your scientific sayings & observing your scientific actions. If you will be so kind as to admit my begging, I will willingly subject myself to the following conditions:—

“1st, I will do anything (I can) for you two or three hours every day.

“2nd, I will require nothing but those three which are: first three or four hours of your time every week, secondly *any* food to live on, & thirdly *any* space to abide.

“3rd, I will offer any sum less than three yen, if you will accept.

“Those are not at all the only conditions to which I wish to subject myself, but I will obey any condition as far as it enables me to study those lessons under a good teacher with monthly expense less than three yen. I beg your merciful admission. I beg your merciful admission.”

Opposite my piazza is a quaint pile of buildings (fig. 178). Three of these buildings are fireproof ones placed here to be



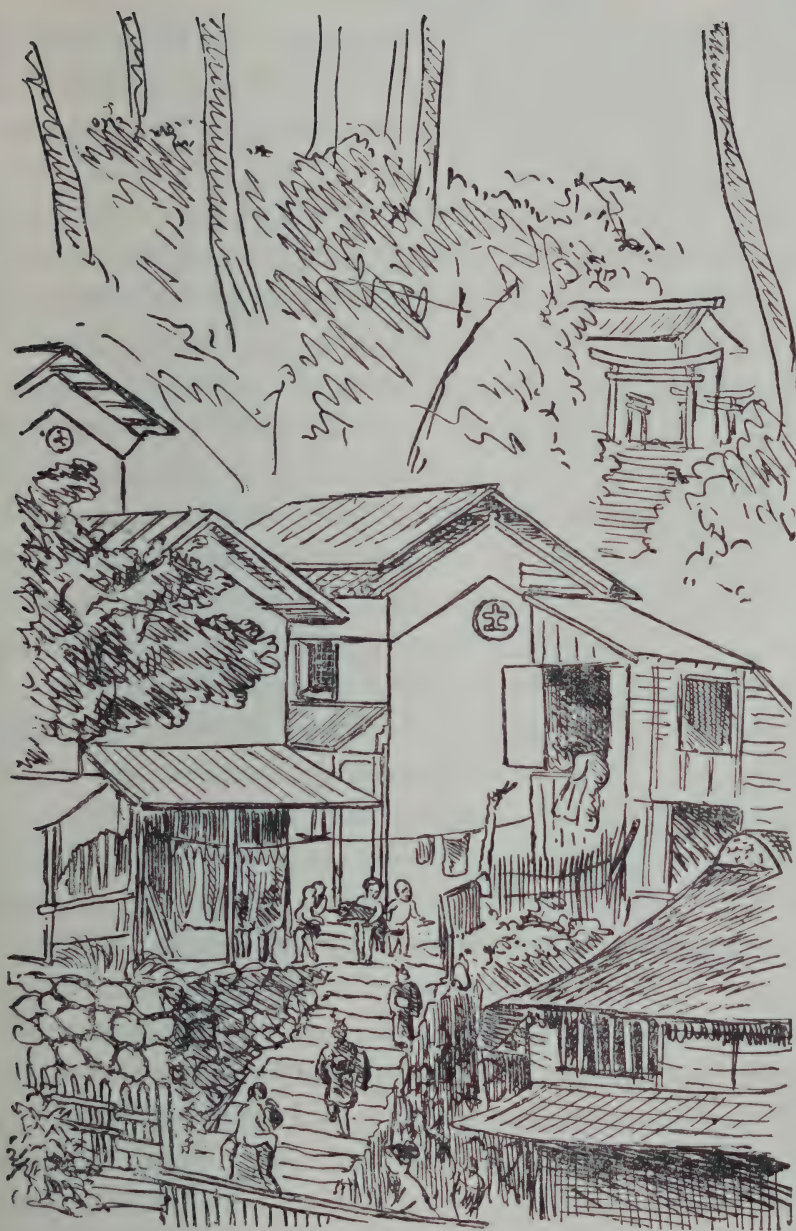


FIG. 173

out of the way in case the village burns up. If our building gets afire, however, the entire village will go up in flames, as the buildings are packed close together and are very combustible.

Matsumura shows a taste for drawing, as most of the Japanese do. Figure 179 is a sketch he made of a child. Notice how



FIG. 179

purely Japanese it is in style. One thing that gives vigor and quaintness to their drawings is that they always use a brush, and consequently get clear lines of varying thickness as well as great freedom in their work. The subjects they select, such as foliage and figures, are graphically rendered by their technique. Their figures are all draped in loose folding robes. The common dress for

men is a sort of robe gracefully draped, and their hats are picturesque. Their foliage, the bamboo, bamboo grass, pines, flowers, etc., are drawn with a strength and dash that render Japanese drawings very attractive.

Rather poor luck to-day dredging. I returned to try the cove for *Lingula* and got a fine lot of them, besides some large *Pleurotoma* and other things. While out dredging, a sudden shower came up and I got wet to the skin, but immediately the hot sun came out and I was soon dried. The Japanese sailors seem the most timid of all sailors, though they have the reputation of being good boatmen; it is with difficulty that they can be made to go far from land, and to-day I had to call them cowards for not going out farther. The fishing boats are seen in line about two miles out, and when I suggested going out

to Oshima, about thirty miles away, they were aghast with astonishment and laughed incredulously at the idea. While we were dredging, a huge fish came skimming along not far from the boat, his long black fin just showing above the water, and such an excitement! One of the men left his oar, and rushing forward where I sat begged the privilege of chasing it with such earnestness that, though I could not understand a word he said, his imploring manner was unmistakable, and I said "Yoroshii" (all right); and how they flew about! I had thirty-five fathoms of dredge rope out and I expected they would pull the dredge in, but instead they lashed three long poles together and tied the end of the dredge rope to this extemporized float and threw it overboard. I felt some little anxiety for fear the rope would become untied or they would fail to pick it up. Off we went at a lively rate in pursuit of the shark, for such it was. The harpoon consisted of an iron dart loosely affixed to the end of a long pole. The rope was attached to the dart and so, when used, the pole could be withdrawn, leaving the barbed point in the fish. It was curious to watch a school of little fish all huddling to a common centre in fear of the shark — a single scoop of the net would have bagged the whole lot. Such a desperate race! The shark got away, however, and the men turned back and found the dredge float without difficulty. While they were hunting the shark I made sketches of a few fishing boats, but I have not yet caught the right lines and my drawings do not express the gracefulness of the models. In figure 180 the foresail hangs over the side of the boat. When we were coming back a breeze sprang up and a fish pole of bamboo was taken for a spar, a loose sail was run on to it by



loops, and the whole thing hoisted on a pole for a mast, the lower end of the sail being held in the hand, and with this



FIG. 180

absurd contrivance we went along at a brisk rate. Figure 181 is the way our sail looked from the boat. Their boats have no

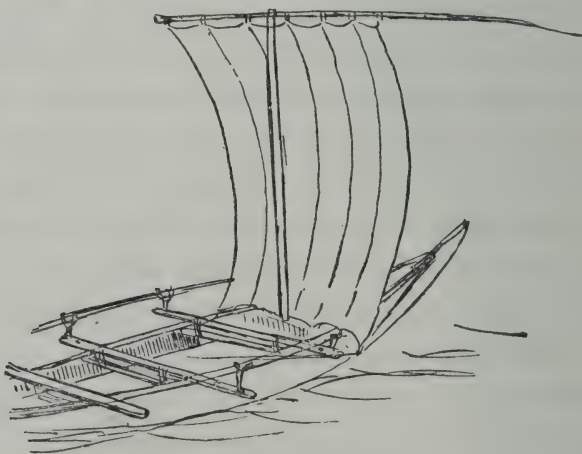


FIG. 181

keel and carry no ballast, and yet accidents rarely happen. If the boat should upset it would float with as many men as could



cling to her, and the water being so warm and the men as much at home in the water as the fishes, they could cling to the boat for days. When we got back to the cove I flung the dredge in for *Lingula* and got one hundred and fifty specimens besides other rare objects. Have been hard at work all day on them, and it is astonishing how many new things are revealed. I had felt that the North Carolina species had been pretty thoroughly studied, but this species, though very similar to the North Carolina one, is more transparent, and I have discovered a number of new organs never seen before in Brachiopods.

Figure 182 is a sketch of our wash sink from the outside. The idea of a spout never occurred to the builder, so this projecting portion is built out in order that the water may run away freely.

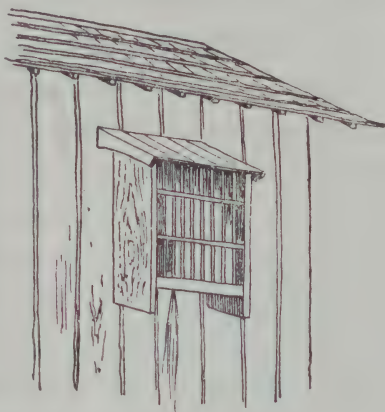


FIG. 182

I have lived on rice, sweet potatoes, egg plant, and fish for two weeks. I would give all my old shoes, and new ones too, for a good slice of bread-and-butter, a bowl of bread-and-milk, or any other good thing you are enjoying at home.

The teacher of the village called on me and said in a formal manner, "How do you do?" — with an accent that indicated his limited knowledge of our language, and afterwards he confessed that his knowledge of English was limited to the salutation and "Good-bye." It was a little comfort to feel that I

knew more of his language than he did of mine, but not much more. Last night I made a call on the people of an inn just opposite the place at which I first stopped a few weeks ago. I had made their acquaintance in hunting up a more desirable place where the view of Fuji was better. Despite the fact that I had gone farther up the hill to live, they always bowed to me just as amiably as before. I found the family very busy; four of them were settling up the accounts for the day, counting money, entering items, etc. They were on the floor, of course, the desk being like a low stool at which one of them was kneeling. It was too dark to make any sketch, for the Japanese house is poorly lighted. I could not help observing the kindness of the Japanese to children. Here were four men busy with accounts, examining bundles of bills, counting money, etc., and in the midst of them a little boy, perhaps six years old, was sprawled out on the floor directly in front of the desk sound asleep. They had to reach over him for certain things, and yet not one disturbed him by giving him a shake and sending him off to bed. They offered me a drink of saké, and one of the clerks brought to me on a dish two peaches nicely peeled, but they were very green and hard as brickbats. After the first bite I complained of being sick and rubbed my stomach in pantomime fashion, which they promptly interpreted. While I am writing this I can see two domestics across the way leaning over a piazza rail eating peaches. The fruit is so green that I can actually hear them as they tear off the bites. They clutch the peaches firmly in their hands as if they were eating the hardest of apples.

The more I see of these gentle people the more they remind

me of a set of overgrown, good-natured, kind-hearted, laughing children. In many ways they are childish, in precisely the same way that our children are childish, and some of the resemblances are striking. In lifting a load or doing any arduous work they grunt and make a great noise with their mouths in a tone which seems to say, "See what a big thing I am doing!" The other day Mr. Matsumura took an oar and in sculling hissed through his teeth and puffed just as a boy might, as if he were doing something very smart. In some ways they resemble in their behavior the children of our country and in others they differ very greatly. Their self-composure, or rather reticence, in grief reminds one of the North American Indian.

Figure 183 is a sketch of a household shrine; the rows of cups on a little table are of brass and are filled with boiled rice, red in color. In the right-hand lower corner is a sweet potato and a sort of turnip supported on four wooden legs like a pig; in the middle are two rice loaves; also a plate of peaches; and if some of their ancestors died of cholera morbus, the plate of peaches might be a suggestive offering to make, though hardly a pleasant reminder. In the middle of the shrine was a beautiful figure of Buddha. This cupboard was in the dingiest of shanties.



FIG. 183

This morning I went down to work on my *Lingula*, but so

little sleep did I get last night that I gave up from sheer inability to keep awake; so I came back to my room and had a long nap as refreshing as a short and unstable hammock could afford me. To-morrow it will be just three months since I left home, and with the exception of a few nights at a hotel and at Dr. Murray's I have not known the luxury of a bed. Part of the time I was on a sleeping-car crossing the continent, seventeen days in the narrowest of berths on a steamer, and since then in the hammock or on the hard mats with all sorts of makeshifts for pillows.

So far I have seen no barbers' shops. The barbers are itinerant and carry with them a brass-mounted box with drawers for razors, etc. (fig. 184). This is made of some dark wood

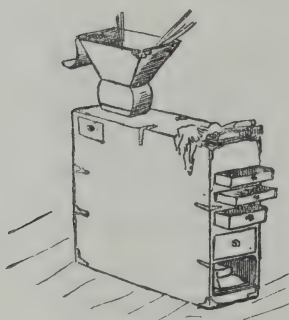


FIG. 184

with brass devices and reeks with oil and pomade. The shears are like our sheep shears and the razors are long, thin strips of steel entirely unlike the Chinese razor. You will see the hone for the razor below; the drawers were filled with pins, strings, bits of hair, etc. The wooden funnel above held sticks that seemed like skewers to hold the hair in po-

sition temporarily; the curved piece of brass hanging from the edge of the funnel is to hold the fine hair shaved from the face; the barber scrapes the razor on its edge. I saw one of the students being shaved; and though I have mentioned the fact that they shave the faces, I was not prepared to see the barber actually shave the eyelids, not shaving off the



eyelashes, of course, but shaving the entire face, nose, cheeks, eyelids, and all. There is great discomfort in attempting to sketch on the street in such a village as this; the people, young and old, cluster around you keeping up a continuous chatter.

My head fairly rings with the noise and novelty of everything connected with a singer or story-teller who used a huge shell as a resonator. The sketch I made of him (fig. 185) is a fairly good likeness. He came into my room from across the passage at the request of the students, who noticed my interest in the sounds he was making. He kneeled down in front of the low, table-like chessboard and kept up the most



FIG. 185

lugubrious sound through his shell, much like that which might be made in imitating the bleating of a calf, but in a regular sequence of notes which I managed to catch; at intervals he coughed and strained, and in drawing in his breath made a sound like a person in deepest grief. While he was blaring through his shell he held in his other hand a curious clicking sort of ringer made of some metal mounted on a wooden handle; the metallic end moved back and forth not over half an inch and made a feeble sort of click. After keeping the sound up for a while he put his trumpet down and recited

in the same tone he had used in singing, and gradually dropped into narrative, interrupted now and then by chanting and melancholy sounds made through the shell. The Japanese students would burst into laughter at portions of his recitative. I paid him ten cents for his performance that I might more closely examine his shell and the little block of wood and fan-shaped ferule with which he emphasized his story by sharp raps on the table. Seeing my interest in them, and grateful for the good pay he had received, he gave me the blocks and rapper. Figure 186 shows one of the implements of a story-teller.



FIG. 186

On my way to Tokyo a large number of soldiers came up on the train, and when I got to Tokyo I found the streets filled with troops coming from the southern war, the Satsuma rebellion. On the steps of the station were a number of officers, a handsome, intelligent-looking set of men, reminding one of German officers. I saw a large body of soldiers, possibly a regiment, marching in two files on both sides of the street, and to my astonishment and alarm my jinrikisha man, instead of turning out to one side, followed another jinrikisha between these two columns and through the entire length of this body of troops. I got a chance to see the men, dark, sunburned faces, dark blue uniforms trimmed with red, short leather caps with a white horsehair plume; officers handsome, some of them looking like mere boys, but fearless fellows, sons of samurai. What greatly surprised and pleased me was the fact that in not a single instance was a laugh or a word thrown

at me. They were marching along in fatigue fashion; some had their pieces at support arms, others at their shoulders, and yet a more quietly disposed and orderly set of men I never saw before; as a matter of fact they were all gentlemen and behaved as such.

In making a call to-day I had the pleasure of passing through a part of the city new to me; it was a most picturesque part — such massive stone walls and wide moats! It was an interesting sight to ride along a smooth road and have in view for a long distance these stone walls rising in a curved slope to a height of forty feet, literally covered with lichens, and on the crest of the walls pines and other trees of great size flinging over their gnarled branches and growing as wild and undisturbed as in the midst of a Maine forest. Here and there through this fringing forest, or on some corner of the wall, quaint old Japanese structures with ponderous roofs were seen. These were painted red or black and were possibly barracks for soldiers in times past. In the moats from which the walls arose was the most luxurious growth of lotus; such masses, indeed, that the water was hidden, the pink blossoms, a foot in diameter, and the beautiful leaves standing up or floating on the water. There were places where the lotus was not growing, and here the reflections of the wall and trees were wonderful. We crossed such odd bridges and went through the most extraordinary gateways, and all this wonderful scenery stretched for miles.

After this delightful ride I went to the University and found that the authorities had allotted to me a number of convenient rooms for my work — two large rooms for a museum and a

lecture room, and in another part of the grounds three long rooms for a laboratory. In paying my salary for July, my contract beginning July 12, I was not only paid the odd cent due, but six tenths of a cent, giving me six little copper coins. I was told that in all their accounts they get down to tenths of a cent, and I had to give a receipt for the amount. It is a curious fact that you find yourself haggling over the fraction of a cent, and others have confessed to the same experience. The word for "change" — that is, the money one receives after paying more than the amount of the bill — is called *tsuri*, which means also to fish or to angle.

I wish it were possible to make a decent sketch from memory of the curious bull teams one sees occasionally. I have at-

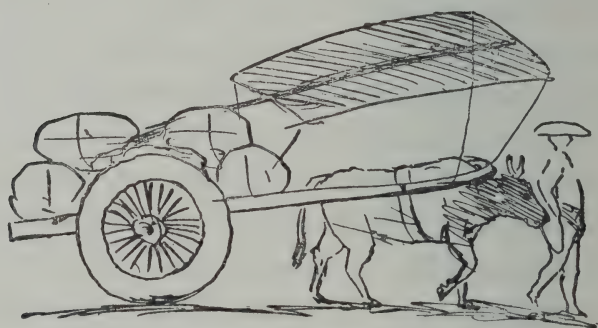


FIG. 187

tempted it in figure 187. A single bull is driven in a two-wheeled cart and the shaft is a wooden loop which goes over the back and rests on the neck. You will notice a large awning of straw matting suspended from the cart protecting the beast from the rays of the sun. The feet also are protected by straw sandals which are tied on. One sees by this the care bestowed by these Buddhist pagans on their dumb beasts, and one



cannot help recalling the corresponding treatment of these creatures in Catholic Spain.

Getting my food supplies together, I started again for Enoshima. A week in a primitive fishing village is all right, but when the visit extends for nearly two months it becomes somewhat in the nature of a pilgrimage. Arriving at the village I supped at a place where I had spent the first night, and I invited the family, who had been so kind to me despite the fact that I had gone to another inn, to come to my room and I would show them some curious things under the microscope. My pantomimic conversation was apparently understood. Expecting and waiting for the landlord and his immediate family, I was overwhelmed to see not only these people, but all the servants and children of the house and even people from the other side of the street. However, I did my best and with a Beck's binocular showed them flies' heads, spiders' legs, tiny shells, and the like, and the astonishment they expressed, the low bows and "arigatos" were most amusing. And well they might be amazed! They had never before heard of a microscope or a spy-glass. If they had ever seen an object magnified, it might have been through a burning-glass, though I have never seen one in Japan. Doubtless they have them, as the Chinese use them. This has been one of the treats to-day. The other was in getting acquainted with a dear little Japanese boy, the only one I have seen thus far who seemed attractive. He was not afraid of me as most of the children are, and it is a novel experience for me to have the children afraid. This morning I invited the little boy with his father and mother and servant to the laboratory, and it was charming to see the

refined and grateful way in which they expressed their interest in the microscope and other things. The father exchanged cards with me and Matsumura translated. He was an officer connected with the Japanese Treasury Department.

Last evening I had a curious experience at cards. The students came in to see me, and one knew enough English to understand my question when I asked if they knew how to play whist. Some of them thought they could, so I managed to get some chairs, cleared off my circular table, and after the hands were dealt found that they knew hardly the value of the cards. It bothered them to separate the knaves and queens. My question was misunderstood; whist and cards being synonymous terms apparently. They immediately took interest in the game, which, of course, was preposterous, but I did enjoy the good-natured and courteous boys. The chairs seemed to hurt them, and after a little while they were on their knees in their chairs just as they sit on the floor.

To-day a bright and handsome fellow, Matsura by name, came to me as a special student from the University. With Matsumura and the cook with two kerosene lamps we made a visit to the cave, and with the lights made quite a collection of cave crickets and other insects. They were all twilight forms, such as one might find under stones or old logs.



FIG. 188

The odd ways in which they decorate their oiled paper umbrellas are interesting. In some cases the umbrella is painted black with a space in white around the periphery representing the new moon (fig. 188);

flowers and curious designs, also Chinese characters are seen.

Last evening the heavy sea had washed away the farther end of the temporary footbridge which had been built from the island to the mainland. It seemed strange enough to see these tremendous rollers come sweeping in when the weather had been calm and pleasant. The storm had occurred perhaps five hundred miles away and the heavy commotion had just reached the coast. The waves kept up a roar all night.

To-day I noticed a new hanging picture on the post, and turning it about I found the old picture on the other side. Skillful artists are these people, to utilize a thin, cedar board, six inches wide and five and a half feet long, for a picture. To paint a spray of bamboo in a landscape, so that it produces the effect of looking through a narrow opening, requires skill in selecting a proper subject.

The economy of work in a Japanese household is shown in the way of chamber-work. For instance, in a public inn of many rooms the work is easily done by one or two chamber-maids. There are no beds, the guests sleeping on the mats; the bedding is a wadded comforter; the pillow a little cushion stuffed with buckwheat hulls, covered with thin Japanese paper and tied on a light box of wood; the toilet is performed out of doors. The comforters are gathered up in the morning and hung over the balcony rails for an airing, and afterwards piled away in some recess or closet; the light, boxlike pillows are gathered up by the armful, carried downstairs, and the soiled pillow-case, in the form of the simple sheet of paper, is taken off and a new sheet added; or, when there are a dozen

sheets tied on at once, the soiled one is removed and the work of the day is done so far as the chamber-work is concerned.



FIG. 189

Figure 189 shows two maids in the act of replacing the papers on the pillows.

Figure 190 shows a sketch of two boats. The farther boat is known as a "junk" and is much larger than rep-

resented in the sketch. The boats, as before mentioned, are never painted and all have the uniform grayish wood tint. The boat seems to be joined together by iron rivets of some kind, and the heads of these rivets are sunk below the level

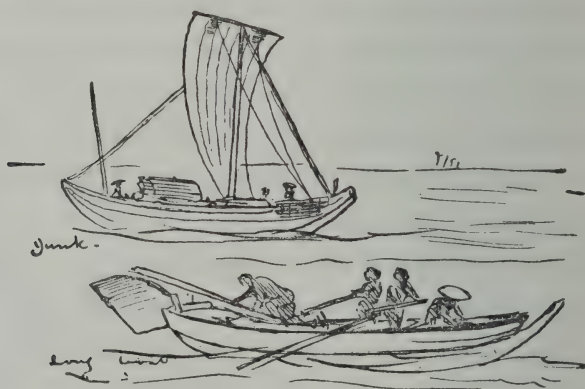


FIG. 190

of the wood and the space plugged with wood, the hole being square. The forward end of the boat has a hole in it from which the water runs when it is dragged up on the beach stern foremost.

A letter from the University requested my attendance at



nine o'clock Monday morning to consult with the other instructors in regard to the programme of studies. It was my intention to go up Sunday noon, but Mr. Hamilton and a friend of his having come down expressly to see the laboratory, and Mr. Hamilton promising to help me pack the bottles of rare objects, they induced me to stay till evening and then walk to Yokohama, seventeen miles, which would have taken us five hours. When evening came, however, great squalls of wind detained us till ten o'clock, as we hoped it would clear up. It did not clear, but, if anything, the wind increased in violence. We started over the narrow bridge knowing that the end had been washed away; the waves tore underneath in fearful fashion. At the end we yelled for a boat, though it would have been hard for any boat to have kept afloat. We thought of wading, but the idea of a walk of seventeen miles with shoes full of sand and water compelled us to turn back to try again at three o'clock in the morning, with jinrikishas to take us to Yokohama. My English friends were at the inn near the water, and they insisted upon my stopping with them that we might start together. I was up and down a dozen times, first to stone some dogs that were barking in concert, then to select a fresh place on the floor to get out of the hurricane which forced the rain through the storm shutters. In going downstairs I saw the family by the dim light of a single candle asleep on different parts of the floor. The room was black with age and smoke and in appearance was like the hut of a savage. The apartments for guests upstairs, though bearing the marks of age, were much better. With very little sleep and having the first cold I have had since being in Japan, we

were ready at three o'clock and started, having for breakfast one slice of toasted bread and a cup of tea. I had to carry my handbag, a large package of delicate specimens, and my big sun hat, which I could not keep on my head in the wind. The wind came in what are called typhoon squalls, and the waves dashed up between the boards and over the boards of the bridge. If it was difficult to cross the bridge before, it was now almost impossible, for many more of the boards had been washed away. The bridge swayed and at times we lay flat and felt for a board ahead, for it was absolutely black. We could not hear one another for the noise of the wind and waves, and we were wet to the skin with salt water, but fortunately the water was warm and the air hot. How I ever got over with my luggage is still a mystery to me, for I literally crawled the entire length by inches, and when we reached the end the waves were dashing by, three feet high. We shouted in unison for the jinrikisha men, who had been waiting in the storm for us, and finally they heard us and struggled out through the waves. With great difficulty we got on to their shoulders and with staggering gait they managed to dump us on land instead of into the water. Then came the long ride through the silent villages, with the houses tightly closed by the wooden screens, dogs asleep in the roadway, and the roar of the wind whistling through the groves of bamboo. In one village through which we passed a watchman was going his rounds with a drum which he beat at intervals four times to indicate it was four o'clock. The sunrise was magnificent; such brilliant reds I never saw before. It is curious that in these high gales the heat is oppressive; we were in our shirt sleeves

the entire distance. At 6.30 we reached Kanagawa, a station beyond Yokohama, and I boarded the train there for Tokyo, finally reaching the University in time for the meeting. I started back for Enoshima at three o'clock with the sun broiling in its intensity.

Before reaching Fujisawa I saw many people all nicely dressed going along the road. The little girls and even some of the older ones had on bright red undergarments, making a pleasing change from the uniform color of indigo blue. When we reached Fujisawa the place was filled with people. Down the steps of one temple came a troop of forty or fifty men dressed in white, with curious brown paper hats, resembling liberty-caps, on their heads, bearing on their shoulders a huge affair resembling a miniature temple, and ahead a drum was being beaten with slow, monotonous strokes in threes. Something was evidently going on, so by pantomime I indicated to the jinrikisha men that I wanted to stop to see whatever it was. Thereupon they turned down a side street, where I slowly meandered through crowds of children and grown folks and toy booths, the whole presenting the appearance of a fair. A theatrical performance of some kind was in full action. A man vigorously beating a drum was loudly calling attention to something which appeared to be a collection of carved figures arranged behind him. Not knowing that the admission to the show was a tenth of a cent, I put down two cents, whereupon the man thanked me profusely and gave me a ticket to admit me, the ticket being a piece of wood a foot long! The "show" was in a curious kind of a tent with a little stage about seven feet long, and a small audience stood

directly in front of it. The people are all so short here that I must seem like a giant to them: at all events, I could see over the heads of all of them as if I had been on stilts. It was somewhat annoying to have the audience gazing at me instead of at the stage and to hear the suppressed "Ijin-san," meaning "different people," equivalent to "Mr. Foreigner."

On the stage two children came out together, one dressed like a kangaroo and jumping about like one, the other in the guise of a little fat man with a mask more grotesque than I ever saw before, the whole figure reminding one of John Gilbert's drawing of Falstaff. The little girl must have had her legs bent to appear so short. They danced about for some time, to the delight of the children.

After enjoying the novelties of the show for a while I continued my ride to the beach, which we reached at eight o'clock at night. The waves were still raging in tumultuous lurches, and there were a dozen men gesticulating and doing their best to make me understand something. It was quite dark, and with some difficulty I discovered that where the bridge had ended at three o'clock in the morning was a huge fragment of a wreck and the bridge was gone! I tried to get a boat, but the men informed me, by a very easy gesture of the hand, that the boat would upset. I look back with shame at the rage I got into. At least a dozen men had collected, twenty or thirty naked fishermen, some smelling strongly of saké, all gesticulating and trying to tell me something in loud tones, and I yelling "Enoshima" and pointing to the island so inaccessible to me. I was shouting, because when people do not understand you unconsciously fancy that they are deaf.



They were animated by the same impulse. Finally I threatened to walk back to Yokohama and walked away from the beach some distance, and, completely tired out, impatiently waited for the tide to go down. I finally got across perched on the shoulders of a man, and was amazed to find that the bridge had entirely disappeared. When I got to the house I learned that the bridge had been swept away directly after we crossed; in fact, it was being swept away at the time we crossed. It was certainly a narrow escape.

My landlord had so outrageously overcharged my English friends the day before that, as soon as I got to the inn, I immediately packed all my things and went to another place farther down the street. My two Japanese also went with me and I induced Dr. Veeder, who had come down to see me from the University, to go too. Tachibana, who has the next best house, and who has always treated me very kindly, was glad to take us in.

## CHAPTER VIII

### LIFE IN TOKYO

*August 28.* Very busy packing to-day. The janitor was sick, the special student also, so the work devolved on Matsumura and me. The jinrikisha men we had engaged volunteered their assistance, as they always do, so I got them to chop straw, though with the varied skill of these people they would probably have packed better than we could. Wednesday morning we started with five jinrikishas. The boat, loaded with cases, dredges, etc., and the four men, could not get off until the next day, and so the rest of the packing was left to the janitor. The specimens too delicate to pack I placed in large, shallow baskets; a large, delicate branching coral was arranged resting on a cushion tied to a board; the cook held this in his lap the entire distance. Each of us had a basket of specimens and the rear jinrikisha carried our luggage. Figure 191 gives a faint idea of our appearance as we



FIG. 191

started for Tokyo, a ride of over thirty miles. We kept rather close together, and it was interesting to see the impres-

sion our appearance made upon the natives. They would glance at the first one curiously, look at the second one, stare in amazement at the third, and laugh in astonishment at the sight of all of us holding such curious-looking objects in our laps. We concluded to stop in Yokohama for the night. We came to Tokyo the next morning with our precious corals and other objects in perfect condition. Friday morning the boat arrived and I saw the contents safely loaded on two drays, pushed and pulled by three men, and finally unloaded in the rooms assigned to me at the University, the nucleus of a museum — the first zoölogical museum in Japan. I hope to get it on a good foundation before my contract closes.

Now that I am through with Enoshima the experience has gone like a flash. I have spent six weeks in that little crowded collection of houses, with people overworked and at it from four o'clock in the morning till midnight, with an overwhelming amount of work to do in providing for the crowds of pilgrims thronging in upon them, all Japanese with an occasional foreigner for the night. The visitors seem to demand four or five meals a day, and are constantly calling for tea, coals for their pipe, hot saké, etc. Children of all ages were swarming everywhere; yet, living among them in the closest proximity, I did not hear during my whole stay there a single cross word; babies cried, but mothers laughed at them, and when they were in actual distress sympathetically stroked their ventral region. A pleasant smile always greeted me from all, and though I chased their barking dogs through the single street and occasionally threw stones at them, they looked amiably upon my behavior as the eccentricities of a foreign barbarian

and laughed! Now this is paganism — to be kind and obliging, courteous and hospitable, generous with their food and their time, sharing their last bowl of rice with you; and whatever you may be doing, — collecting, pulling up a boat, or anything else, — jinrikisha men, or fishermen, always ready to lend, or rather to give in abundance, a helping hand.

Speaking of dogs, you ask for the name of dog and the answer will be “Kumhere.” Many think that is the Japanese name for dog, whereas the name has been adapted from the English and American who, in calling a dog, say, “Come here!” “Come here!” — and the Japanese in these parts have supposed that the word represents the English name for dog, which in Japanese is *inu*.

There is no end to the tasteful ways in which the tiny gardens are arranged or to the graceful designs of the fences and the rock paths. The other day, in going through the villages in the early morning, I noticed many of the people washing their faces at the wells or at the end of the house, and cleaning their teeth also; and this among the lower classes. Moreover, these people usually rinse their mouths before drinking.

In the temple at Enoshima are preserved many relics which the priests show you with great reverence. Among these were pieces of armor many hundreds of years old; a metal mirror, five hundred years old, belonging to some great daimyo of that date. The priest brought out a large piece of a hard substance which he said was wood turned into stone. An examination of it showed it to be a fragment of a lower jaw of a sperm whale, and this I told him. The look he gave me was



to the effect that I was a poor fool to doubt him; and as he went on explaining the various relics his rapidity of speech, due to the fact that he had uttered the same sentences a thousand times in explaining to others, caused Matsumura some difficulty in translating. Finally he came to an oblong box which he opened with great care and disclosed the shriveled remains of a common Japanese snake, and lying loose in the box were two small black objects which he said were its horns! Of course this was an impossible creature, and the merest glance at the objects showed that they were the mandibles of a large beetle, and so I informed him. He replied without the slightest hesitation, yet with a dignity and positiveness that was delightful, that he had written authority for the statement, and that settled the question. So the Buddhist priests are like the religious devotees of the rest of the world, attempting to combat facts by written authority.

With the absence of all hoodlumism, rowdyism, vandalism, and alcoholism one wonders where all the criminals come from, when one meets in the street, as I did to-day, a band of prisoners chained together, dressed in a sort of orange-colored cloth, with policemen armed with iron rods the size of a light walking-stick. They were a hard-looking set, and certainly, if there is any truth in the criminal face and expression, they showed them quite as distinctly as a similar class at home. From my limited experience, if I had been told that this small band comprised every known criminal in Japan, a nation of over thirty millions, I should hardly have doubted the statement.

Yesterday I engaged a jinrikisha man by the month and find it very convenient. He comes at 7.30 in the morning and

is on hand all the time. My first trip with him was to visit the Industrial Exhibition, just opened at Uyeno Park, about a mile from Kaga Yashiki where I live. Arriving at the park we went up a broad avenue lined with stately trees, and on each side of the roadway were little temporary booths, or shops, with displays of porcelain, lacquer, and other Japanese objects for sale. On Sunday the tickets of admission are fifteen

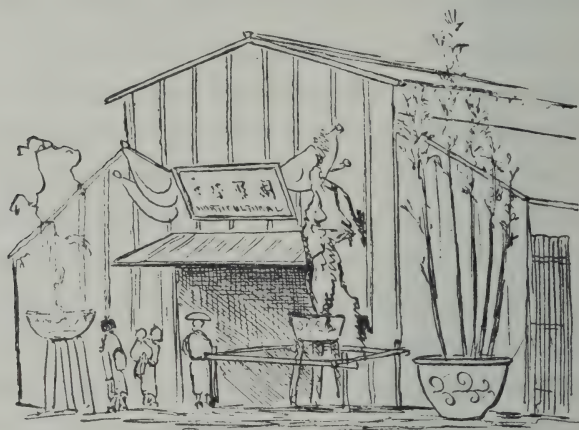


FIG. 192

cents; on all other days seven cents. The entrance was under an imposing old gateway with turnstiles as at the Centennial at Philadelphia. Large one-storied wooden buildings were arranged in an irregular quadrangle; the Art Building was a permanent structure built of brick and stone. Figure 192 is a rough sketch of the entrance to Horticultural Hall, a wooden building one hundred feet long. Within was the most marvelous display of dwarf pines, cherry and plum trees, and flowers of all kinds, and the bewildering “coquetries and charms” of the Japanese gardener. The pines are made to

assume the oddest shapes. Figure 193 is an illustration of one of them. The twigs are tied to bamboo frames, like disks, every twig being patiently tied to the frame. There were many other grotesque forms too difficult to sketch in my limited time. The moment I made the slightest attempt to

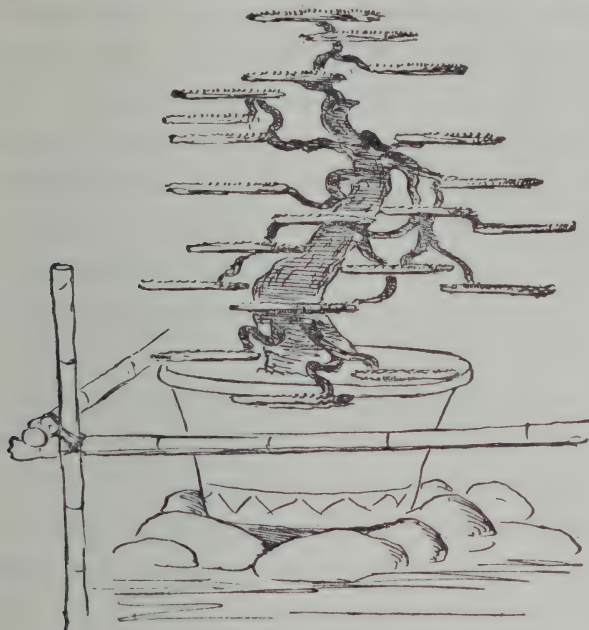


FIG. 193

sketch, a crowd of Japanese gathered close about me watching every line I made. I had barely finished the sketch when a polite and well-dressed Japanese official came up to me and said, in perfect English, "I hope you will excuse me, but no one is allowed to make sketches without the consent of exhibitors." As I had come expressly to sketch, this rather non-plussed me, but gathering my wits I immediately resolved to write an article for a home periodical and told him that I was

preparing an illustrated article for an American magazine to show the wonderful character of this national exhibition. This seemed to please him, and he then asked me if I was doing it for commercial purposes. On informing him that I had never raised a pine tree or any other tree in my life and had no idea of doing such a thing at this late day, he requested my card, and it was with some satisfaction that I gave him one upon which was written *Dai Gakku* (Great University). His manner changed instantly, and where before I had been regarded as a suspicious character stealing designs, I was now at least somebody, and he would lay the case before the Director. In the mean time I hurried through the buildings making all the sketches I possibly could, not knowing what decision the Director might make.

Figure 194 is a sketch of a long table with ten girls on a side reeling silk from the cocoons. What an attraction this would have been at the Centennial, these girls in their native dresses and their gentle behavior! The process of reeling was very interesting. I had supposed a single thread was caught from the cocoons and unwound. The cocoons, to the number of thirty or forty, are put into a shallow pan of hot water, and with a brush, which you will see at the corner of the table, the cocoons are soused up and down in the water until the fibres get loose and adhere to the brush; then all the fibres that are caught are reeled off together, and as one after the other breaks it is caught up again. A steam pipe keeps the water hot and above is a shaft containing the reel.

Watching the people — and there were hundreds — the recollection came to me of the Centennial with its hordes of



greenhorns, munching gingerbread and peanuts, laughing or talking loudly, tumbling against one and otherwise misbehaving. Here without a single exception everybody was easily and charmingly polite, and if by chance any one collided with you,



FIG. 194

a profound bow was made and a courteous "Go men na sai" (Excuse me) expressed his apology. Most of the people removed their hats on entering the buildings; many of them had no hats to remove, two out of three being bareheaded, having fans or umbrellas to protect them from the sun.

The artistic way in which they utilize worm-eaten wood, planks that have evidently been under water and blackened by age, has already been mentioned. In a huge flower box made of this material was a tangled pine. A flower-holder may be

made from a piece of a decayed stump upon which is affixed a pearl dragonfly, little bronze ants, or a spider's web made of silver threads. Such surprises in design and material one finds nowhere else. On a dark cedar board with the grain rubbed down and conspicuous, in a frame perhaps two feet long, was a section of bamboo with a flight of sparrows. The bamboo was of yellow lacquer and the little birds were made of some kind of metal (fig. 195). Another panel of old cedar



FIG. 195

(fig. 196) had in one corner a hanging flower-holder of bamboo with a spray of grapevine made apparently of metal, the tendrils threads of silver, the leaves and fruit in high relief, of lacquer probably, but made to resemble copper, silver, etc. These were ornaments to hang on the walls. No words can describe the grace, finish, and purity of design; these and other exquisite productions of the Japanese show their great love of nature and their power to embody these simple *motifs* in decorative art, and after seeing these it seems as if the

Japanese were the greatest lovers of nature and the greatest artists in the world. They think of designs that nobody else would possibly dream of and then execute them with a strength and naturalness surpassing belief. They select the simplest subject and create the most surprising fancies. The marvelous feature about their pictorial and decorative art is the way



FIG. 196

they use for motives of decoration the commonest objects, pine, bamboo, and other forms. For centuries these have been the inspiration of the artist and ten thousand changes have been rung on these prosaic subjects, not only pictorially, but in metal, wood, and ivory, and all the way from a veritable depiction of the object to the most imaginative and conventional.

No civilized nation on the face of the earth exceeds the Japanese in the love for nature in every aspect. Storm or calm, mist, rain, snow, flowers, the varying tints of the seasons, placid rivers, raging waterfalls, the flight of birds, the dash of fishes, towering peaks, deep ravines — every phase of nature is not only admired, but depicted in unnumbered sketches and kakemono. A realization of this keen love for nature is shown in the fact that the directory of the city of Tokyo has among its prefatory chapters a guide to places where the varying aspects of nature may be seen to the best advantage.

In riding along a shore road in Harima we overtook a party of pilgrims on their way to some shrine. Though it was a very hot day, a stiff breeze was blowing from the Pacific tempering the air and causing the waves to pound the beach with tremendous rollers. The crowd ahead, numbering thirty or forty, filled the entire road, chattering and singing. Being in no hurry we jogged on behind. Suddenly from the sea came a huge eagle with mighty flaps and alighted on a low branch of an oak directly over the road. With ruffled feathers he settled down to rest with no evidence of fear of the noisy crowd approaching. How an Occidental would have longed for a gun! It was delightful to see these men whip out their rolls of paper and brushes and make rapid sketches of the bird from different points of view. As these groups of pilgrims represented various trades and occupations, these sketches would be utilized later in decorating lacquer, fans, or in carving a *netsuki*, or modeling a bronze eagle. After a while the crowd moved on, we following; the eagle remained on the branch till we were out of sight.

So few years have passed since the Restoration that I was astonished, in going through the Exhibition, at the progress which has been made in the manufacture of objects which only a short time ago the Japanese were importing. In one building were displayed surveyors' instruments; large trumpets; foreign clothing; beautiful dresses; boots and shoes, some of them quite equal to ours; trunks; chairs and furniture of all kinds; soap; hats; caps; matches; and some machinery, though not much. The Naval College exhibit was a revelation: large cables, ropes, pulleys, and all the rigging-gear of a ship; and



above all a beautiful model of a man-of-war, fourteen feet long and perfect in every part; also a model of a drydock. There were many photographs, and all were artistic. The Japanese Hydrographic Survey exhibited beautiful engraved maps of the coast after the style of our Coast and Geodetic Survey. In another department were ploughs, harrows, and agricultural implements of all kinds; and on large tablets were mounted in an artistic manner the useful productions of Japan, such as rice, wheat, and all growing food products. The school apparatus seemed to include every device used in the laboratories: clocks and telegraphic instruments, telescopes, microscopes, philosophical apparatus, electrical machines, air pumps, etc., made by this wonderful people. One object made me extremely covetous, and that was a perfect human skeleton, made of ivory, just a foot high. The marvel of it was that the bones down to the phalanges were made separately and wired together; the hands would turn, the arms twist, and the legs were flexible. The cartilage that unites the ribs with the sternum was made of yellow horn and looked precisely like cartilage as one sees it in a mounted skeleton. The lower jaw moved, and it really seemed as if the teeth moved in their sockets.

The metal-work, figures, clasps, and pins made for foreign sale, were all remarkable for execution and design. A silver bronze with figures four inches high (fig. 197) represented a man on a rugged cliff throwing an immense rock to a man below, who catches it on his shoulders, and pine trees, and all delicately wrought in silver. The sketch does no justice to the energy and strength of the figures.

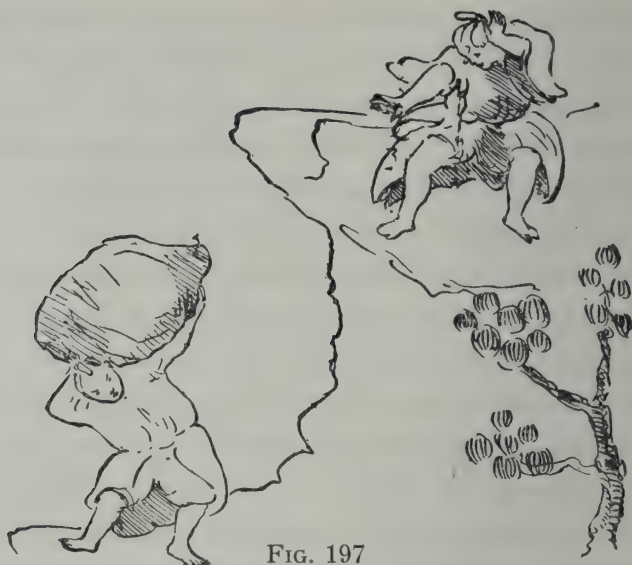


FIG. 197

I am fairly settled now at No. 5, Kaga Yashiki. Figure 198 is a rough sketch of the house I live in; built by the Japanese and supposed to be in foreign style. The hasty pen-and-ink



FIG. 198

sketch does it no sort of justice. The massive tiled roof, wide piazza, quaint Japanese carving over the doorway, and the front yard with palms, big banana plant, bamboo grass, and rosebushes in bloom make it very attractive. Inside, the rooms are spacious. The one I occupy for a writing-room or library is thirty feet long, eighteen feet wide, and fourteen feet high. It is the parlor of the house, and the dining-room leading from it is closed by folding doors. The floors are carpeted with straw matting relieving the desolation of the unfurnished condition. It is lonely enough at night: the rats tear around overhead, and the ceiling being made of thin boards papered they make a tremendous noise; the floors crack with the change of temperature; an occasional earthquake makes the roof creak; and by midnight a person is prepared to take his oath that he hears stealthy footsteps on the piazza. However, I am in a pagan country where house-breaking, pocket-picking, etc., are unknown; in fact, I feel a great deal safer here than I should in my quiet town of Salem.

Coming up through one of the back streets to-day, — and they all seem like back streets, — I saw some sort of bread baked in the form of salamanders (fig. 199) and other curious creatures made for the children. I was told that in some parts of Tokyo they make candy in the shape of toads, worms, spiders, and other revolting things for food. The imitation is perfect, and the game is to see who can eat them without faltering. I have heard that dinners are given where infinitely more disgusting things are



FIG. 199

made of candy, jelly, etc., all good to eat, but requiring an overwhelming effort for a squeamish stomach.

The children in the streets are now seen with long bamboo poles, and with them they chase the dragon flies, and also tie strings about the bodies of these insects and grasshoppers, fasten the strings to the poles, and fly them as they would diminutive kites.

I went to the Exhibition again this afternoon and realized the comfort it was to walk through the crowds that throng the place without having to hold on to your pocketbook, and to feel that you could leave your umbrella beside a bench and find it there an hour later. You see no signs, "Keep off the grass," "Look out for pick-pockets," etc. I hope to visit the place twice a week to make a study of its art treasures. To-day I noticed more particularly the wonderful character of the work in lacquer: the various kinds of lacquer and the effects produced, the overlaying with gold, pearl, and the exquisite taste shown in the subjects selected. Tablets made to hang up as decorative ornaments (whether to use in their houses or made for export I did not learn) were beautiful. On a jet black lacquer tablet was the full moon rising out of the sea. The moon was literally a silver disk, though the reflection in the water was, curiously enough, gold-tinted. It is such violations of truth in many forms of Japanese art which irritate us, though I have not yet seen the new moon turning the wrong way in Japanese drawings as it is so commonly seen in our pictorial art. Now this tablet appeared perfectly black as one glanced at it hanging on the wall; the jet-black surface represented a dark night; the moon was marvelously rendered and



hung low down and was partially obscured. A close scrutiny revealed a shore with a few boats hauled up and three large junks afloat, and at one side a distant shore and low mountains on the horizon. It is the reserve, simplicity, and yet audacity these artists show, that is so wonderful. Who would think of details in black on a black background! A jet-black crow on a jet-black *inro*! It is unthinkable, and yet it is only one of hundreds of things the Japanese delight to do. The tablet represented night, and night it was.

There were beautiful wreaths, cherry blossoms, thorns and little flowers in colors, all made out of porcelain; old Dresden and Chelsea products of a similar nature look weak and putty-like in comparison. There was a plain ivory fan on which were marvelously wrought a few lacquered figures; price, \$90; a screen, upon which was painted a snow scene, was \$95; a metal vase; price, \$600. (I learned afterwards that these were all



FIG. 200

made for foreign sale.) In looking over the prices appended to most of the goods it was interesting to note that even the tenth of a cent was put down. The currency is yen = dollar;



FIG. 201

sen = cent; rin = one tenth of a cent. The rin is a little copper coin about as big as our old silver five-cent piece. There were two carved chairs, made, of course, for foreigners, and the price was marked 8 yen, 33 sen, and 7 rin! A person ought to save money with such delicate divisions as these. Here was a tablet (fig. 200) entirely in metal, bamboo frame and all. It was two feet

long, the tablet resembling type metal (I have since learned that the metal was probably a composition known as *shakudo*, an alloy of copper and gold). The dragon-fly in high relief was of silver; the flowers, grasses, and leaves, standing one behind the other, were made of gold, silver, and gold bronze. It was most exquisitely wrought; price, \$135. Many other tablets were equally remarkable. In one a basket of shells was represented in low relief, — a few shells had fallen out of the basket; the shells were so perfectly done that one could even recognize the species. In another was a spray of autumn leaves. The various designs in relief made of crape in different colors were all true to nature. There was



FIG. 202

a set of ten hanging ornaments, made of cedar wood, upon which were mounted beautiful little designs; one of mushrooms is shown in figure 201. The price of the set was \$1.30. What amazes one in this work is the originality in all designs, their truthfulness to nature, and their grace and charm. We admire the lifelike etchings of grasses by Dürer, the wild bits over which we become enthusiastic; in the Exhibition one sees the work of a hundred Dürers whose names are but little known. The larger screens, in lacquer and gold and color, representing clumps of bushes in a forest, bamboo groves, and landscapes, were marvels of beauty. The subjects were altogether too elaborate to sketch and only those of the simplest nature were drawn. There was



FIG. 203

a fish piece on cloth, painted in color in bold strokes, which was marvelous for the graceful grouping of the fishes (fig. 202). One of the most striking objects is shown in figure 203; it consisted of a disk of oak with grain in high relief. It was about as big as the head of a barrel. Upon this, near the periphery, was a bull in black metal; a boy resting

upon his back in an attitude of amazement at some inscription written in the middle of the disk, his mouth open, and the whole pose that of astonishment. The dress of the boy was cut out of a piece of pearl, and the hand and face with a rope over the neck of the beast were of gold. It was unique and beautiful.

*September 8.* It is delightful weather and the fresh and invigorating air braces one as it does at home. I am becoming more familiar with Japanese ways which are as different from ours as the behavior of a cat full of fun at times is from that of a frolicking dog. I begin to know my way a little better in this vast city and feel quite at home; the bewilderment and novelty have worn off in a measure, yet this gives me more chance to observe old things more carefully and to grasp new things better. A ride through the streets and to the University, back and forth, again and again, is always a novel and delightful experience. You are sure to see something new and you never tire of the old: the low and queer-looking houses; the odd signs and fluttering awnings; children running across the path of your jinrikisha with their long sleeves flying; women with their highly dressed hair and always bareheaded, the older women waddling like ducks and the younger ones scuffling along; women nursing their children in the streets, in the shops, and even while riding in the jinrikishas; peddlers of all kinds; traveling shows; restaurants; stationary and peripatetic hawkers of fish, of toys, of candy; pipe-repairers; shoemenders; barbers with their ornamental box, — all with different street cries, some like the call of a strange bird; blind



men and women strolling along the street blowing whistles; two old women and a girl, with cracked voices and a cracked guitar, singing; a bald-headed man with a bell who prays in front of your house for a tenth of a cent; another man reciting stories with a laughing group about him; jinrikishas rushing by in every direction and their contents always interesting; here a jinrikisha, drawn by two men, with a dignified officer in uniform; another with two tired-looking chaps sound asleep, their heads dangling against each other; another holds two women each with a child in her arms; another a woman with a large-sized child in her lap, the child holding in her hand a half-consumed sweet potato and tugging away at the maternal font for the milk to go with it, — all these sights are bewildering and absorbing. Enormous loads on two-wheeled drays are pulled and pushed by men with their vociferous accompaniment of grunts, “Hoi saka hoi, hoida hoi.” Everybody walks in the streets, for there are no sidewalks, — handsome-looking little boys are seen on their way to school, or a group of highly dressed little girls with powdered faces riding in jinrikishas bound for some gathering, — and all the while such a clatter of wooden clogs on the hard roadway and a continual hum of voices. People profoundly bowing to one another; the interminable shops lining the streets, all open from side to side and all the activities fully exposed; the umbrella-maker, lantern-maker, fan-painter, seal-cutter, every craft being practiced in open daylight, all seem like a grotesque dream, and all these multifarious activities and crowded streets are dominated by an atmosphere of gentleness, politeness, and natural good breeding. The thought continually reverts to the

undeniable fact that this is pagan Japan, where animals are always so kindly treated that you have to step out of the way or over hens, dogs, cats, and pigeons, and even the black crows, which at home are the wariest of birds, here are so gently treated that they flock to the city by thousands.

At the University the work on the shells and other marine forms is progressing finely. I am mounting on tablets and labeling for exhibition the different species of shells. This morning when moving a tray of shells I ran against a partially opened door and spilled some of them, whereupon I used emphatically a good old Saxon expression which is unfortunately and erroneously put in the category of profane words. My assistant smiled at my petulance, and as I had been told that the Japanese did not swear I asked him if something was not said at such times to relieve the tension on the brain. Yes, he confessed that they sometimes used an expletive. Now, I thought, I was to get a swear-word in Japanese of which I had at times felt a need. He gave me a word meaning vexing or vexatious! — probably the equivalent of our expression, “Plague take it!” and that was the extent of Japanese profanity! Some-time after I dropped a little pottery teapot; it did not break fortunately, and nothing was said in the way of an expletive, but I asked my assistant what the Japanese would say in the way of an exclamation, and all I got was an address to the teapot meaning, “How impolite you are to leave so uncere-moniously without saying good-bye!”

In watching carpenters at work it is alarming to see a man hewing a beam standing on it with his naked feet and bringing down his razor-like adze in vigorous strokes within half

an inch of his naked toes (fig. 204). Apparently they rarely cut themselves, as I have examined many for the marks of scars, or the gap for missing toes, and in only one case have I found a scar, and when I called the carpenter's attention to it he smiled and showed me another big one on his leg, pointing to his adze and smiling again.



FIG. 204

Figure 205 is a sketch of a man in the market cleaning sweet potatoes. The tub is half full of them covered with water. The two long round sticks are tied together in the middle and the man turns the ends in the tub by simply moving his arms back and forth. One immediately observes in the market how thoroughly cleansed are all forms of ground vegetables, turnips, radishes, onions, etc.



FIG. 205

The wood engravers are interesting to watch, to see the rapidity with which they slash away, cutting on the side of the grain and not on the end as with us. In engraving seals, however, they cut on the end of the grain as in our wood engraving, and they probably use the same wood that we do, as it looks like boxwood. Everybody has a seal, and when you buy anything the receipted bill is signed with the seal in red. The Chinese character is written in an ancient style much as we would use for similar purposes Old English letters. Figure 206 represents a number of these seals collected at random. Most

of the books are printed from blocks the size of the page. The copyist writes the page on thin, translucent paper which is pasted face down on the block, thus reversing the characters which show through. The engraver with quick movements of the hand cuts through the paper and into the wood with a sharp-pointed knife, which is clutched in the hand and drawn inward. After the outlines of the characters have been engraved gouges are used to remove the intervening wood.



FIG. 206

In one small room opening on the street were seven engravers at work, four in one row and three in a row just behind. These men sat in the usual manner on the floor before tables a foot high working away with people watching them and often getting in their light.

The wood-turner is an equally curious sight in the way he works his wood. The lathe is a simple shaft over which a belt is wound several times, the ends, having loops, are held by the turner's feet. The turner sits at the end of the lathe and moves his legs up and down turning the shaft back and forth, and on this rude and primitive device the wood-turner makes the most delicately fitting nests of boxes and other objects (fig. 207). In another case a boy was pulling the band back and forth while a man was turning some metal object.



FIG. 207

With a friend I made another visit to the great temple at Asakusa, the first visit having been mentioned in earlier pages



of the journal. Walking from Kaga Yashiki, the distance may be a mile, but there were so many things to look at on the way that it took us two hours to get there. I bought in a second-hand bookshop some dashing sketches of animals, etc., for a cent apiece. It was interesting to see the main avenue to the temple lined on both sides with booths stocked with children's toys. The broad steps to the temple were occupied with children playing with their dolls, making mud cakes and playing their games. The temples are open for worship seven days in the week from morning till night. Back of the temple are long galleries neatly fitted up, in which one may shoot at targets with bow and arrow. In one place was an animal show of pigeons, porcupines, monkeys, and other animals. A very clever-looking monkey was on a pole, to the top of which he would climb and haul up a bucket by a rope to which he had clung while climbing the pole. When he came down I shook hands with him, and he drew my hand to him and finally got both feet into the palm of my hand and rested them there contentedly for a few minutes. The touch of his hand was precisely like that of a child's, warm and slightly moist, and the finger lines would make a similar mark and probably vary individually as with our hands. From the monkey show we went to a wax-figure show. Never at home have I seen in painting or sculpture such energy and passion as was shown in these figures; men with the most infernal faces. One piece especially was a most hideous-looking figure, a ragged and deformed old beggar crouched in a cart and being dragged by another beggar equally shocking in appearance. There was also a wax-figure theatre in which the figures were

made to caper about. In one scene was a princess who was changed into a fox with seven tails, but to watch the old man who related the story about the performance was as much of a study as the mute figures on the stage, and the orchestra with such a thumping and alternation of time was unlike anything I had ever heard before. The princess sat on a sort of throne, her head moving slowly and a number of figures, all life-size, with expressions of expectant fear and horror, surrounded her. Suddenly the throne parts in the middle, the princess tumbles apart and disappears and up comes a gigantic fox with seven tails which hovers over the stage, bending its head and gnashing its jaws in a most threatening manner. The fox was remarkable for its resemblance to a fox. Not being familiar with the folklore of Japan the various figures conveyed no meaning to me, but the vigor and expression showed that the Japanese artist is as great in sculpture as he is in painting.

There was also a wrestling bout in full blast, and we went in for an hour. It was much more interesting than the one I saw before; the wrestlers were younger men and not so fat, and the contests were most exciting and there was some lofty throwing. The preliminary movements of the men were very amusing, especially the slow and ridiculous way in which, with hands on their knees, they would lift first one leg and then the other and stamp their feet on the hard ground, then crouching to each other start for a clinch, only to be stopped by the umpire, for what reason I could not see, and begin the performance all over again. I could have watched them the whole day.

In a smaller temple we saw a curious object of devotion, an immense wooden affair richly carved and painted, ten or fifteen feet high, which rested on a shaft in the ground. With some strength this could be rotated by certain beams sticking out of the side against which one pushed. The casket contains the Chinese library of a famous Buddhist priest, and devotees come in to turn it. If it turns easily their prayers have been answered, and if with difficulty it is doubtful. Here is a prayer gauge that all of Tyndall's arguments could not avail against! I have tried it, as is shown in figure 208.



FIG. 208

In riding through the streets one notices the crowds in front of the picture shops, which are bright in color from the war prints. The Satsuma rebellion furnishes themes for the illustrators. The pictures are brilliant in reds and blacks, the figures of the officers in most dramatic attitudes, and "bloody war" is really depicted, though grotesque from our standpoint. One of the pictures represents a star in heaven (the planet Mars), in the centre of which is General Saigo, the rebel chief, beloved by all the Japanese. After the capture of Kagoshima he and other officers committed *hara kiri*. Many of the people believe he is in Mars, which is now shining with unusual brilliancy.

I have lately become interested in the household art of Japan: that is, domestic art, the making of objects for the

house that parallels the work at home of pictures painted on birchbark, pressed seaweed, leatherwork, shellwork, and the like. For originality of design and nicety of execution these people beat us out and out. A book on the subject would certainly be of interest to our people, and if time only permitted I would collect every kind of an object of this nature. In the kitchen one sees a variety of buckets, shallow ones and deep ones, all having the generic features of two staves opposite each other running up a foot or more from the rim and a transverse piece forming the handle. These various forms of buckets have their special uses. The tubs also vary greatly; there are



FIG. 209

low tubs, like figure 209, used as foot tubs, and other shallow forms are used in the fish market. It will be observed that some of the staves project slightly beyond the bottom rim, thus holding the tub off the ground. In the Exhibition, hanging up among the choicest lacquers, bronzes, and porcelains, is a shallow foot tub ornamented with the most exquisite inlaid work of different woods. It is an odd conceit to select a tub for decorative purposes, and what surprises us in the work is the startling novelty of design, material, and purpose. Jarves, who was the first one in America to write on Japanese art in a sympathetic and appreciative manner, especially notes these attributes when he says, comparing it with the European: "It is more subtile, intense, varied, free, and truthfully artistic in decorative expression; more abounding in unexpectedness and delicious surprises, in æsthetic coquetries and charms of æsthetic speech intelligible to every degree of culture."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> J. J. Jarves, *A Glimpse at the Art of Japan*. 1876.



A friend has found in an obscure part of Tokyo a basket-maker who fabricates little hanging holders for flowers in the shape of insects, lobsters, fishes, etc. I hunted him up and secured a number of specimens. Figure 210 is in the form of



FIG. 210

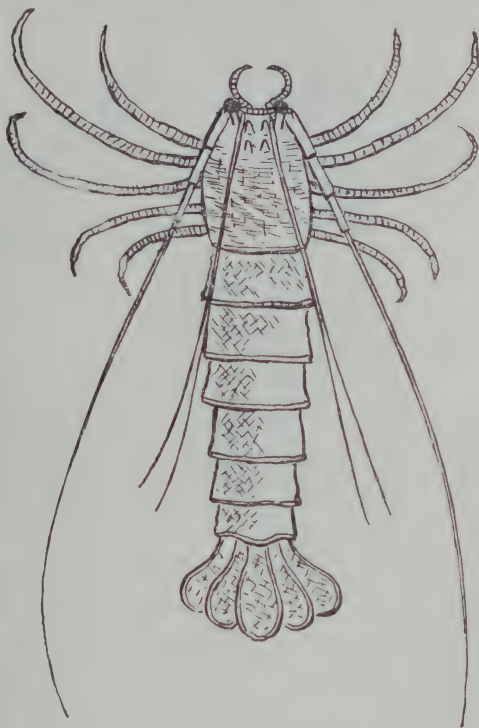


FIG. 211

a gourd with vine. The leaves, and flat surfaces in others, like the wings of insects, are made of a matting. All other details are true basket-work. A loop behind allows it to hang from the wall, while inside the object is a segment of bamboo to hold water. Figure 211 represents a crayfish; figure 212, a carp. The sketch does no justice to the plump and bending



FIG. 212

body of the carp and the graceful swing of its tail. Figure 213 represents a grasshopper, fairly good, but even here there are the right number of legs springing from the proper region of the body. Figure 214 is a dragonfly, fairly good also. Figure 215 shows curious objects to represent in basket-work, but so perfect in form that a mycologist might almost determine the genus. These straw objects were six or eight inches in length and were very low in

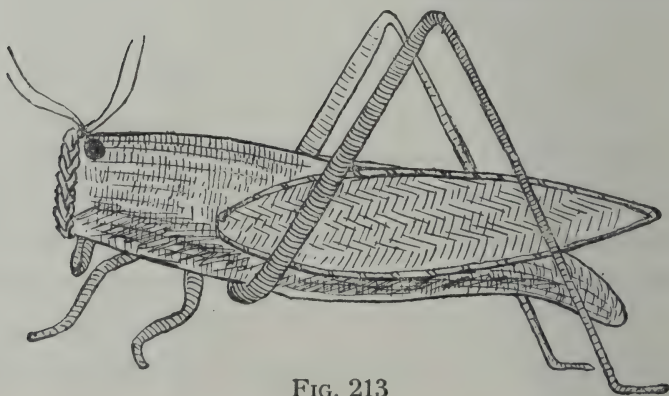


FIG. 213

price, — ten or fifteen cents. The interest attaching to them and to all work of this nature is that the Japanese never make a mistake in the details of structure of animals represented. Insects have three pairs of legs; spiders have four; higher crustaceans, five; and all springing from the right

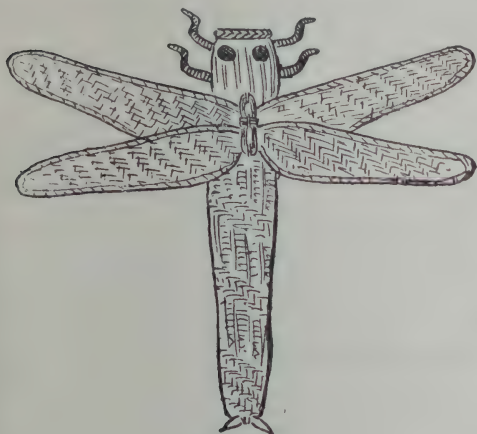


FIG. 214

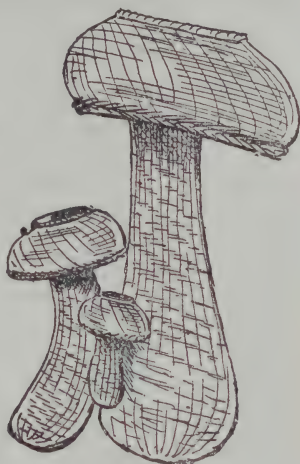


FIG. 215

regions of the body. It is their love for nature and their keen observational powers that enable them to do these things correctly. Many of these designs are symbolical.

Coming up from the station I noticed a great crowd in the street, and saw on one side a booth, something like a bandstand, where a pantomime was being acted. Such extraordinary gestures were made and such curious masks were seen that I watched it as eagerly as the crowd. The orchestra in quaintness beat the Chinese orchestra in San Francisco, but agreeably lacked the ear-splitting blasts of the trumpet. I held my jinrikisha back at the side of the road and endeavored to make

a sketch of the show, but such a crowd of people were looking over my shoulder, and others fairly hiding the object from view, that I only got an impression of the scene (fig. 216). The lanterns hanging from the poles were dark red.

The toleration that these people have for eccentricities in dress or behavior is a charming trait. A native may dress as

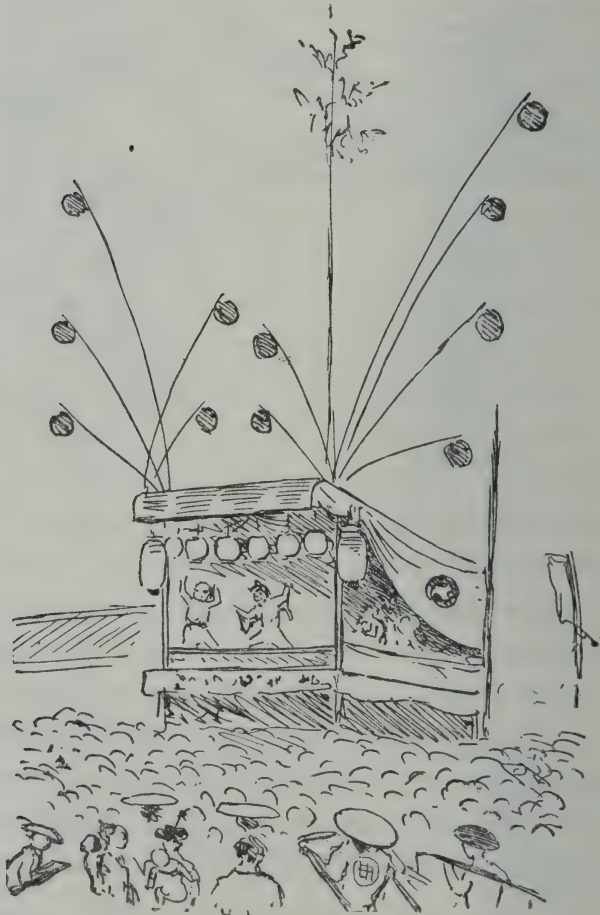


FIG. 216



he pleases and no notice is taken of him; if he is markedly odd in his appearance he may excite a smile, but not a taunt nor other demonstration from the boys — a strong contrast to the intolerant behavior of men and boys at home. The considerate treatment they accord to every one is also a notable trait in their character. At home we walk rapidly along the streets bent on business or we ride in closed cars and see but little that is going on; here I have always had a clear view, whether walking or riding, and I have been incessantly watching everything from the moment I first landed in the country and have recorded every feature and incident. Now, I have never seen a cripple or ragged person or uncouth dress derided or shouted at.<sup>1</sup> The story of the little boys who were eaten up by a bear for calling names and making faces needs no parallel story in this country of kindness and good behavior. Quite a number of the Japanese officials often appear in our dress and some of the Japanese professors also, at times, dress in our costume, yet repeated inquiries fail to find that any of them have been taunted or spoken to or even noticed. I tried to fancy what my experience would be if I, dressed in the graceful robes of a Japanese, had ventured to appear on the streets in our cities, or even in country villages. The attempt that some of the Japanese make to appear in our costume is often most ludicrous. I saw a fellow the other day in a dress-coat almost big enough to go round him twice, a tall hat which came down to his eyes, with a wad of paper crammed in to hold it on, and white cotton gloves many sizes too large. His appearance was like a

<sup>1</sup> The other day I read in a New York newspaper the account of a poor old man actually snowballed to death by a lot of hoodlums. How such deviltry as this would confirm the Japanese opinion that we were barbarians!

Fourth of July burlesque. Figure 217 is a rough sketch of him. He was a shabby-looking fellow and evidently did not belong to the higher classes. At the opening of the Exposition here



FIG. 217

one saw individuals dressed in our clothes in the most extraordinary way. One man had a suit altogether too small for him. The waistcoat and trousers did not meet within three or four inches and strings were used to tie them together. A good many were in full evening dress with the trousers tucked into long-legged boots which came to the knees. The oddest-looking travesty was another man, also with a dress-suit, the coat tails of which nearly touched the ground, while bright red suspenders came outside his waistcoat! In respect to clothing, the Chinese are much more dignified in adhering to their native costume, which, like the native costume of the Japanese, is more comfortable than ours. I had the greatest charity for them, however, when I recalled the attempts of our people to dress *à la Japonaise*.<sup>1</sup> As to their own dress I have noticed at the University that, while some of the Japanese professors appear in our clothing at times, they told me that on extremely hot days and on very cold days their own clothing was more comfortable, but that in the laboratories their sleeves were constantly in the way.

At Enoshima I had a Japanese gown made for me, tied with an *obi*, which looked to me quite grand. It came down to

<sup>1</sup> One of these attempts we saw later on the stage in the *Mikado* of Gilbert and Sullivan, and it appeared equally preposterous to the Japanese.

within three inches of the heels; I asked Toyama if it was all right; he smiled and said it was not long enough, it should be two inches longer. Upon pressing him as to how it looked I found it had the same appearance to him that a countryman in our country might have to us with his trousers three inches too short! In other words, it looked "green." Thus their dress, careless as it looks to us with its loose folds and rather girlish appearance, has its precise lines and proportions. With the exception of China there is probably no country in the world where more thought or care is bestowed upon dress than in Japan. Official rank and station, material and color, design, form of knot, and other details are rigidly adhered to.

In Tokyo, and more especially in Yokohama, are many Chinese following their trades of shoemakers, tailors, etc. The men dress in their native costumes, and it is odd to see two or three of them fluttering down the street in beautiful gauze-like robes of blue with tunic-like breeches below and embroidered shoes. Although living among the Japanese, who do not like them, they are never molested. Within a year or so the two countries have been on the verge of war, and yet, while not amalgamating, they live together peaceably. The Chinese are treated in a Christian manner, as, indeed, they are in the eastern and middle United States, but the unchristian and brutal way in which the Pacific Coast States, and particularly California, have treated them only emphasizes the belief among the Japanese that we are barbarians. San Francisco, with its Protestant and Catholic churches, mission schools, and other good agencies, seems utterly helpless in affecting public opinion. It is depressing and hopeless to touch on these

matters involving the missionary question and other agencies at work with the heathen abroad. But enough of this.



FIG. 218

The form of the axe with which wood is cut is very heavy and apparently as serviceable as ours. The blade is transverse to the handle as in the adze (fig. 218).

The sweet-potato cleaner I have since noticed belongs to a shop where they boil sweet potatoes, and children flock to it for a hot luncheon of one potato. The furniture of the shop consists of two immense kettles, a dozen baskets of sweet potatoes, nicely cleaned, and a little board for a counter on which are displayed a number of potatoes steaming hot. These places are scattered all over the city. It would be a good idea if a similar shop could be started in the poorer quarters of our cities. The Japanese sweet potato is rather tasteless, but evidently nutritious.

The grapes have come, light green in color, round in form, very juicy, with a grape, and slightly acid, flavor. They do not seem quite ripe, but doubtless they are very pleasant to eat when one is thirsty, and they are very cheap, a big bunch costing only two or three cents. Wherever the grapes are sold the fruit is always displayed in an attractive way: a few boards are placed together vertically and covered with some



FIG. 219

evergreen shrub, little wooden pegs stand out from the green



upon which are hung the bunches of grapes (fig. 219). If the grapes are in a basket they rest on a cushion of evergreen. The fruit shop has other fruits in their season. After a lecture at the University the other day, my throat being dry, and having a long dusty ride before me, I endeavored to eat some grapes while riding through the streets. No matter how slyly I slipped a grape into my mouth the Japanese would notice it, smile, and probably comment on the strange habits of the barbarians.

Among the charms of the country are the restaurants and tea-houses. The waiters are all girls, so gentle in their behavior, so neatly dressed, and in every instance with their hair gracefully arranged. Figure 220 shows the prevailing style of hair-dressing. Sometimes one sees the folds of the bow standing vertical, with the larger fold above.

In a vast city like Tokyo, with every street and lane crooked and narrow, it is almost impossible to find a place even with the most explicit directions. When Professor Chaplin and I endeavored to



FIG. 220

find the man who made the curious flower-holders of basket-work, it was a good two hours before we found him with the jinrikisha men doing their best. In our quest we came to a long flight of wide and steep stone steps, from the top of which we got a fine view of the city. It was marvelous to look across this great city and see the shipping in the

Bay of Yedo; not a chimney, not even a haziness: a marked contrast to our smoke-begrimed cities. Of course there was no wind, as on windy days it is very dusty and everything is obscured. On top of the abrupt hill which we ascended were a number of low sheds where one could sit and admire the view and be served with tea by prettily dressed girls. I induced one to permit me to make a sketch of her head; thanks to her assumed or real diffidence she turned her face away, and so I got an excellent sketch of her hair, which is given in figure 220.

## CHAPTER IX

### UNIVERSITY WORK

*September 11.* The regular work of the University began this morning at eight o'clock with a meeting of the faculty, Dr. Hamao, the Vice-Director, presiding. Apologizing for the absence of Dr. Kato, the Director, whose mother was very ill, he proceeded in a slow and hesitating manner to make a few introductory remarks and expressed the hope that the term might be a pleasant one for both the teachers and the students. In the afternoon the senior Vice-Minister of Education gave a reception to the foreign professors of the University at the Educational Museum at Uyen Park. It was an interesting gathering. The Medical College is officered by Germans; the School of Language has French, German, English, and Chinese teachers; and our branch of the University has four or five Englishmen, eight or nine Americans, a Frenchman, two Germans, and a number of Japanese assistant professors. The Japanese with few exceptions were in our dress, but the Chinese teachers were in their own costume, for they never change. The museum is a large, handsome, two-story building with a wing; a large library was in one of the lower halls and a long and spacious hall was filled with an extensive and interesting collection of educational apparatus from Europe and America — modern schoolhouses in miniature, desks, pictures, maps, models, globes, slates, blackboards, inkstands, and the minutest details of school appliances abroad. Despite the

fact that every object was familiar to me, it was a most interesting museum and a kind that our larger cities at home should have. What a wise conception of the Japanese, entering as they were on our methods of education, that they should establish a museum to display the apparatus used in the work. Here was a nation spending nearly a third of its annual budget on education, and in contrast Russia spending a half of one per cent on the same department. On the second floor was a museum of natural history, and with the exception of the fishes it was rather poor; the fishes, however, were beautifully prepared and mounted. There were nearly a hundred guests present at the reception, including the wives of a number of the teachers. After promenading through the various halls we were led into a large room, where were spread refreshments in the shape of pyramids of ice cream, cake, sandwiches, fruit, and other food, with masses of flowers arranged by the only people in the world who know how to handle them from sprout to death. The affair would have done credit to the best caterers at home, and in this well-ordered pedagogical museum, with the elaborate lunch and all arrangements, one stood bewildered and asked himself, "Are we in Japan?"

The Japanese officers, with Dr. Murray and whoever cared to volunteer, served the various edibles, and it was interesting to watch the Japanese when they passed the plates to a lady and gentleman sitting together, offering to the man first and then, recalling their instructions, instantly passing to the woman. The absence of that deference and courtesy to women, so universal in our country, though much less so in Europe, is very marked here. In entering a carriage or jin-



rikisha the man will enter before his wife; in walking along the street the wife lags behind, at least four or five feet; and in various ways one observes the inferior position of women. Even when the Japanese, returning from abroad, would like to follow foreign ways, the wives would be embarrassed if they did. It would be as if our women, recognizing certain advanced ideas of dress or of customs (such as riding astride a horse), should still adhere to the old ways to avoid being conspicuous. This fact I was told by one of the Japanese professors. The Japanese women accept this condition meekly, for that has been the custom from immemorial times. The only thing that can be said in extenuation is that the Japanese women have far larger liberties than the women of any other Oriental nation.

On the day I began my lectures the Vice-Director of the University brought in a boy about fourteen years old who was to be my servant. Already I have found him very useful. He helps in the laboratory cleaning jars, scouring shells, and cleaning my blackboard every morning. To-day I set him at work assorting a lot of odd shells to see what he could do, and he managed to separate the genera and species very well; I also sent him off to collect some freshwater shells and he brought back quite a collection of them. His dress consists of a sort of blue frock that several years ago had done service as a student's uniform, no uniform now



FIG. 221

being worn; for breeches he wears a pair of knit woolen drawers; his head is covered with a perfect mop of black hair, dry and clean. He was amazed and abashed when I asked him to stand while I sketched him (fig. 221). When I enter the room he gives me a bow that would certainly break my back if I attempted it.

I gave my first lecture September 12. The lecture room is in the second story of the building. It is furnished with a big blackboard, a desk with a number of drawers, and a large case in which I have a collection of objects to illustrate my lectures. There are a number of preparations in papier maché, illustrating the digestive organs of various animals; also models of nerve centres and other apparatus that will work in well with the course. The class is divided into two divisions of forty-five pupils each, so each lecture has to be given twice, which is somewhat exhausting. I am in love with my students already; it is a delight to teach such good boys, all greedy to learn. Their attention, their courtesy, and their respectful demeanor is an inspiration. Most of them are rationalists and a few may be Buddhists, so with these conditions I anticipate a delightful experience in presenting Darwinism pure and simple. Especially noticeable is their alert recognition of my drawings of various animals on the blackboard. These young men are sons of samurai, some of great wealth, others poor, but all modest and polite to one another and very quiet and attentive. Each one has jet-black hair and dark eyes and all are dressed in bluish-colored clothes, the hakama so like a divided skirt that it seems as if I had a class of girls. There is one large room, known as the professors' room, with neat straw matting, chairs,

a large table upon which are the Yokohama morning papers, a few magazines, and the usual hibachi. Here one may beguile himself while waiting for the lecture time. During the forenoon a servant brings in a tray with cups, and a pot of delicious tea, which is refreshing. The members of the faculty are all pleasant men. The general officers of the University consist of a director, two vice-directors, curator, treasurer, and clerk, all extremely polite and attentive, and nothing could be more agreeable than my association with them and the position I occupy. Whatever I want in the way of apparatus is instantly secured for me, and the cases of which I am making the plans will be constructed at once.

At my house in the Yashiki the jinrikisha man whom I have hired by the month runs errands for me and is ready to do anything I can make him understand. The wife of another jinrikisha man, a rather plain, black-toothed creature (a hideous disfigurement of married women, who purposely take as much pains to blacken their teeth with some stain as we do to make our teeth white), though faithful and honest, comes in every evening to do the work of a chambermaid, washing my towels, blacking my shoes, etc., for the princely sum of three dollars a month. I have the whole house to myself, and I can scatter things from one end to the other. Rigid instructions have been given to the woman not to touch a thing on the tables or on the floor, and she obeys. It is rather lonesome here evenings, but I have so much writing to do that at every spare moment my pen is at work.

Figure 222 is a sketch of a Chinese shoemaker repairing my boots. In Tokyo and in Yokohama the Chinese find ample

employment in pursuing their various trades, and as tailors and shoemakers they are very successful. There are very good photographers among them and, of course, laundrymen. I have had already a suit of clothes made by a Chinese tailor



FIG. 222

and a stout pair of shoes by a Chinese shoemaker at a much less cost than at home.

This afternoon I visited the Industrial Exposition again with a letter from the Director of the University to the Director of the Exposition asking permission for me to sketch. While I am permitted to sketch the building I must get permission from the exhibitors for the privilege of sketching their objects. Mr. Kato is endeavoring to get me a letter which I can show to the exhibitors; in the mean time I managed to get a few more sketches, but with so much personal annoyance from the interference of officials, who are doubtless obeying instructions, and from the people crowding around me to see the sketch, that I finally gave up in despair and left the



grounds. During the last hour I was there an officer followed me about apparently in the most careless manner, but watching me closely to see that I got no sketches. For the fun of it I led him a great tramp in and out through the alcoves and from one building to another. During this time I managed to make a few sketches, one of which I had longed to get. This object was a beautiful panel to hang against the wall. It was in a simple frame painted a dark red and was a study of morning-glories and other plants done in lacquer and other



FIG. 223

material on four planks of cedar, worm-eaten, with the grain rubbed down. It shows a waning moon in polished brass, the leaves in dark bronze, the flowers of the morning-glory in white-and-blue glazed pottery (fig. 223). The work is all in relief. Conceive for a moment making a design like this with blades of grass worn and ragged at the edges. The Japanese seemed to enjoy it, and it certainly was a most beautiful and fascinating object.

The very first time I rode to Tokyo, a few days after I landed, I noticed from the car windows in a railway cut through which we passed, a deposit of shells which I knew at

once to be a true Kjoekkenmoedding. I had studied too many shell heaps on the coast of Maine not to recognize its character at once. I had waited for months for an opportunity to visit it, fearing all the time that somebody would get there before me. Dr. Murray, the Superintendent of Education, was the only one to whom I told the nature of the deposit. Now with matters started in my work at the University I made arrangements to examine the deposit. First I had to get permission from the director of the railway to invade the property; this I got through the Educational Department. Soon a letter came from the principal engineer of the railway, as follows: —

To all platelayers

&c, &c, &c,

Allow the bearer (one of the professors of the Educational Department) accompanied by his pupils to walk along the line and examine any works they may wish, on Sunday, 16 inst.

They will keep clear of the trains and in no way interfere with any of the works.

L. ENGLAND,

*Principal Eng. &c, I.G.C.*

With Mr. Matsumura and two of my special students I started early in the morning, carrying a small basket but no implements with which to dig, as from the letter I knew we should not be allowed on the line with shovels and picks. We rode to Omori, six miles from Tokyo, and then walked up the line half a mile to the embankment. In the mean time I told my students what we should find — ancient hand-made pottery,

worked bones, and possibly a few crude stone implements, and then gave a brief account of Steenstrup's discovery of shell heaps along the Baltic and also the shell heaps in New England and Florida. When we finally reached the place we began immediately to pick up remarkable fragments of ancient pottery and the students insisted that I must have been there before. I was quite frantic with delight and the students shared in my enthusiasm. We dug with our hands and examined the detritus that had rolled down and got a large collection of unique forms of pottery, three worked bones, and a curious baked-clay tablet. As there has always been a great interest as to the character of the aborigines of the country, and as this subject has never before been studied, it is considered an important discovery. I shall prepare a general paper for the "Popular Science Monthly,"<sup>1</sup> and then more carefully work up some memoir.<sup>2</sup>

Monday, September 17, was a national holiday and a holiday at the University. I wish it were possible to record with pen and pencil the strange experiences of the day. I inquired of my students if anything of interest was going on, but could ascertain nothing definite. I did, however, find out that on this day there would be some important services with music at the temples. A beautiful temple in Uyen Park would give us an opportunity to witness the ceremonies, and we loafed about in the crowd watching the people and forgetting our impatience in the presence of so many novel sights. The music in the big temple was to begin at ten o'clock. In com-

<sup>1</sup> Since published in *Popular Science Monthly*, January, 1879.

<sup>2</sup> Since published by the Imperial University, Tokyo.

pany with Dr. Murray, Professor Chaplin, and a Japanese interpreter I stood in the broiling sun with a large crowd that had collected. The temple resembled the Nikko temple, not so magnificent, though extremely beautiful; within, the same polish and brilliancy of gilt and ornamentation. It was so open that from the outside everything going on within could be distinctly seen. I got a good seat on the edge of the upper step, where I could see the musicians, for I was naturally more interested in the music than in the services of the priests. I learned from my students that each temple had its parish, or, in other words, a church membership, every one professing the faith belonging to one of the temples. The balcony outside seems to be the sitting place for the worshipers, as, of course they all sit in the customary attitude with legs bent under them. The congregation of thirty or forty worshipers rather obscured our view, the broad spacious temple floor being reserved for the services and ceremonies of the priests. At ten o'clock a big drum began to beat, first slowly and then with rapidly increasing strokes, whereat the crowds flocked into the temple yard, said their prayers at the foot of the broad flight of steps, rubbed their hands, and flung their coins into a big box which always stands in front of each temple. A contribution box is never passed around. Its counterpart is a big box, four feet long or more, resting on the veranda or ground, with transverse bars angular in section, an inch apart, forming the upper face of the box, so that a coin thrown at it is bound to slide into the box, and this is in service night and day. A man going along the street offers up a devout prayer, tosses his money at a distance of ten feet or more from the box, and



goes on. The box is often missed, and coins of low denominations are seen scattered about the balcony. It was curious to see a very old man dressed in our costume devoutly praying, at the same time rubbing his hands in an imploring manner, as they generally do in the attitude of prayer. Dr. Murray sent his interpreter to the rear of the temple to see if the authorities could be induced to allow us to go inside, giving him a dollar to assist his efforts, and he soon came back, having got permission for us to enter. So back of the temple we went; and, taking off our shoes, we were shown a place at one side corresponding to the position occupied by the musicians on the other side — a place which even the members of the church did not occupy. It was embarrassing, for hundreds of Japanese in crowds outside were curiously gazing at the novel sight of three barbarians conspicuously kneeling in such a place. The priests, all chastely dressed in purple, green, and other kinds of gauze robes, keen, intelligent-looking men, were going through their solemn ceremonies. The floor of the temple was one sheet of polished black lacquer and reflected the light like a mirror. How keenly I watched everything! The musicians interested me greatly: there was a flute, a small reed pipe, and two curious-looking instruments with tubes of bamboo standing vertically from an oval base. This instrument, called *sho*, is held in the two hands and blown into from the side, as in the sketch. There were also a tiny drum and a big drum each standing on a four-legged



FIG. 224

support, and a flattened bell in a frame. Figure 224 is a sketch of the musicians. It was impossible to catch any air or strain. The music sounded weird and solemn. The sho kept up a continuous note, or rather a humming sound, which varied slightly, and the other instruments came in at

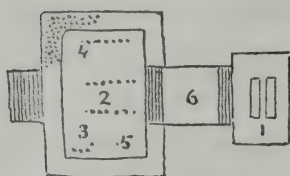


FIG. 225

intervals. The plan of the temple is shown in figure 225. It consists of a main hall, a short corridor with a short flight of steps descending to it, and a similar flight ascending to an inner hall. No words can describe the

carving, elaborate decorations, and intricate details of the interior of these remarkable buildings, nor will I attempt it. In the sketch, 1 is the inner temple with tables upon which the food offerings were placed; 2 represents the position of two rows of priests; 3 represents our position; 4 the position of the orchestra; 5 represents the son of the leading priest, who was a great daimyo before the Revolution; and the little dots on the balcony indicate the members who were attending the services. After a long strain by the musicians the rows of priests, who had been kneeling, stood up; the two highest in rank walked in solemn step into the inner temple, two more descended the short flight of steps and stood in the passageway (6), two others stood where the priests had been kneeling, and two others stood behind us. Their head-coverings were of two kinds, one a ceremonial, black silk, bag-like affair, flattened on the sides and worn by lower officials (fig. 226); the other (fig. 227), a ceremonial device worn by daimyos. It was flattened sideways, was

black, lacquered, and perched on the top of the head with an overhang behind. The ceremonies consisted in bringing in trays in which were food offerings to the departed shogun. Before bringing in the trays the priests tied a broad band of white paper over the nose and mouth so that their breath would not fall

upon the offerings. The trays were of light wood, natural, of course, square and shallow with the corners squared off. These trays rested on unglazed pottery stands of light red. The food offerings consisted of rice in two flattened balls, one upon the



FIG. 227

other, fish, vegetables, rice cakes, etc. These were in shallow plates of the same pottery material as the stands which supported the trays and were six or eight inches high (fig. 228). They were brought in as follows: a priest in the main hall would bring in one in his two hands, approach another priest, who would bow very low, and then take it; the first priest then made the same kind of a bow; then the second priest would carry it to a third priest, who bowed in the same profound manner, and having taken it would bow in turn. When the fourth priest had received it, he carried it with slow and measured step down the stairs to the

passageway and passed it to the priest stationed there with the same dignified bowing; then the last priest ascended the flight of steps, offered it to one of the priests near the table in the inner sanctuary, who passed it to the second



FIG. 226



FIG. 228

one stationed there, and he finally placed it on the table in a certain position. These last two priests were ex-daimyos. As there were at least twenty of these offerings, all accompanied with the same solemn and profound obeisances, the ceremony took a long time, though it was interesting throughout. During the whole time the orchestra kept up its weird and mysterious music, and the crowd outside seemed to divide its attention between this ceremony and the curious but intent barbarians.

The musicians and all were on their knees and we sprawled out the best we could, though it was very hard on the legs; but the sight was indeed interesting. After the ceremony was over the congregation on the balcony arose and walked across the temple floor and down the flight of stairs to the passageway, and the priests courteously invited us to follow. Outside the temple was a narrow table upon which were light wood stands in the form of square trays resting on square boxes.

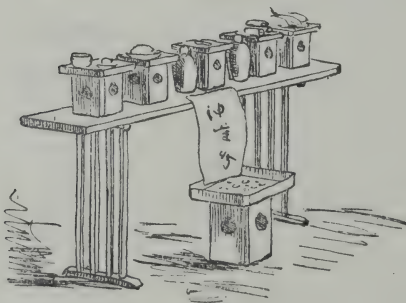


FIG. 229

In the trays were unglazed dishes holding food offerings of various kinds, and on the ground in front was a larger tray. One is impressed with the plain wood trays, tables, and other furniture in this land of beautiful lacquer. The method of Shinto is to use

this unpainted and unlacquered wood and unglazed pottery (fig. 229). The priests gave each of us a cup of saké, the most delicious I ever drank. The cup was of unglazed pot-



tery with the crest of the Tokugawa family in relief in the centre; also two rice cakes, a red and a white one, with the same crest impressed upon them, the Tokugawa family being patrons of the temple; and so we had joined in the communion of the Shinto faith. Our missionaries would consider that we had been idolatrous, but so long as the priests had been liberal enough to invite us we could be as free from bigotry as they.

After these novel experiences we visited again the Industrial Exhibition, which is near by. The naval band, composed entirely of Japanese, had been trained in our school of music, with our instruments and uniforms. Had we not seen their faces we should have supposed them to be Occidentals. The Japanese leader led with his baton swinging modestly, and nearly all the members of the band beat time with their feet in an almost imperceptible manner. You will wonder what my opinion was of their playing. The fact, so marvelous, that the Japanese, with instruments and music so remote from ours, should be able to accomplish so much, makes one favorably prejudiced in judging of their performance. The swing and blare of the trumpet is always inspiring, even if done poorly; yet, critically, I must say that their performance of most of the pieces was like the playing of simple music by an ordinary country band at home. To one with no ear for music it would sound very well; the air was full of sound; but any one with an ear could hear discords and recognize the faulty time. The solo bugle parts were given with a freedom that was admirable; they would often hurry, but would get back all right. In the overture to the "Calif of Bagdad," the part which goes up higher and higher was played to perfection. I have as yet heard nothing

in Japan that we could regard as music from our standpoint, and so the performance of our music by Japanese was as startling to me as if a North American Indian should suddenly be able to produce an Inness or a Bierstadt. Among other pieces were the beautiful Danube Waltz, Grand Fantasia of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," selections from Gounod's "Faust," and others of a similar type, all arranged in the simplest manner.

In riding through the streets one notices now and then a shop sign in our language, to attract the few foreigners that may go by and to look rather "swell" to Japanese who have learned English. Here is one I saw on a tailor's shop: "The place build for making dresses according to the fashion of different countries." This is simple compared to some that have been published in English papers.

In watching children on the street their habits and behavior seem more and more like those of our children. When you first see them in their odd costumes, the hair shaved from the heads in so grotesque a style, and with their curious gait as they clump about on their wooden sandals, you identify them as children, but from another planet. They fly kites, spin tops, make mud pies, or cakes, also make little rag babies, and curious objects some of them are. I have seen one child run up to another from behind and clap her hands over the other's eyes and hold on until the right guess is given; they ride on one another's backs, play battledore and shuttle-cock, and they play a game similar to our jackstones. I have never seen them play marbles, for they have none; or ball as we play it, — though they pat a ball to see how many times they can make

it bounce from the ground, — nor race with one another, though you see them playing counting-out games, blind man's buff, and a number of games in which they stand in a row or march around in single file. The mothers play "creepy mouse" with the children as we do, only it is "creepy fox." They seem specially fond of playing around the foot of a large tree, making little paths in the sand, and sticking up little things for houses, temples, bridges, etc. I have often seen in a house a large shallow dish holding water in which was an old tangled root, a few little plants growing on it, and pathways winding about, bridges spanning some chasm, with here and there a little toy house. These things are bought in sets, and young as well as old seem to enjoy the simple and diminutive landscapes. It is the enjoyment of these apparently infantile pleasures that has given us the idea that the Japanese are essentially an effeminate nation, and yet in their fight with the Formosan savages and in the late Satsuma rebellion they showed the fiercest courage and fighting valor.

It is a pleasant sight to see people walking together, often holding hands, and the women and children usually do so. A grown-up daughter and her mother or grandmother, in nine cases out of ten, will hold each other's hands as they pass along; fathers always hold their children's hands, and if anything of interest is going on, will hold the children high on their shoulders to see the sight. From the reticent way the people behave we imagine they have no sentiment; they were supposed never to kiss; and it is a rare sight to see a mother kiss her child; even when she does she scarcely does more than snuggle her nose in the child's neck. I asked Professor

Toyama to tell me frankly if people or lovers never kissed. He said reluctantly, "Why, yes, but never before other people or in public"; and so far as I could learn from him nothing seems coarser or more ill-bred to a Japanese than the sight of Americans, or English, kissing their wives good-bye at the station; a matter that with us means nothing more than an affectionate good-bye or welcome. We have only to realize how some of our customs — such as dancing, for example — appear to them to understand how some of their customs which are equally innocent appear to us. Toyama told me that the oddest sight to him, when he came to America to go to the University of Michigan, was to see people at a railway station bidding good-bye and kissing all round, and school-girls flying to each other; but for men to commit such an act was the height of absurdity to him.

To-night some sort of a festival is being celebrated. I have been standing on the street for an hour watching the crowds,

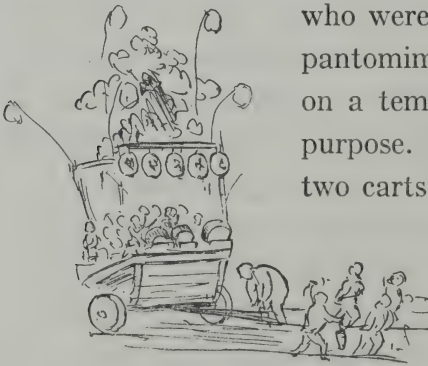


FIG. 230

who were hilariously looking on at a pantomime which was being played on a temporary stage erected for the purpose. While enjoying it along came two carts dragged by children holding

light-colored paper lanterns. The carts were rude two-wheeled vehicles built up roughly with boards and packed full of

children beating drums, screaming, and laughing as only children will. The framework above was elaborately deco-



rated with paper figures, colored cloth, and a liberal supply of lanterns. As the cart went by in a crowd I was only able to get an idea of its appearance (fig. 230.) A few men went along to steady or to direct the cart. It was an enlivening sight, the children swarming like ants, everybody laughing and shouting. Japan is certainly a paradise for children, and the charm of it all is that in every gathering of this sort, and at all times, the older people join in the sports. The children have their *matsuri*, or festival, rigging up a little cart with lanterns and dragging it through the streets in imitation of

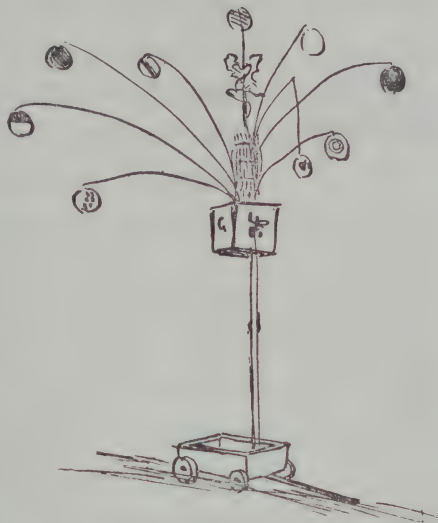


FIG. 231



FIG. 232

the larger cars. Figure 231 is a sketch of the children's attempt at getting up a matsuiri car, and they were having as much fun out of it as if they had been dragging a big car. The lanterns pendent from bamboo poles were of the brightest colored paper, and as they dragged the cart along everything was dancing and jiggling. On the street were children with long bamboo poles, on the ends of which, cut out of paper, were large butterflies which were made to flutter when the children were running against the wind (fig. 232).

*September 21.* The markets are getting full of fruit. A species of persimmon, bright red in color, is delicious; the grapes are ripening; and the pears, though apparently unripe, are prettily displayed piled in triangular form in shallow tubs lined with evergreen (fig. 233). Everything in the market



FIG. 233

looks clean and is displayed with much taste: the onions shine, the turnips are white as snow, so thoroughly are they scoured. After seeing a market here you are never able to forget the condition of things that are brought to our markets at home.

In company with two friends I saw three Japanese dancing girls, whom we had engaged beforehand, one of them quite pretty, the other two very plain. We had two rooms, the sliding screens being removed between them, and candles arranged to throw light upon the girls, one of whom danced while the other two kept up a continuous twanging on a guitar-like affair. The dancer walked around in a monotonous way, the body swaying, the head, the arms, and the legs assuming various attitudes. It seems that the selections have various names, and the gestures are intended to represent rowing a boat, gathering flowers, and the like. A folding fan was twirled, opened, and closed to accompany the various attitudes. The dresses were of beautiful silk crape. While this was going on, the maids of the house brought up, first, sixteen hard-boiled eggs, for three of us, and afterwards fish, lobster, cake, and other things, enough for a dozen hungry persons, and we had just risen from a hearty dinner. Of course we could not eat a particle of food, and I inwardly groaned to think of the pre-

cious moments I was losing on the various matters that absorbed my time, and was glad when the show was over, though ethnologically the exhibition was very interesting.

*September 22.* To-day and yesterday I have been hard at work writing up an account of the Omori shell heaps and making drawings of the pottery found there. There are so few books to consult in this part of the world that it is difficult to write on any subject of a scientific character.



FIG. 234

On the day we visited the temple there were a number of stages erected along the road leading to it, and on these stages were men performing with a big and a little drum, a bell, and

a flute. These men play hour after hour without showing the least fatigue. I listened in vain to detect a strain of what we regard as music and gave up in despair; I not only could not understand the music, but was equally ignorant of what it was all about. Figure 234 gives an idea of the appearance of these musicians. One has on his head a towel folded in such a way as to resemble a bonnet.



FIG. 235

Figure 235 is a sketch of one of my special students sorting specimens. The tousled hair is due to the fact that before the Japanese adopted the simple sanitary method of dressing the



hair, the head was shaved on top and a queue was worn. They find it very hard to part their hair or to make it lie down properly after years of shaving. I made this sketch in order to show the Japanese dress, which is hard to describe. It will be observed that the sleeves are sewed up part way, and this makes the only pockets he has, one in each sleeve. He has a foreign undershirt; otherwise his arms would be bare. Before three hundred years ago the Japanese wore tight sleeves like ours; even two hundred years ago the sleeves were very close, so Mr. Kashiwagi told me. The skirt is really a voluminous pair of trousers opened at the sides; on the back is a stiff piece standing erect, and only samurai are privileged to wear this garment. Daughters of samurai may also wear the same gar-



FIG. 236



FIG. 237

ment when they go to school, thus insuring them a little more respect and consideration. Figures 236 and 237 are sketches of young boys belonging to the Preparatory School, where they learn English before entering the University. I often watch them out of the windows in my laboratory; they are handsome, manly little fellows, all so gentle and polite in

their demeanor, and they look at you so kindly that you feel at once sympathy and affection for them. You never seem to

see expressions of malice, contempt, or disdain. I do not mean that they may not have such expressions, but I have never seen them.



FIG. 238

Since the Exhibition has been open I have visited it seven times and have managed to get a few sketches every time. Figure 238 represents a girl in the act of doing up her hair. It was life-size, carved out of wood in high relief, and was extremely graceful, the drapery being colored. It was difficult to sketch in the

midst of a crowd, which was, nevertheless, a placid sea compared to a similar exhibition crowd at home. A flower- or plant-holder (fig. 239) is an ingenious piece of work and one of some little difficulty to construct. It will be seen that the three staves forming the lower bucket are extended to enter into the structure of three smaller buckets above, and these three in turn contribute a staff to form an upper bucket of the same size. The wood was so white and clean that the whole object was perfection itself.

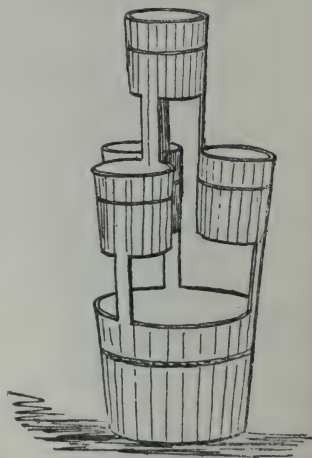


FIG. 239

Figure 240 is another bucket for flowers, much smaller, but following the same idea in construction; it was about two feet high and a most dainty object. The smaller bucket on the right was oval in shape. A flower-pot made of porcelain, at least three feet long, with blue decoration of pine running across the side, and containing a dwarf pine, was a striking object (fig. 241). A curious device quite new to me was displayed in one of the alcoves at

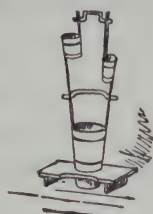


FIG. 240



FIG. 241

the fair. There was a large bamboo frame on which were stretched two sheets of a very fine netting, or muslin; at all events, a kind of cloth that you could see through. These were about an inch apart, and on one was painted a foreground of dark trees and a middle ground of distant hills; on the other netting was a strong sketch of the great Fuji. It was made to look distant on account of the netting through which you looked, and the

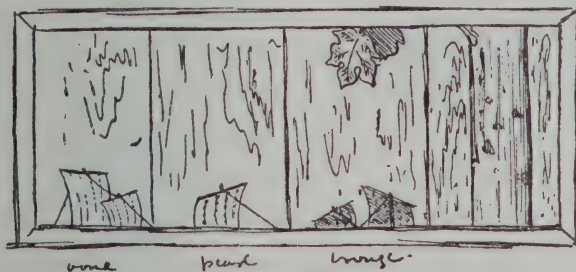


FIG. 242

illusion was perfect. Another of these wonderful framed decorations I managed to draw, and a sketch of it is shown in figure 242. It was made on the base of a rotten and worm-eaten

cedar, the grain conspicuous, and was as dainty an object as one could imagine. It was three and one half feet long and a deep red frame enclosed it. The design consisted of the trunk of some tree, or possibly a grapevine, with one leaf showing. It was made of bamboo, green in color, and probably of lacquer. The three vessels, only the sails of which show above the frame, were made respectively of bone or ivory, pearl and bronze, or bronze lacquer, all in relief. The sails were made of narrow strips of cloth laced together, the lacing delicately carved, and the whole design illustrated well the conceits of the Japanese artist. There was also a lacquered cabinet, of

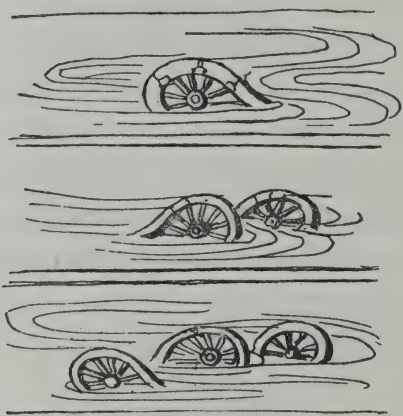


FIG. 243

exquisite workmanship, with three drawers and the oddest motive for a design that I ever saw, consisting of wheels carved out of ivory and half submerged in swirling currents of water (fig. 243). It will be observed that the wheel is not perfectly round. This was to heighten the illusion that the water was tearing by at a great rate.

The hubs of the wheels formed the knobs by which the drawers were drawn out; but who but a Japanese would think of a decoration for a cabinet of drawers of half-submerged cart wheels twisted out of shape? It is no wonder that the world goes wild over Japanese decorative art. I must state here that I have not yet learned anything about the



mythology and folklore of Japan. I am too much absorbed in present things to find time to look backward, but doubtless many, if not all, the motives of decoration so mysterious to us refer to some well-known story or myth of the Japanese.

In figure 244 are given two forms of shovels and a hoe. The cutting edges are slightly curved inward and this insures the cutting of roots in digging, whereas in our shovel and hoe, rounding the other way, the roots are liable to slip off sideways. In the shovels the



FIG. 244

wooden handle, instead of being riveted as with us, runs into grooves in the metal. In figure 245 is shown a serviceable form of hoe used on roads. The handle is of bamboo about three feet long, light and strong, and the body of the hoe is basket-work connecting with the handle by a bail with an edge of iron. The workman holds the iron bail firmly at any angle he wishes in digging or scraping, and

FIG. 245

a mass of dirt can be instantly dumped by letting go the bail. The basket-work of the bail makes it very light.



## CHAPTER X

### ANCIENT POTTERY AND THE SHELL HEAPS AT OMORI

TO-DAY Dr. Murray, with his interpreter, and I visited the shell heaps at Omori, taking with us two coolies to bring back whatever we collected. A short walk from Omori station brought us to the place, and we began immediately to dig, the coolies with their hoes and we with trowels. In the course of two hours we had dug down an immense mass of stuff, quite filling the deep ditch beside the track and getting a good many fragments of pottery and other things. While eating our lunch, feeling dirty and hot, we told the coolies that unless we dug the stuff back again we should be arrested, and they immediately set to work, and not only cleared out the ditch,

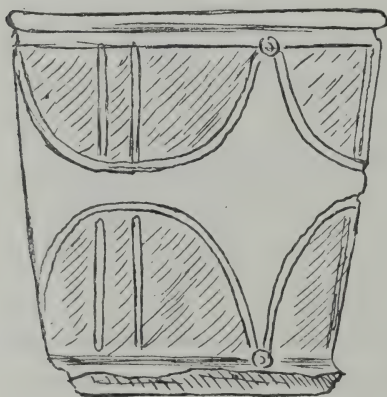


FIG. 246

but hoed it all back again up the embankment, smoothed it down perfectly, and set out a number of small trees and bushes; indeed, there was no evidence that we had disturbed anything. I have never learned of the condition of the place after a good downpour of rain. I was fortunate enough to find two perfect pots and one rude

stone implement at the top of the deposit; also three horn implements and one of bone.

For the last few days I have been making drawings of the

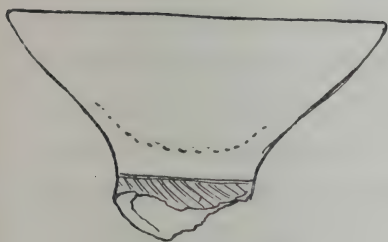


FIG. 247

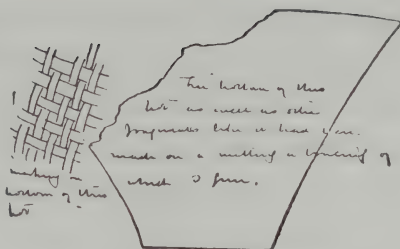


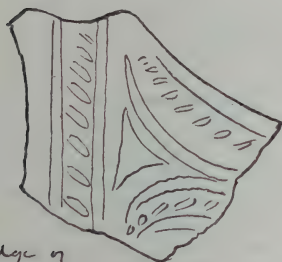
FIG. 248



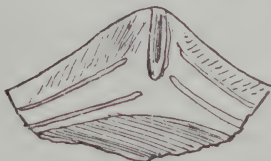
Handle of pot



Handle of pot.



Edge of pot.



Red vessel square.



neck of vase



Fragment of pottery



FIG. 249

fragments of the pottery, and the diversity of ornamentation is remarkable. All the pots and fragments are drawn half-size unless otherwise marked. Figure 246 was found at the bottom of the deposit. Traces of bright red cinnabar were found on the inner side of this piece; outside it was black and burnt and the interspaces were cord-marked. Figure 247 represents a bowl with black walls, the base being gone; figure 248, another

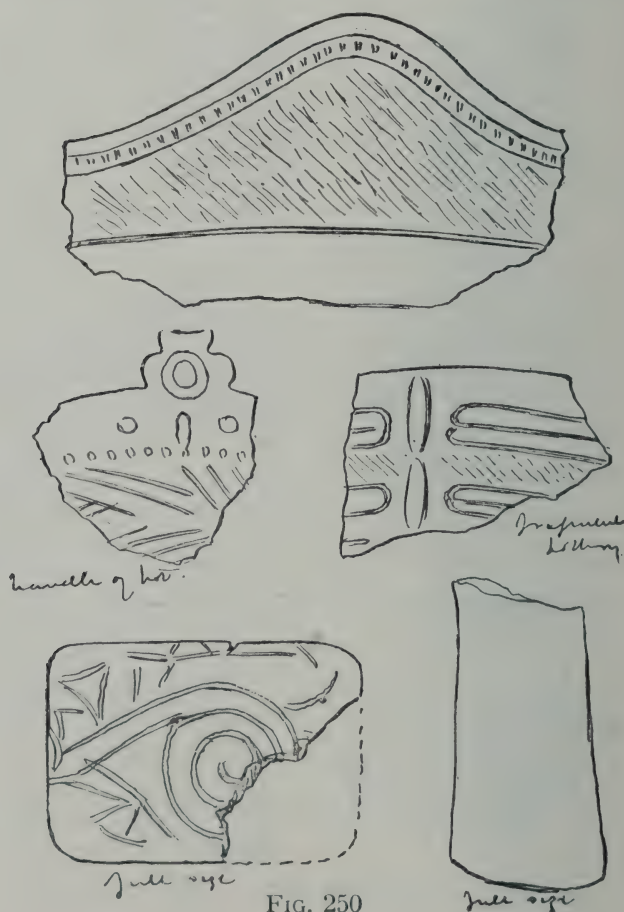


FIG. 250



bowl, the base marked with matting of simple weave; figures 249 and 250 show other pieces, some of them rims, handles or knobs. The two pieces at the bottom of figure 250 represent a curious clay tablet and the only stone implement; figure 251, the bone and deer-horn implements. I am told by Jap-

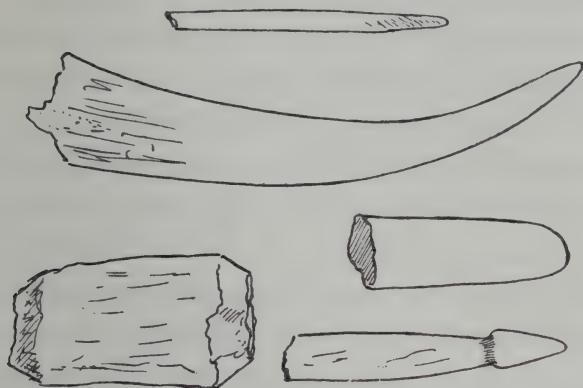


FIG. 251

anese antiquarians, who take great interest in the matter, that nothing like these objects has ever been found in Japan. As the University has a number of lithographic stones I purpose to draw whatever we may get and the University promises to publish any memoir I may make on the subject and send it to various societies abroad. I hope in this way to start a set of scientific publications, which may be sent in exchange to institutions, and thus build up a scientific library. With this material I have started a little room at the University as a beginning of an archæological museum.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Fukui came in last night to see my drawings, and I had

<sup>1</sup> This was the inception of their large archæological museum and their publications which already comprise many volumes.

a long talk with him on Japanese customs. He explained everything I asked about as far as he could, and I learned a great many new things. The samurai class, of which he was one, were the retainers of the daimyos, lords of the provinces. They represented the highest class, and until within a few years were permitted to wear two swords; a short one thrust inside the inner fold of the band which goes around the waist and the long sword stuck into the outer fold of the sash. By an edict of the Emperor, the wearing of swords was prohibited; no Occidental nation has yet had the faintest appreciation of the sacrifice made when the edict was obeyed out of devotion and loyalty to their sovereign. The big sword used in the two hands was to fight with, the smaller sword to finish the work of the larger sword. Mr. Fukui told me about the feudal practice of executions, a few of which he had witnessed. The professional executioner was selected from the Eta class, the lowest social group, — outcasts, in fact (the Government has lately abolished the distinction). The executioner inherited the clothes of the victim, so he was very careful to pull the dress down from the neck and up from the knees, as when the condemned was kneeling, with the head thrust forward, the keen-edged sword would not only go through the neck like a flash, but would even cut the knees; and but for the solicitude of the executioner the clothes would be ruined!

The samurai used to come together once a year to examine their blades. The name of the maker is cut on that portion of the blade which fits into the handle, the handle being held by a little wooden pin. These were really guessing parties, and the determination of the maker of the blade had to be made by an

examination of the blade alone; the color of the steel, the depth of temper, the curious wavy lines made by the union of the steel edge with the soft iron into which it is welded. After all had recorded their guesses the handles were taken off the swords and the signatures read. In handling the blade they use the long sleeve of their outer garment to rest it upon, never permitting the hand to touch the blade; in drawing it from the scabbard the cutting edge must always turn toward the holder. Mr. Fukui explained to me a number of courtesies observed in regard to the sword, which was called the "Soul of the Samurai," but I did not get the information clearly enough to record.

I had repeatedly observed that young men in the street were never accompanied by girls unless it was a father with his little daughter. The girls are always seen alone, or in company with other girls, or with their mothers. Rarely do you see a young man bowing to one of the opposite sex. I asked Mr. Fukui bluntly how many girls he counted among his acquaintances, or knew well enough to invite them to go to the Exhibition with him. He laughed at the idea, and admitted that he did not know a single girl. I could hardly believe it, and told him, much to his astonishment, that at home young men invited girl friends to drive, to picnics, concerts, boat sails, and the like. He was frankly amazed and said such social manners were unknown in Japan. When he calls to see a friend, if by chance a sister or daughter is present, no matter how well he may have known her when she was a child, the girl politely bows and retires, and if by chance they meet in the street she holds her parasol or umbrella down and he turns

his head away. He told me this was the custom among the lower samurai; the upper samurai bow politely under similar circumstances. Afterwards I asked Professor Toyama if his experiences had been the same and he confirmed all that Mr. Fukui had said. Said he, "I do not know a single young lady"! It is only within a few years that the husband and wife have been seen walking in public side by side, and that only in rare cases, by radicals who approve of foreign methods; nearly always when you see a husband and wife walking in the street the wife is from five to ten feet behind her husband; and a husband and wife riding together in a jinrikisha is an embarrassing sight. Professor Toyama said, "When I see such a sight the man turns red in the face, and if he does n't, then I turn red in the face." He said such men are called by a name which signifies "long hair in the nose"; for a man who has long hair in his nostrils is supposed to be led about by his wife, or, as we say, "henpecked," a name as strange to them as their name for henpecked is to us. My Japanese informant is now twenty-two years old and I asked him if he intended to get married. He said, "Certainly." "But," I asked, "how can you find a wife if you have no girl friends among your acquaintances?" He said the affair is always arranged by friends or "go betweens." If a man signifies his desire to be married, his family or friends find out for him some desirable mate; he communicates with the family, expressing a wish and asking permission to call, and sees his possible future wife for the first time. If they are apparently agreeably disposed, the information is conveyed in some way, and he does not see her again until the wedding. "But," I asked, "how do you



know that she is not indolent, quick-tempered, or something of that sort?" He said these matters are carefully inquired into before betrothal. He also added: "In the American way of approaching the subject, the girl always appears different from what she really is; she dresses to allure and behaves to win; while in our way, which we think infinitely better, matters pursue an even course without emotion, but with consideration for the future happiness of the parties." However absurd or unromantic this method appears to us, the divorce rate is much lower than with us. In Japan, within my limited observation, the married people appear to be happy, smiling, and contented. With this rigid separation of the sexes socially, the boys and girls of Japan lose a great many innocent and happy experiences. When we recall the picnics, candy parties, and other parties at home, amateur theatricals, sleigh rides, boating, coasting, and similar gatherings, it seems as if our social ways in that respect were far better, even for the girls. I am not sure about it, as my point of view in many things is repeatedly changed by my experiences here.

Last Monday I gave a strong lecture on Evolution, and now the class expresses an impatient desire to have a course on the subject, but I shall not have time to prepare it until I get back from America in the spring. A student from another class came to me to-day and asked permission to attend my lectures, and so far the students seem much interested. Certainly I have never had students pay stricter attention; this, however, would be natural, as they are listening to a strange language and that spoken somewhat rapidly.

The one-storied block of houses, with four or five tenements

and front doors opening on the street, is a recent idea here. Before the Revolution in 1868 this form of house was not known, the tenements in the city were built like the yashiki, in a square, facing inward, with one big gate used on ceremonial occasions, and at each side little entrances through which the people daily passed. The Kaga Yashiki, where we live, has an imposing gateway which I have never seen open, and some distance from it a little entrance, closed at night, with a gate-keeper close by in a little room, who, knowing the people living within, would let us in late at night. The present mode of building is more economical and will be the method in the future. Each house has a little garden bordered by a light bamboo fence.

There is a small portion of the city set apart for foreigners, and no foreigner can have a residence outside this limit unless he is a Government officer; as the Imperial University is sustained by the Government the instructors are regarded as Government officers and are privileged to reside in any part of the city. In the Kaga Yashiki, four miles or more from the foreign concession, we are in the midst of Japanese life pure and simple. I often go out of the yashiki gate (where there is always a gate-keeper) and wander up and down the thoroughfare, or into side streets, to enjoy the many odd sights — the little low shops, the front entirely open in the daytime, and the stock of goods in some cases moved out and spread on the ground. I have often waited fifteen or twenty minutes for the shopkeeper, who may have gone off for half a day. I have taken something from the little shop-like shelves and carried it in to the shopkeeper next door to ask him to tell the

absent man that I wanted it. I could have run off with a pocketful of small articles with the greatest ease.<sup>1</sup>

In figure 252 I give a rough sketch of my room, which is a long, high-studded room, a drawing-room, in fact, thirty feet



FIG. 252

long, back of which is the dining-room, separated by folding doors and which I now use as a bedroom. The table, or desk, with student lamp, I use for my journal and correspondence; the next table I use as a catch-all, though somehow or other the other tables catch a good many things that do not belong to them. The farther table, the round one, I reserve for my shell-heap work and a few memoirs relating to the subject; the desk in the corner contains all my scientific notes and the

<sup>1</sup> Such honesty might be found in our country villages, but in our large cities never, while the above experience, repeated many times, was in the vast city of Tokyo. In this allusion to one of the many phases of the honesty of the people one must remember that in our cities, outside thermometers are screwed to the wall, dippers are chained to the fountain, and so common is the pilfering of soap and towels from public conveniences that devices are invented such as a fluid soap, its receptacle screwed to the wall to guard against this mean and petty stealing.

special work I am doing on the Brachiopods, so I move my lamp from one table to another as necessity requires. In this room I write night after night undisturbed by a single caller; outside, absolute peace and quiet reigns; indeed, the only sound that reaches one's ears is the distant sound of some high notes of some one slightly exhilarated by saké; for these people, when in that condition, seem inclined to sing instead of to fight, as is the common impulse with the Anglo-Saxon and the Irish, and particularly the Irish.

I saw a curious article for sale the other day in the form of a curved bamboo with a large wooden ball affixed to the end. I gave up the puzzle and finally asked the man what it was,



FIG. 253

and he smilingly showed me by holding the loop over his shoulder and moving it back and forth, literally pounding his back with the ball (fig. 253). This pounding is supposed to be good for rheuma-

tism, and one often sees children pounding with both their fists the back of some old person. This simple contrivance enables one to do it for himself, at the same getting a certain amount of exercise.

In presenting paper currency objection is always made if the edge of the bill is torn ever so slightly. The result is that but little torn currency is seen in circulation; in fact, none at all except some bill torn slightly at the point of folding. The paper is thicker and seems smoother than ours, and though somewhat soiled, the bills are always whole and never present the worn and dirty condition of our bills. It may be that the



poorer classes never handle so large a piece of money as a bill, but the cleanly habits of the Japanese would also account for it.

In figure 254 is the roughest sketch of the zoölogical laboratory of the University where my special students work. Besides this room, which is a long, narrow apartment, I have



FIG. 254

two more on the other side of the passageway. Figure 255 is a plan of the main University building. The frontage on the street must be nearly two hundred feet; from the main building three wings run back, between which are two long, low buildings, one story high, connected with the wings by a narrow passageway, on the railing of which I made the sketches of boys (figs. 236, 237). I have one of these long buildings. The room marked (1) is my lecture room upstairs, and beneath this is a hall, twice the length, which I am to use as a museum. Besides this building there is a handsome hall

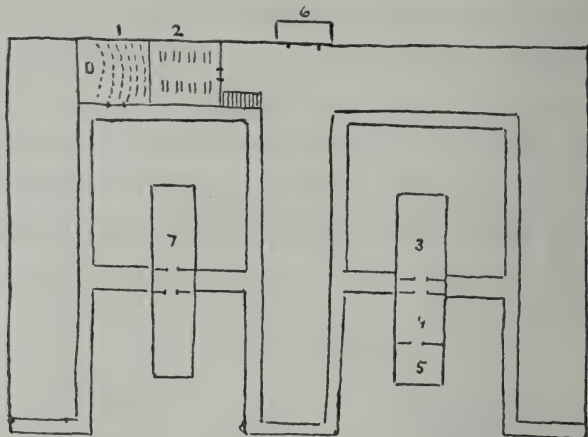


FIG. 255

by itself, a library building with many other buildings for mining and smelting ores, dormitories for the students and others, forming a little village by itself, there being several hundred students with a host of officers, under-servants, laborers, etc.

The Asiatic Society of Japan has invited me to give the opening address at their meeting October 13, and I shall speak of the Omori pottery, and the evidences of an early race in Japan.

Saturday afternoon there was an autumn meeting of the Tokyo Athletic Club made up almost exclusively of Englishmen who are attachés of the British Legation. A number came from Yokohama, representatives of the Athletic Club there. The games were held on a large parade ground near the Imperial Naval College, a broad, flat field, and as I stood there I could hardly realize that I was not at home about to witness a baseball game. It was a beautiful day, as all fall days are

in Japan. There were some sixty or seventy men as contestants, and intermingled were a number of Japanese, and in a pavilion were a few ladies. It seemed so homelike and natural; but this illusion was immediately dispelled upon looking about and seeing the dense crowds leaning against the ropes, all Japanese, all bareheaded and of all sizes, babies on the backs of little children and women; and such chattering as they kept up! A brick wall along the street had a fringe of Japanese lining the top (fig. 256), as unlike home in appearance as



FIG. 256

anything could be, and yet betraying the universal curiosity of man, shared also by his nearest relatives, the monkeys. The native brass band belonging to the Marine College provided the music and played very well. In the medleys the strains of "Yankee Doodle" and "We won't go home till morning," etc., were reminders of home. The sports consisted of foot races, hurdle races, jumping, throwing the hammer, three-legged races, etc. It was a great rest and change for me and most enjoyable.

On our return to the yashiki Dr. Murray had a carriage with two horses and I followed behind in a jinrikisha; though the horses went off at a smart trot my man easily kept

up with them, and though the distance was nearly five miles the man did not show the slightest fatigue. The endurance of these men is always a matter of interest to a foreigner. In riding behind the carriage I had an opportunity to realize what a novelty the carriage and its occupants were, for everybody turned round and stared at it. After the carriage passed I saw two little girls bowing to one another in the manner of the English ladies they had seen, with the head moving a little sideways in perfect mimicry, and the other day I saw a woman make a motion of smoking a cigar by pursing the lips as I rode by, though I was not smoking.

Sunday I took my sketching-block and started off expressly to sketch the shop signs, of which there are so many different kinds. In our country we have a few which are everywhere familiar; the mortar for an apothecary, a North American Indian for a tobacco store, a watch for a watchmaker, a long-legged boot for a shoemaker, and a few others. Here every kind of a shop will have its symbol in the form of some huge carving or covered framework.

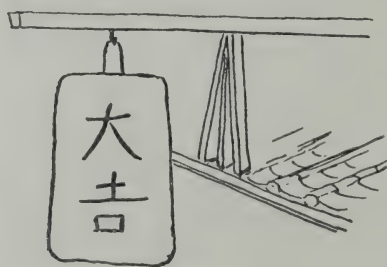


FIG. 257

though permanent wooden awning, and most of the signs hang from a straight beam which runs out from the main roof and is propped up on this awning; some of these supports have a little roof built over the sign, either to protect

it or to add to its importance. Figure 257 represents the sign of a grocer's shop or a sugar shop, a huge bag of paper



painted white with the characters painted black. Figure 258 is a large tassel of hempen strands and indicates a place

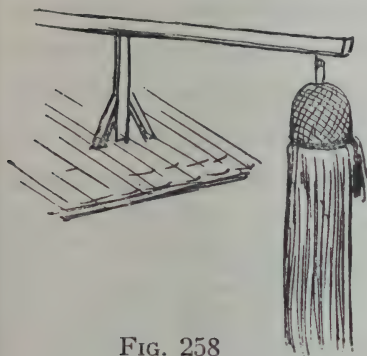


FIG. 258

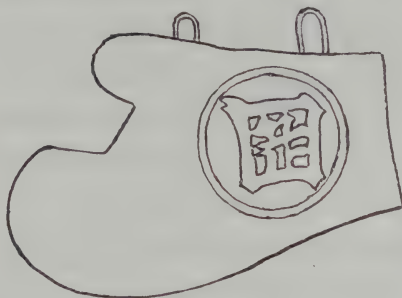


FIG. 259

where one may buy rope, netting, and the like. Figure 259 is

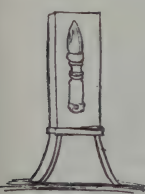


FIG. 260

a very common sign, made of a plank, two or three feet long, painted white with the shop-keeper's name upon it in black, and represents the pattern of a

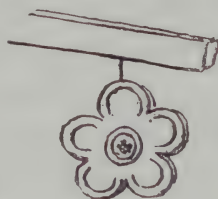


FIG. 261

Japanese stocking. Figure 260 is a standing sign on the ground, and the ornamental sym-



FIG. 262

bol in high relief shows where brushes may be bought. Figure 261 represents a place where rice cakes are sold; the cakes are thin and look like huge wafers. Figure 262 indicates where an eye doctor may be found; the sign is black with gilt writing and brass mountings. Figure 263 is an

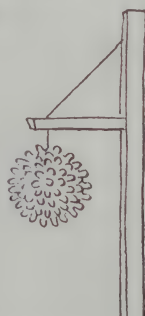


FIG. 263

odd-looking sign; it is round, made out of thick paper and painted white, and is about a foot and a half

in diameter; it is the invariable sign for a confectioner's store, the sign representing in an exaggerated form the Japa-



FIG. 264

nese sugar plum; our sugar plum has similar prominences, but very small ones. Figure 264 is also an odd sign, and when I sketched it I had no idea what it represented. A curious rattling sound of pounding was heard,

and looking into the shop I found two men beating gold leaf, and on the sign are represented two leaves of gold.

Figure 265 is the sign of a candle shop, the candle in white on a black ground, in relief. Figure 266 resembles a large six-cornered box with a fringe of black hair hanging from the bottom of it, indicating a shop where artificial hair may be bought,

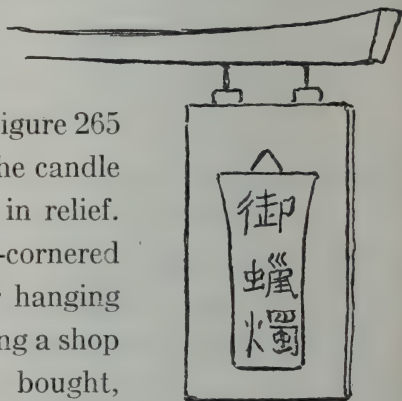


FIG. 265

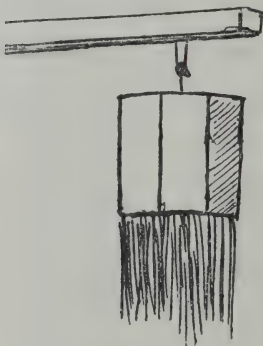


FIG. 266

for I saw wigs for sale inside. Figure

267 is a seal-cutter's sign; it always stands on the ground. Nearly everybody uses a seal, and they have the most compact and ingenious contrivances to carry a seal with its red pigment in the smallest possible compass; they stamp



FIG. 267

their bills, receipts, letters, etc. The seal-cutter's sign, meaning stamp, is very common, and I learned my first

Chinese character by observing the resemblance a portion of it bore to a capital P in stamp. Figure 268 is the universal sign of a money-changer or broker. It is a round disk of wood with a smaller circle cut out on either side, and is a conventional form signifying money. Figure 269 indicates a comb shop, and this comb was about three feet long.



FIG. 268



FIG. 269

Figure 270 not only represents an umbrella shop, but a modern foreign umbrella, their own kind, made of oiled paper, was very heavy and particularly clumsy and the people took readily to our form, and it is quite commonly seen on the streets used as a parasol as well.

There are many more kinds of signs, and I hope to get them in my wanderings round the city, but you may imagine how odd the streets appear with these large and conspicuous objects of various kinds projecting from the front of the shops. These shops are rarely over one story, unpainted or painted black, so that they appear dingy, and the signs are rarely anything more than black and white. You can thus realize what a striking object in the gray street is, for instance, a girl walking along dressed for company, her hair black and shining like their beautiful lacquer, her sash, or obi, strikingly brilliant in color, with face whitened with powder, bright red lips, and the whitest of stockings and the cleanest of sandals. These touches of color in the midst of a gray street with quaint signs are particularly conspicuous, and at intervals compact displays of



FIG. 270

blue-and-white porcelain and yellow fruit give the streets an appearance that is always fascinating. Added to all these novelties are the various street cries of peddlers who sell fish, men who mend pipes or tinware, junk-dealers; and to-day, I heard an extraordinary cry from a fellow who sold ladders. When I get home remind me to give you the newspaper dealer's cry and the ladder cry.<sup>1</sup>

The peddlers of candy often have a little exhibition of some kind to attract children in order to sell them candy. Once or twice I have regarded them as something akin to our hand-organ men, and have given them a few pennies, whereupon they have offered me a handful of candy, which, if there were no children about, I have refused with thanks, knowing too well that it would be flavorless and insipid. I met a peddler lately who imitated the cries of a crow, pig, goose, and calf, and did it to perfection. I made a sketch (fig. 271) of a good-natured old man who, to draw a crowd of children, had a form of glass cut into a number of facets and looking through it many images could be seen. He had a number of these in handled frames which were given to the children to look through while he danced about and made all sorts of funny motions; he also had some bright-colored paper butterflies on sticks and these he would twirl. In a box was his candy to sell. I sat in my jinrikisha while I sketched him, and had only time to get the old man and one child, but when you look at the sketch imagine a crowd of children with mothers looking on. When he saw what I was about, he laughed, but kept up his antics, and the children laughed too. When I finished my

<sup>1</sup> Alas, they are all forgotten!



sketch, which was made in a hurry, as many were staring over my back at the drawing, I gave him two cents, for which he thanked me with a very low bow and gave me a dozen sticks of candy. I saw a mistake had been made, and that he was not dancing for money; however, the candy was declined with

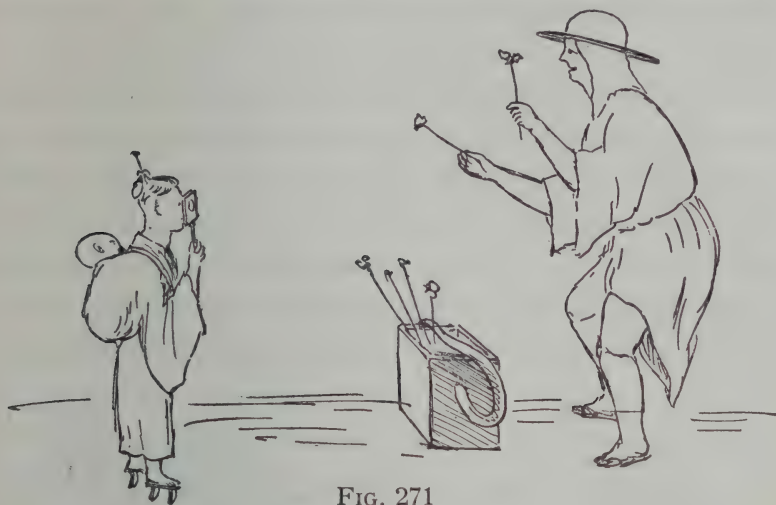


FIG. 271

thanks. Then he offered it to the jinrikisha man, who would not take it, and so he reluctantly put it back in his box and went on performing and dancing in the happiest spirit. Suddenly a bright thought occurred to him and he opened the box, took out a handful of candy again, and, making a motion to me, said something in which I understood the words for "present" (*shinjo*), "children" (*kodomo*), and "you" (*anata*), and gave it all to the little ones about him; the children accepted it and smilingly thanked me. A few days after, I met the old man performing on the street and he thanked me again, and this, by the way, is a custom that surprises you.

You buy some trifle in a shop, and passing the place a week after, the shopkeeper recognizes you and thanks you again.

Saturday was the day appointed to name a child of the Emperor who was born last week, and all the shops displayed the national flag, a great red disk on a white ground. It gave a very gay appearance to the long streets.

A ride along the great moat which surrounds the castle is very picturesque. Before the Revolution the Shogun dwelt within the enclosure, which is surrounded by huge stone walls slanting to the water of the moat, which is like a wide canal. There are now many buildings within used for Government purposes. The roadway bordering the moat is smooth and level and runs for a mile or two, as it encircles the enclosure, turning at times as it follows the moat and bringing into



FIG. 272

view new bridges and Oriental-looking buildings perched high on the walls or just inside (fig. 272). Strong old gateways are seen at intervals, and the walls made of large blocks of stone are solid and massive, appearing more massive with their great slope to the water of the moat. Around the top of

the wall is a fringe of ancient pine trees in whose branches are perched hundreds of cormorants, while in the broad moat at certain places the lotus grows luxuriantly, and when in bloom, with its great pink flowers is a charming sight. In the water flocks of wild ducks, geese, and other birds are seen in their migration. Nothing illustrates more strongly the gentle character of the people, or I might say of the boys and young men, than the appearance in the midst of a great city of flocks of wild birds which make themselves perfectly at home in the parks and ponds. To see a similar sight in our country one has to go to some wild place in the South. In the yashiki where I live, foxes are occasionally seen.

A favorite subject for decoration for lacquer cups and hanging pictures is a carp, or a carp ascending a waterfall. It is always drawn with the tail curved. It is probably a sketch of a fish ascending rapids, or falls, to deposit its eggs. It is a symbol for aspiration or persistency, and is a lesson to boys to aspire to higher positions.

On May 5 there is a national festival for boys, and I was told that families in which a boy had been born during the year were privileged to fly, from the end of a long pole, a huge fish made of paper or cloth, the mouth distended by a hoop by which it is suspended; the wind, which blows most of the time, dilates the fish, and the creature sways in the wind in the most natural swimming attitudes. It is a curious sight all over the vast city to see these fish, some ten feet in length, swaying and flopping.

I made an interesting call on an artist named Shorin who came from Kyoto to paint some flower pictures for the Exhi-

bition. He lives on a street that leads off from the Hongo. I passed through a little gate in a fence and found myself inside the enclosure of an old samurai. The severity of the garden was almost Quaker-like in its simplicity. It was the finest private house I had thus far seen, and nicer and cleaner than the others, if that were possible. The room which opened on a wide veranda was severe in its simplicity, with the dark cedar ceiling, the natural wood showing everywhere, the cleanest of straw mattings, in one corner of the floor a few books neatly piled, and the ever-present box with its live coals. A few simple pictures completed the furniture and adornment of the room. Such a room is the ideal for the student. Let one recall the usual room at home, with the infinite variety of objects to distract the attention in the daytime and many things to tumble over in the dark, all of which must consume the time of somebody to dust and clean. The artist met me with the deepest bows, and then quietly showed me his sketch-books in which were hundreds of drawings of dragonflies, grasshoppers, cicadas, snails, frogs, toads, birds, etc.; all drawn so lifelike and simply. In one book with a lot of flowers were sketches of the dresses of a prince in whose retinue Shorin had been during feudal times. When I retired he made a bow that nearly took my breath away. I have seen many bow with head touching the mat, yet his head remained for a few seconds as if he were in deep prayer. The Japanese sit on bent legs and in the bow the back must be horizontal to the floor and not elevated behind.

As I came away I noticed at the end of the veranda a pretty device: a large bamboo hanging down notched at the lower



end, on which hung a bucket of water, and just above, a shallow bamboo dipper hanging from a peg. Conveniences of this nature for rinsing the hands are found in every house (fig. 273).

In the street one often encounters an itinerant musician who walks slowly along thrumming a samisen and singing in a low, absent-minded kind of way. He wears an enormous straw hat resembling a shallow basket; his clothes, though much worn, are clean and are marked by hundreds of patches. These people go from house to house singing in a tremulous voice which seems to be fearfully cracked, and the singer is very old and worn and frightfully plain (fig. 274).



FIG. 274



FIG. 273

At the side of a street and on the ground I saw a game of chess being played by a young man and a boy; the boy was not over ten years old, but by the starts and exclamations of the young man I judged the little boy was a good match for him. A number stood around watching the game, and by squatting down on the ground, apparently watching the game too, I managed to get a hasty sketch

of the players (fig. 275).

On my way to the college I get a view of Fuji nearly seventy miles off; it is a perpetual source of delight. To-day the air was remarkably clear and Fuji stood out with a new dress of

snow. It was magnificent, so soft and clear. The mountain was covered a third of the way down with snow and the west-



FIG. 275

ern slope was covered still farther down, indicating from which direction the snow-storm had come.

On my way back from the University there is a long hill to climb, and I always

get out and walk up. In one shop there are four monkeys chained to a roost. One may buy for the tenth of a cent some parched peas or slices of carrots in shallow wooden trays on the end of a long stick. People stop for a minute to feed the monkeys, and I keep a handful of small coin in my pocket and every day have some fun with them. I found that the monkeys could catch the peas when tossed to them even from the middle of the street; they catch them as a boy catches a ball, with two hands, and no matter how quickly I tossed the pea they never failed to catch it. They seem to know me now, and if I plague them by holding the tray just beyond their reach they frown at me and make awful faces and jump up and down on their perch, thumping down upon it with their feet, and literally shaking the light wooden structure of the place. A big, cross old monkey who is kept imprisoned in a cage will grasp the bars and shake away furiously out of sympathy. The more I study them the more I recognize their human ways of doing things. They pick up

minute objects with the thumb and fingers when I should have to use delicate forceps.

At right angles to the University as it faces the street is the entrance to a residence of an old daimyo, a *yashiki*, in fact. The buildings are very old; the gables, the heavily tiled roof and ponderous ridges and solid gateway are typical of the architecture of these august residences. The structure on the roof is a recent addition for ventilation. The place is now being used for a school (fig. 276).

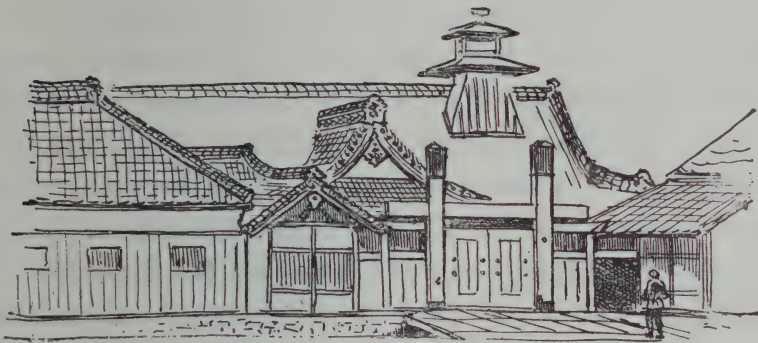


FIG. 276

I will not repeat here the sketches which are reproduced in my "Japanese Homes," but I cannot refrain from referring to figures 33, 34, 35, and 38, in that work, showing the appearance of the street through which I pass every day. The houses are mostly one story. As I walk by, from one house comes the sound of a squeaking voice accompanied by a *samisen* or *koto*; the next house is evidently a private school where the children are learning the Chinese characters and shouting their names at the top of their voices; such a Babel! In the next house some one is reading Chinese classics and making that sing-

song drawl that must be heard to be appreciated. The thin structure and open condition of the houses may be understood by the ease with which all sounds are heard outside.

At the Tokyo Museum I have seen some prehistoric pottery found in Yezo supposed to be ancient Ainu pottery. A few pieces have some resemblance to the Omori pottery, but it is much thinner and all is cord-marked.

In a few instances in this journal I have recorded slight earthquake shocks. Others have occurred, but I was either riding in a jinrikisha or walking and did not feel them. To-night, however, we have had a rouser. I had just sat down to supper with Professor and Mrs. C. when the shock began. We all recognized it instantly, and the Professor said, in a surprised manner, "It is an earthquake!" So I begged them to remain quiet to appreciate it, but I never thought of timing the duration till it was all over. I wanted to experience the whole thing. It was a series of lateral vibrations and might be compared to the movements in the cabin of a steamer just as she is getting under way. As it continued, Mrs. C. turned pale and left the room to look after the children, who were asleep; the Professor put his hands on the table as if to get up, but the oscillations becoming fainter he remained. I saw a physicist afterwards and he said the earthquake lasted a minute and a half with vibrations at the rate of two and a half a second. This imperturbability on my part was not due to any special bravery, but because I had not been long enough in the country to realize the danger. I had been told by old residents that the time would come when an earthquake would be anything but agreeable to me, but thus far it has



been an event of the keenest enjoyment. Only a few evenings ago Mr. Fukuyo was with me to spend the evening and he told me of the great earthquake in Tokyo, twenty-two years ago, when sixty thousand people lost their lives by the earthquake and the conflagration that followed. He said his father ran over the tops of prostrate houses for a long distance hearing the agonizing cries of people buried in the ruins. The moment this earthquake occurred I thought of the account that Mr. Fukuyo had given me, yet did not feel the slightest alarm; on the contrary, it was an enjoyable experience. It was not like the explosion of a powder mill nor a hurricane that made the house shake, but the solid ground itself was shaking like a big dish of jelly, and we were being shaken with it. Not a breath of air was stirring, and this rendered the disturbance all the more noticeable.

To-day I lunched with Professor E. He lives in a Japanese house on the brow of a hill from which a good view of a portion of the city is obtained (fig. 277). I made an attempt at a sketch, but it was too intricate to get in more than a suggestion of its appearance. The building to the extreme left and in the distance belongs to the War Department, as does also the one with the high cupola on the hill. You will observe the entire absence of chimneys and church spires, the general level of the roofs, with now and then a tall fireproof building, or *kura*. The absence of smoke is observed; indeed, no sign of smoke or white, cloud-like steam is anywhere seen. The artificial heat of the house is secured from a few bits of charcoal partially buried in ashes and held in a pottery, porcelain, or bronze receptacle. The people do not seem to mind the

cold as we do. It is now cold enough to wear a light overcoat, and yet these people are flying about in their thin kimonos and with bare legs, as they were in hot summer.

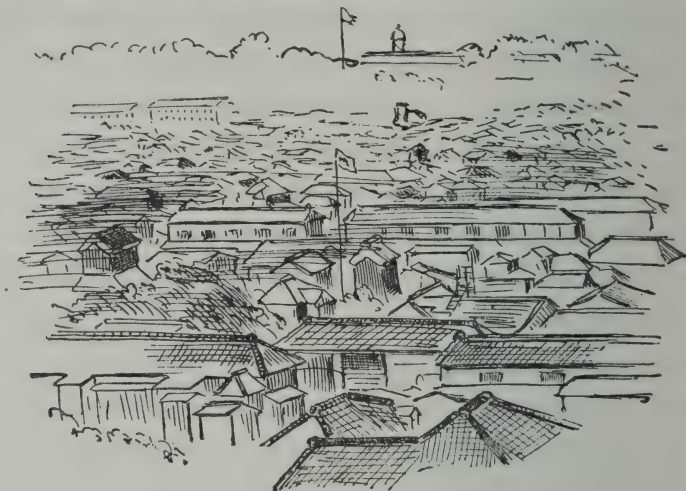


FIG. 277

The dread word has come that Asiatic cholera has broken out in Yokohama and Tokyo. The foresight and thoroughness of the Government is remarkable. The vast city covers an extent of territory three times that of New York City and there are said to be fifty or sixty thousand jinrikishas, every one of which is compelled to carry a box of chloride of lime. Every morning a servant passes through the corridors and entry-ways of the University sprinkling carbolic acid water on the floors and mats; every Government officer, native and foreign, receives a small vial of cholera medicine made by the regular formula of laudanum, rhubarb, camphor, etc., with a paper containing printed directions as to when and how to use it. Mine was in terse English.

The Imperial Gardens have often been described and I will not attempt it; they resemble the wilder parts of Central Park in New York, but are more natural and beautiful, with large mounds and hills, deep ravines, waterfalls tumbling down over rocks that seem natural till an examination shows you a conglomeration of faults, synclinals, anticlinals, and a violation of every principle of geology, and then you realize that the whole mass has been built up from a level plain; big rocks for this purpose have been literally brought a hundred and more miles. At the side of this mountain brook was an irregular flight of stone steps, lichen-covered, which led to the top, where a rustic summer house tempted you to sit and admire the view from the top of this artificial hill. To your surprise you find extending from the summer house for a long distance what appears to be a beautiful lawn. The existence of such a feature you gradually realize is impossible; leaving your seat to examine the puzzle you first encounter little bushes, six inches high, and then, as you descend a gradual slope, are bushes a little higher. As you continue, the height of the bushes increases; you come to small trees, but all are trimmed off at a perfect level above. When you reach the bottom of the hill you pass into a forest of great trees, the tops of which have been trimmed to a common level with the rest. The garden is three hundred years old, and so there has been ample time to accomplish these wonderful features. It would be useless to attempt a description without sketches, and sketches of such scenery are quite beyond me, though I did get an outline of a gigantic tree whose roots and branches were almost intermingled (fig. 278). A large bamboo grove was remarkable

for its beauty. There were no flower beds, but quaint stone bridges, paths, summer houses, huge wistarias trained on horizontal trellises, and the like. The place is open to visitors on Saturday only and special tickets are required; and, according to the usual contrariness of Japanese customs, you give up your ticket when you depart and not when you enter.



FIG. 278

The other morning I made a sketch of the main gateway of Kaga Yashiki (fig. 279). We do not use it in going to our houses within the walls, but use a smaller gate nearer to where we live. The roofs of the gateway are heavily tiled with massive ridges. The woodwork is painted dark red, while the iron facings, bolts, etc., are black. It is a picturesque sight, and I always take a good look at it when I pass, as I do every morning. The wall surrounding the yashiki is very thick and is made of tiles and cement and rests on a solid base of stone with a gutter or channel separating it from the road. The top of the wall is capped with roofing tiles, as shown in the sketch.





FIG. 279

*Saturday, October 6, 1877.* I gave my first lecture in a course of three on Evolution to-night in the large college hall. A number of professors and their wives and from five hundred to six hundred students were present, and nearly all of them were taking notes. It was an interesting and inspiring sight. The platform was large, with a rail in front; the seats were arranged on the main floor and rose like steps on the sides of the hall. A good blackboard was provided, and on the right of the stage was a little circular table containing two trays, on one of which was a decanter filled with water, out of deference to the foreigner, and on the other, a teapot of steaming tea (fig. 280), this being the customary drink for a speaker in Japan; physiologically it may be better for the throat than cold water. The audience seemed to be keenly interested, and it was delightful to explain the



FIG. 280

Darwinian theory without running up against theological prejudice as I often did at home. The moment I finished there was a rousing and nervous clapping of the hands which made my cheeks tingle. One of the Japanese professors told me that this was the first lecture ever given in Japan on Darwinism or Evolution. I am looking forward with interest to the other lectures, for I shall have objects to illustrate the points, though the Japanese are quick as a flash to interpret my blackboard drawings.

The students interested in botany and zoölogy came together the other day at my suggestion and formed a biological society. The members are exclusively Japanese and most of them work in my laboratory. A number of meetings have been held, and thus far the communications made would be

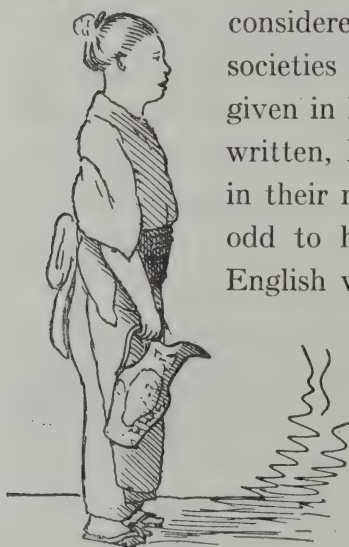


FIG. 281

considered appropriate in any of our older societies at home. These are sometimes given in English, always so when they are written, but when given verbally they are in their native language, though it sounds odd to hear the freedom with which the English words are used when they have no

Japanese equivalent. They all dress in native costume which is always so graceful in appearance. The members illustrate their remarks freely on the blackboard, and as most of them are born artists, the outlines are remarkable for their accuracy. Preparations of specimens gen-

erally accompany their communications. It is hoped that a journal will be published for exchange with societies abroad.

The sketch (fig. 281) represents my chambermaid, painfully plain in the face, lips partially open, exposing a row of polished black teeth. She is holding in her hand a pitcher as hideous as herself, made in Japan, but for foreign use, the Japanese using no pitcher of any kind.

Every day something new turns up in the way of street jugglers, musicians, peddlers, and acrobats, but no beggars. Figure 282 is a rough sketch of a strolling group of three poorly dressed people. One



FIG. 282

held in her hand a curious device of bamboo with glass which I supposed was an ornament of some kind; another, a woman, twanged a samisen; and the third held a square box and continually and rapidly declaimed something. I followed the group for some time, but nothing happened; then overtaking them, I gave the man a cent and the performance began at once. The man, taking the object, which looked like a rude imitation of a sprig of flowers, held the lower part of the bamboo rod to his mouth and blowing in and out produced a peculiar clanging sound not entirely unmusical. On examining the

bell-shaped device I found that a film of glass extended across the mouth of it and that the sound was produced by the pushing in and out of the glass diaphragm. Having done this for a while he put the end of the bamboo against his throat, and by some movement which I could not understand managed to make the diaphragm sound. After that he lifted a long-stemmed pipe, and after smoking a few puffs, placed the end against the throat and smoked away just as vigorously. It was a great puzzle, as it seemed impossible that he could make the skin move in and out with sufficient vigor to smoke; he must have had concealed under his clothes some kind of a bellows that he could move with his abdomen. I noticed that he had a cloth tied closely about the neck, probably concealing the tube that led to the abdominal bellows. It was a clever trick and the crowd seemed greatly puzzled by it.

Speaking of jugglers' tricks, I passed a shop the other day in which were for sale various objects for conjurers. Hanging in front were two devices to arrest the attention and advertise the place. One consisted of a sheet of tissue paper, ragged and torn, suspended by a string, and hanging from the lower edge of this paper was a stone nearly a foot in diameter. Either the stone was an artificial device as light as a feather, or a framework of wire meandered through the sound portions of the paper, though no evidence of such a support could be detected in the translucent sheet. The other device consisted of a horizontal rod of wood suspended in the middle by a cord which ran to the ceiling; on one end of the rod was apparently a large stone and on the other end a light Japanese lantern. Here

•



again the lantern must have been heavily weighted or the stone was artificial, for the rod was horizontal.

I visited a wood market to-day and found that firewood was often used for large boilers and also in stoves. The wood, instead of being sold by the cord, or in large masses as with us, is tied up in small bundles of six sticks. I saw a large pile of these little bundles of wood. They were sold at the rate of one dollar for twenty bundles. The wood was good and was cut about twice the length of the wood we use at home for stoves.

It is a never-ending source of enjoyment just to walk along the street of shops — one continuous stretch for miles of shops with a frontage of fifteen feet, or less, and only ten feet deep, though behind the back screens the family live. There is scarcely a change in these proportions, and yet every conceivable trade is carried on limited to these dimensions: lantern-makers, confectioners, barrel-makers, carpenters, joiners, blacksmiths, and all open wide to the street. There are no large workshops, and little or no demarkation between the artist and the artisan. Each master made it a point of honor to instruct only such apprentices as were likely to do him credit, and even to this day the good artists and artisans are generally known as being the pupils of such and such a master until they in their turn attain fame. It occurred to me that here was an education for the children — to see the method and manner of making the objects they are familiar with: as they saunter along the street they often stop to watch some artisan making a lantern or carving wood. Our children at home have often told me that they have never seen melted iron, or red-hot iron, or the manufacture of anything. In

many of the shops the lightness of the stock is surprising; one might buy out the entire contents of a shop for a few dollars, and yet the slight profit on occasional sales seems sufficient to support a family. The sketch (fig. 283) represents a black-



FIG. 283

smith's shop. The man is in a squat position all the time. The anvils are of very small size and the objects he is making are of diminutive proportions. Figure 284 is of a shoe and umbrella shop. It would have required a long time to draw the elaborate tiled roof, and I did not attempt it. The basket of umbrellas is seen at the left. Notice the stone to which the corner of a curtain is tied to keep it in position; the long piece above is in the nature of an awning. Sandals and wooden clogs are seen within.

Sunday afternoon Professor Chaplin and I walked through the streets for miles, coming across something new all the time. In one place a man had grasshoppers for sale as an article of food, the insects having been either boiled or baked. I

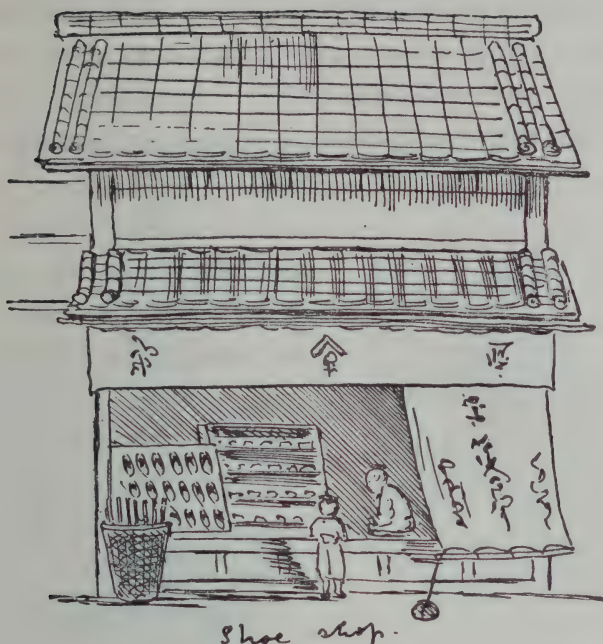


FIG. 284

ate one and found it very good, tasting like a dried shrimp. The grasshoppers looked precisely like our common grasshoppers, and there is no reason why they should not be eaten with us. In one place the laborers were repairing the street, and the contrivance they have for lugging dirt and stone was interesting. A large, coarse matting, square in shape, with looped handles from the corners, is laid on the ground and the dirt is shoveled upon it as shown in figure 285; when a sufficient load is collected a pole is thrust through the loops and two men lug it off on



FIG. 285

their shoulders, the matting suspended from the pole like a hammock. Wheelbarrows are unknown in Japan and this device provides a good substitute. I have noticed that when laborers are filling or grading the street they have a measure for the gravel. The box is made of large planks keyed to-



FIG. 286

gether, and men drag the dirt as above described and dump it into the box and measure and charge for the amount of road material, for which they have already contracted.

Figure 286 represents street laborers pounding down a place in the street that has been dug up; foundation stones of a house are also pounded down in this

way. During the work of pounding, the laborers keep up a curious chant that I can neither imitate nor describe.

An interesting attraction on the street was the sand artist (fig. 287). He was an old man with patched clothing. I wondered what he was about when he got down on his knees and with his hand brushed a smooth area on the ground; a few people and children gathered evidently knowing what was coming. Having swept a sufficient area he took out of a box a handful of reddish sand and, with his hand closed, allowed it to run through his fingers, moving his hand about at the same time and making an outline of a face. He made a fine double line by permitting the sand to run through interspaces between the fingers. A box of white sand was also used. He



made a clever drawing, and several small coins were pitched to him from the crowd, for which he bowed his head.<sup>1</sup>

A very common sight to encounter in the streets is laborers dragging on a two-wheeled dray a fruit, or flowering, tree,



FIG. 287

such as a camellia. The trees are often large ones, and the root end is sometimes five or six feet in diameter, bound up with matting. These trees are often in flower or fruit, and yet the Japanese seem to be able to transport them without detriment to the tree which, as soon as planted again, continues its blossoming. The soil is rich and the air damp, which favors the transplanting; a great mass of earth is taken up with the tree, and the Japanese gardener is a past-master in the art. That

<sup>1</sup> I have also seen in London drawings made this way on the sidewalk and for the same purpose — to win pennies from the crowd. The publications of the United States Bureau of Ethnology describe certain tribes of Western Indians making elaborate designs with various colored sands in connection with religious ceremonial rites.

the load is sometimes very heavy is evident when four or five men are seen straining and struggling to pull and push the dray along.

In our walk we passed a wide, open place in which were a number of cheap booths, the frames of which were constructed of bamboo poles, supporting cloth curtains; flags with curious drawings were swaying from poles of bamboo. Figure 288



FIG. 288

represents the appearance of these booths. These rude shelters were occupied by all sorts of peddlers with all kinds of cheap things for sale. One man had the painted diagram of a hand and he would tell your fortune; another had spread out before him a board upon which was a pile of

clean clam shells — the highly polished species. These were used as boxes to hold a brownish-looking substance, which he kept in a large earthen bowl. He offered me a taste of the substance, which was politely declined. There were some curious diagrams on his table, and I endeavored to make out what he had to sell by a study of his pictures. One represented in a rude way the anatomy of a man — about as correct as were the early maps of the world. There were a few other pictures from which nothing could be gleaned, and I was about to

leave when I caught sight of a picture of a long worm, and that explained the whole thing; he had been offering me a taste of his worm medicine! In some of the booths, large enough to hold an audience of fifty, were story-tellers, whose performance I have described before: the same kind of a triton shell to growl through, wooden blocks to strike the table with sharp clicks, and an enraptured audience. It was interesting to us, but we were not so rapturous, as, of course, we could not understand a word. The entertainments were evidently for the lower classes, and the audience consisted exclusively of men and boys.

The money-broker has an ingenious way of rapidly counting money. He has a handled tray divided by thin strips into squares, making ten rows and ten in a row; the strips are of the thickness of the coin he wishes to count and a tray is used for each kind of coin. A handful of five-dollar gold pieces, for example, is dropped upon the tray, which is deftly shaken so that the interspaces are immediately filled, the coins sliding over the filled ones to spaces unoccupied. The broker counts them by tens, and glances at them at the same time to see if there are counterfeits among them. These devices are used in the banks and money-exchange offices.

Yesterday afternoon when I left the laboratory I started off in an opposite direction from that of my house and determined to lose myself, which I promptly did, and for two hours and a half I roamed, a perfect stranger to everybody, through long streets and narrow lanes, seeing many odd sights and novelties. At about five o'clock in the afternoon everybody seemed to be engaged in sweeping the road in front of his shop

and house, in many cases sprinkling before sweeping; an excellent idea and a custom that would lead to a great improvement to some of our towns and cities if carried out.

On my way back, in one of the streets leading to a temple, a children's fair was going on. Both sides of the avenue were lined with little booths of various kinds and in every instance the objects for sale were children's toys. The booths were attended by old men or old women and the objects cost from a tenth of a cent to a cent. The children were flying about in the happiest spirits, flitting from one booth to another, looking at the pretty objects and making up their minds how they would invest their little coin. One old man had a boxlike stove, the upper surface being of stone beneath which was a charcoal fire. At one side was a large jar containing a mixture of rice flour, eggs, and sugar — a batter, in fact. He would sell this to the children by the cupful and provide a little tin spoon and they were allowed to spread it out a little at a time on the stove, cook it, and then, scraping it off, eat it, or give it to their little friends, or feed the baby perched up behind. One who recalls the delight of getting into the kitchen and scraping dough out of some vessel in which gingerbread or cake had been made, and with a knife scooping out drops of it, patting it down on the hot stove and baking little cakes can appreciate the delight of these Japanese children. Figure 289 gives an idea of this outdoor bakery. The old man's booth was portable; he could fold up his huge umbrella and pack the other things compactly and move to another place. This might be introduced into our cities in regions where children swarm, and with this hint some poor man or woman may do it.



There was another booth, where children could peep through openings and see pictures of some kind, which were being described by an old man. Again I must repeat that Japan is the paradise for children.

There is no other country in the world where they are so kindly treated or where so much attention is devoted to them. From the appearance of their smiling faces they must be happy from morning till night. They go to school early in the morning, or remain at



FIG. 289

home to help their parents in the domestic work of the house, or work with their father at some trade or in tending shop. They work contentedly and happily, and I have never seen a sulky child or any personal chastisement. Their houses are so simple that there are no objects to be pulled down, no furniture to tumble over; it is not continually dinned into their heads to get off this, or don't touch that, or to look out for their clothes. Little children are never left alone in the house, but are tied to the back of the mother or one of the older children and have delightful rides, fresh air, and see everything that is going on. The Japanese have certainly solved the children problem, and no better behaved, kinder children exist, and no more patient, affectionate, and devoted

mothers are found. However, this is all trite, as every book on Japan has said the same thing again and again.

Last Tuesday I started with a lot of workmen to make a thorough exploration of the Omori shell mounds. I hired the two laborers who went with me before and the University sent four laborers, who work about the grounds, to help me. They all carried hoes, shovels, etc., and an immense square basket to bring back whatever we might find. My two special students, Mr. Sasaki and Mr. Matura, as well as Professor



FIG. 290

Toyama and Professor Yatabe and Mr. Fukuyo, accompanied me. I also had with me General Le Gendre, a gentleman who is connected with the War Department. He is greatly interested in the subject of the origin of the Japanese. On a later train Dr. Murray and Professor Parsons came to help us and with this large force we dug many trenches and deep channels. The result of our day's work filled the big square basket and I had a freight bill for three hundred pounds in smaller packages besides, while the more precious specimens I carried in a handbag. Figure 290 is the appearance of the workmen returning along the railroad track with the big basket filled with shell-heap pottery. As in our visit before, the workmen hoed

and shoveled back the material dug over, filled the trenches, planted bushes and even small trees, and left it about as we found it. They are most persistent workers and never seem to tire. With the addition of this day's work the University will have one of the most valuable collections of ancient pottery in Japan. The collection already arranged in a room at the University is attracting a great deal of attention and almost every day learned Japanese ask permission to see the pottery. It is delightful to observe their intelligent appreciation, their careful manner in handling the objects, and their

○開成學校を雇ひ大博士イーユス、モールス氏(米國)  
 一二と争ふ有名の探古學者)の會て瀛車あて大森と經過  
 せし時倉卒の際あも つの小芥丘をキツト觀察して其只  
 物あ非ざるを豫て疑ひ居りて疑念勃々胸懷を離れざれ  
 バ此頃ろ終ふ其穿鑿あ着手して此小芥丘を發せられバ  
 地下凡そ一間程の所お至て太古人民の品類斐然凡食器  
 等を夥しく掘出たり其器物類の形狀いさも米國土人の  
 作爲せる者お似たり依て想像すれば日本太古の人民の則  
 ち米國太古の人民と同人種よて「アイノー」人種が先づ之  
 を驅り除け其「アイノー」人種を今の日本人が逐除けて此  
 國お居住するところなりしならんかとも云へり尙委細い  
 いづれモールス氏より世界の學者達へ報道する所あるべ  
 けれバ其報を得て後号お掲くべいと民間雜誌よ見ゆ

FIG. 291

politeness in expressing their interest. The "Nichi Nichi Shinbun," the principal newspaper of Tokyo, has an appreciative notice of my discovery. Figure 291 is a reproduction of this article.

I present a few figures of some of the curious shapes of Omori

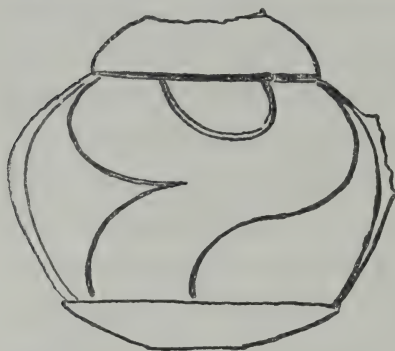


FIG. 292

All this pottery is modeled by hand, no evidence of lathe-work having ever been found.

When I arose this morning the air was oppressively warm. For the last week it has been clear and cold and this sud-

den change of temperature indicated some atmospheric dis-

pottery that we found. Figure 292 is a curious form; a hole in the side indicating either a place to pour from or an aperture in which a tube might be introduced to suck the contents. Fig. 293 is a bowl eleven inches in diameter. Fig. 294 is a foot in height; fragments of a similar rim are not uncommon.



FIG. 293

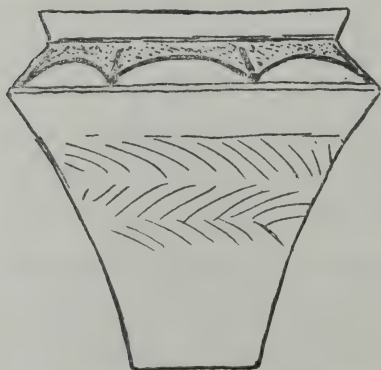


FIG. 294

turbance. It began to rain this noon, the wind all the time increasing in strength, and in the afternoon it developed into a regular typhoon. It has blown down many of the high fences in the yashiki and done a great deal of damage in the street in blowing tiles from the roofs. About five P.M. the rain



stopped, but the gale continued with undiminished fury. At the risk of getting my head broken with flying roofing tiles I ventured on the street to see how matters looked. The shops were nearly all closed, the storm shutters being up: the people stood under the overhanging roofs in front of their shops and were admiring the beautiful cloud effects as the setting sun illuminated the sky. In the street the children had possession of some big, ragged straw hats and allowed the wind to roll them along while they went screaming after them. It is interesting to see how much enjoyment the people seem to take in beautiful scenery. Without exaggeration I see a hundred times as many people in this country enjoying beautiful cloud effects, lotus blooming, the parks and garden, as I do at home. The masses like to trade and barter, but they are keenly alive to the beauties of art and nature.

Mr. Scott was telling me of the scenes which follow a great conflagration here. He says the people that have been burned out always look happy and smiling; he has actually seen people who had fenced in their lot displaying their signs and engaged in cleaning away the embers while the conflagration was still raging through the city. He told me that they have no such institution as insurance, but the merchants always calculate to be burned out on an average once in seven years and so lay by money every year in view of this calamity. Moreover, he learned that the people were very thoughtful and kind and they go out of their way for a while to trade in those streets that have been scourged, and the result is that very little suffering comes from the catastrophe. The fire that Mr. Scott spoke of ran for three miles unchecked.

At last I have had an opportunity of seeing a fair-sized conflagration, some sixty or seventy houses destroyed. Professor Smith, a tall Scotchman with reddish hair and whiskers, — a giant in fact, — came into my house at 10.30 at night and told me that a big fire was raging in the southern part of the city and asked me if I wanted to go. Of course I did, and off we went. We found a jinrikisha at the gate and, hiring two men, we started off at a rattling pace. The fire showed brightly above the low houses and now and then we passed a fireman running toward it. A half-hour's ride brought us to a steep hill beyond which was the fire, so leaving the jinrikisha we ran up the steep and narrow lane and soon reached the crest of the hill, when the conflagration burst upon us in all its splendor. We had passed groups of people gathered about their scant belongings; patient old women with children on their backs, helpless infants on the backs of small children, men and women, all with smiles on their faces as if a festival were going on; during the whole night I never saw a tear or an impatient gesture or heard a cross word. Loud cries were heard at times when the standard-bearers stood in peril of their lives, but I did not see an expression of distress or concern. Smith and I rushed through hedges, over choice gardens, and through low houses that had been vacated until we reached a long street lined with houses on both sides, most of them in flames. I stood under overhanging eaves out of the way of falling tiles and watched the fight. The roofs of the long row of low houses were literally covered with firemen, working like heroes, tearing off the roofing tiles, shoveling off the light shingles, and pulling, cutting, and tearing apart the framework.

while, blistered by the heat, several standard-bearers stood on the ridge-poles, saved from being consumed only by the streams of water more often thrown upon them and the firemen than upon the fire. A wide balcony which held four men engaged in their destructive work suddenly fell outward, and down they came into the street, with a crash, on burning timbers and hot tiles, while one of them fell inside the burning building. I thought, of course, that he was lost, but brave fellows rushed in and rescued him; shortly after he was carried by me a helpless lump, whether dead or not I did not learn. From this place Smith and I hurried off to another point, and here we took a hand in the fight. The efforts of the firemen in tearing down one low balcony were so futile that I could stand it no longer, and seizing a long beam I rushed in, tearing my coat and scratching my hands with the nails. No sooner was I exposed to the fire than a pipeman immediately directed his



FIG. 295

stream on me, and a muddy stream it was! I yelled to him to stop in as polite Japanese as I could muster out of my limited vocabulary; the pipeman smiled and directly turned the stream on Smith, who, if I mistake not, swore in Scotch. It was a satisfaction, however, to see the building go down by

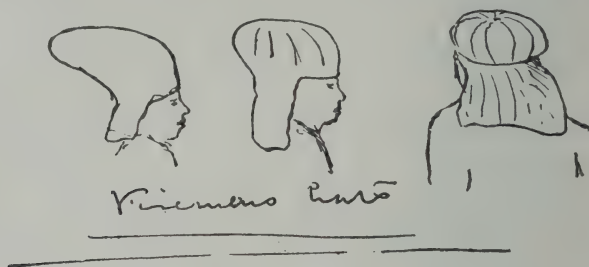


FIG. 296

our united efforts. The amount of courage and misspent efforts displayed at these fires is amazing; with one tenth the courage and a little intelligent action a great deal more could be accomplished. The sight of the standard-bearers perched on the ridge-pole is ludicrous in the extreme. Courageous fellows they are, and often they lose their lives by remaining at their perilous posts too long. By this heroic conduct they inspire the members of their companies to deeds of bravery. I have understood also that when buildings upon which they stand are saved the fire companies represented by them receive a gift of money. Figure 295 is a rough sketch of the fire. Many of the firemen wore the thickest of padded clothes, and their hats were like cushions, to protect their heads from the heavy roofing tiles. Figure 296 represents a few of these head protectors. One of the oddest things about a fire is that the firemen carry lighted lanterns!



When the fire was under control we concluded to walk back to Kaga Yashiki, and, furthermore, to take a short cut across a large area of paddy fields. We knew the general direction, but soon got lost in the paths. We had overtaken or passed nobody of whom we might inquire; the region was deserted. It was dark, but the stars gave light enough dimly to distinguish the path. At last we saw the light of a lantern approaching and finally encountered a little boy on his way somewhere at two o'clock in the morning. We asked him the direction to the yashiki, and I shall never forget the calm, fearless way in which he held the lantern up to see our faces, both bearded and one of us a giant. His upturned face was absolutely without fear as he quietly told us the direction, nor did he glance back after we had passed.

On Saturday, October 13, I gave a lecture before the Asiatic Society of Japan, in Yokohama, on "Traces of Early Man in Japan." It has never been my fortune to have so mixed an audience before, mostly Englishmen, a few Americans, a few ladies, and in the rear of the hall a fringe of Japanese. Mr. Fukuyo helped me get my objects down from Tokyo, and I had some rare and delicate specimens to handle.

Farewell dinners are in order, as I return to America for my winter lectures. I gave a dinner to my special students at a Japanese restaurant and afterwards we went to the Exhibition, which was for the first time opened at night and beautifully illuminated. The naval brass band gave Occidental music and the Emperor's band, in another pavilion, played its own native music with its peculiar instruments. The native music is utterly indescribable. I listened intently for nearly

two hours, much to the wonderment of my friends, and although I have a fair ear for music I managed to carry away only three consecutive notes of an air and these I still have in my head. It is one constant wail of the saddest sounds. The music suggests the desultory whistling of a gale in subdued tones or the natural sounds one hears in the forest on a windy day, with a mountain brook assisting. Some of the instruments are blown continuously, the flutes are all high-pitched, and not a low note is heard except the dull thump of the big drum. The next day I asked one of the students who was with us how he slept after the dissipation of the night before, and he said he did not sleep much, as the "imagination of that luminary came to my mind," referring to the brilliant display at the Exhibition.

A visit to the city poorhouse was sad enough. Here were confined a number of insane poor. It was a sad sight to see these unfortunate people in a long row of rooms barred in front and arranged as wild animals would be in a menagerie. The keepers seemed to look at them with awe. They are treated kindly, but the whole affair is not up to the modern ways of treating the insane. I saw typical cases of dementia and melancholia as I had seen them in the great asylum in Utica, New York. I shook hands with some of them; all spoke to me pleasantly, and there was something inexpressibly pathetic in their quiet "Sayonara" (Good-bye).

The other day I asked Matura's permission to see his study room, and we went together to a large dormitory in the rear of the University buildings. The students' rooms are arranged in a curious fashion. The dormitories are two stories in height.

A single row of rooms on each story opens on a broad veranda. Each two rooms accommodate seven students, the one below being the study room and the one above the bedroom. Nothing could be more cheerless than these rooms. Cold and barren, they had neither the interest nor comfort of the native house nor the coziness of a student's room at home. A narrow crib for one person only, and seven of these scattered without order about the room, no pictures on the walls, of course; no furniture except the cribs. The study room was a little better, as on the walls were a few brush sketches of some of their pranks. The rooms were very cold, but stoves were being put in. Everything indicated the hardest of study. I asked Matsura if they had secret societies and he said they had societies, but not secret ones, and after a little conversation I got out of him the fact that their herding together led to rough talk or slang; then I discovered that they had nicknames for their foreign professors as students have in America. The oldest professor is known as the "Old Man"; another, who has a square head, is called "Cube"; an English professor who is bald-headed and has reddish mutton-chop whiskers is called "Cuttlefish." Matsura said that parents observed that boys attending the University became brusque in their manners, and they had often discussed among themselves the reason for this change in behavior. I told him that the same abruptness of behavior and the using of nicknames for their teachers were characteristics of American boys attending college. (I did not tell him how we acted before coming to college.) I also told him that the young boy is essentially a savage, and at home he is chided by his parents and sisters; in getting away from these

restraints, and with the hurrying to recitations and crowding together, some corners of good manners are rubbed off.

[A large volume might be written on students and student life in Japan. Hazing is never known. The profound respect shown to teachers protects the professor from the trifling annoyances he is subject to in our colleges at home, such as greasing the blackboard, stealing the chalk, and other petty deviltries. The impious behavior of students in our colleges, such as stealing the Bible and hymn-books from the chapel of Princeton University, the crucifying of an effigy of a professor on the cross of Appleton Chapel at Harvard, and disfiguring, torturing, and even causing the death of brother students in hazing, are illustrations of this barbarous and savage behavior often recorded in our country.

There is not a boy in Japan who would not be called a "sissy" if brought in contact with the usual run of our boys. In our country the hoodlum behavior of a boy is condoned by saying "Boys will be boys." In Japan the saying might well be, "Boys will be gentlemen." No feature in Japanese life impresses an American more than the behavior of school-children. Their profound respect for the teacher is universal throughout the Empire. One has simply to recall the records of country schools in Maine and possibly other States, where the boys are so turbulent that a teacher has literally to fight his way before getting control! Some school districts are without teachers unless a man with the ability of a prize-fighter can be found. With the high position of teachers in Japan and the respect for education, no deeper blow could be dealt to a nation than the San Francisco affair, when Japanese children



were excluded from the public schools, and I may add that the Japanese, though never forgetting the deep insult, for such it was, let the matter rest realizing the degradation of the community which permitted it.]

I have often wondered why one never sees a long-tailed cat in Japan. They are all of the Manx breed, or at least tailless. The Japanese believe that cats' tails were cut off to prevent them from standing on their hind legs to pull things down to the floor, the cat evidently using the tail after the fashion of a kangaroo in balancing itself. They have an idea that this is a mutilation transmitted to succeeding generations. This idea is paralleled in Cuba, where the ears of a cat are cut off to prevent it from roaming in the cane fields. The sudden showers that fall in the tropics are annoying to cats, inasmuch as the rain gets into their ears, and this they particularly loathe. The result is that cats remain near the house, so that in case of a shower they can make a quick dash for protection.

In the bric-à-brac shops, and there are many in Tokyo, you occasionally see an iron fan, or rather, one with the end frame of iron or sometimes a rigid rod of iron modeled in the shape of a folded fan. I was told that this device was carried on occasions by the samurai class in olden times. In hostile times, when a samurai called on his lord, he had to leave his swords in the hands of an attendant. The custom was to pull the screens slightly open, and through this opening the caller thrust his head, bowing low at the same time, with his hands on the grooved space below; in this groove he would place the fan, thus protecting himself against a possible assassination by preventing the screens from being suddenly closed against his

neck. This I was told by an old samurai. The iron fan could also be used, he said, as a weapon of offense or in defending one's self.

One of my general students came to my house to ask me if I had time to look at some insects he had collected. I found he lived only a short distance from the yashiki gate, and so I accompanied him to his house, a neat little place back from the street, with a pretty garden. His room was the typical entomologist's room with nets, boxes, poison bottle, setting boards, and a few books. He had made a fine collection of butterflies and gave me a few; he would have given me the whole collection if I had asked for it. The next day I gave him a large number of insect pins, which pleased him greatly, as he had used only the common pins. A few days after he brought me a little present neatly done up, simple in character, but it showed the kindly feeling, and that is the secret of present-giving, after all.

On Sunday night, October 28, the Japanese professors gave me a dinner in a Japanese tea-house. The place was an agreeable mixture of Japanese and European style, or at least it had one room with chairs and a long table. They were young, bright Japanese teachers at the University, all of them speaking English freely and a number of them graduates of American and English universities. It was delightful to be the only foreigner among them. There were present, among others, Mr. Hamao, the Vice-Director of the University; Professors Toyama, Agee, Enouye, and Hattori. The first three courses were in our style; an omelette with green peas, the most delicious steak I ever tasted, and broiled chicken. I was some-

what disappointed, however, hoping to have a genuine Japanese dinner. The fourth course was Japanese, and all the rest of the dinner was in true Japanese style. They explained to me that, thinking I might not like Japanese food, they had fortified me first with my own kind of food. This was thoughtful, but fortunately I had appetite enough to enjoy thoroughly the remaining courses. Their celebrated fish, the *tai*, a bream, was delicious. There were many things I tasted for the first time. The bulb or root of the lily was an excellent substitute for the potato; there were a number of water plants similar to water-cress; a preparation of fish, like macaroni; the nut of the ginkgo tree, which I did not like, and a preparation of tea, which I did. This tea was made of a fine powder, served in large bowls, and it was like a thick soup. I understood it was quite expensive and could not be exported, as it rapidly deteriorates. We had a delightfully social time and the kindly feelings of my associates will never be forgotten.

On Monday night Dr. Kato, the Director of the University, gave me a dinner in a large Japanese hall next to the old Chinese college. The Vice-Minister of Education, Mr. Tanaka, as well as the Japanese professors, was present, Dr. Murray, Superintendent of Education, and I being the only foreigners. The long table was decorated with huge bouquets of chrysanthemums. The menu was printed, the food as good as the best places at home could serve, the wines delicious, and all appointments without a flaw. Dr. Murray had warned me that I must be on my dignity, as the affair would be very formal, and so it was. After dinner we gathered about another table where there were cigars, coffee, cordials, etc. A long screen

was drawn concealing the table from us while it was being noiselessly cleared by the servants. Even this retirement did not alter the extremely dignified and courteous behavior of all. It got on my nerves, and I made a gentle intrusion by remarking on the similarity of certain games in Japan to ours. This led others to ask if we were familiar with such a trick, performing it with their hands, and I matched it with another. Some one sent for a wafer-like rice cake and showed me a trick played with it. The cake is very thin and exceedingly brittle, and the trick consists in two persons holding the edge with thumb and first finger and each endeavoring to break it by a sudden downward snap of the cake and to retain the larger portion. The nearest game we have to it is the pulling of a wish-bone to retain the larger portion, but this is simply chance as to where the clavicles will break first. I then described other games, and they in turn showed me some new and interesting ones. The game of thumb wrestling was an odd game and they beat me at it every time. The fingers of the right hands are firmly interlocked and with the thumb you endeavor to catch the other's thumb and press it down on the hand; if the thumb is fairly caught, it is impossible to pull it out. To make a long story short, in less than half an hour I had all the guests trying to see how far they could chalk on the floor and various other games. Professor Kikuchi suggested a three-legged race, and Toyama and Yatabe had, one his right leg and the other his left leg, bound together by handkerchiefs. Kikuchi and I were bound up in the same manner, and away we four went across the floor, encouraged by the uproarious laughter of the others. These revels we kept up until



midnight. Dr. Murray and I were presented with one each of the huge bouquets of chrysanthemums, and they filled the jinrikisha as we held them between our legs. Dr. Murray again and again expressed his bewilderment as to how I had induced such a carnival of fun; he had never seen such behavior before. I quoted an old Chinese saying that in the four quarters of the world men are brothers. Human nature is about the same everywhere.

When I came to Japan in the spring the rice fields were just being planted, and now, as I ride through the country, the work of harvesting is in full activity. I noticed that the rows of grain and other plants run around the hill in horizontal lines precisely like the lines on a topographical map; this is to prevent the rains from gullying out the soil, a feature that our farmers might adopt with profit. Running through the rice fields are rows of trees which seem to be utilized for tying bunches of rice to the trunks. The rice straw is saved for thatching roofs and for other purposes. Cold as it is the last of October I noticed the harvesting being carried on by men quite naked.

In going along the river the other day I noticed a fine

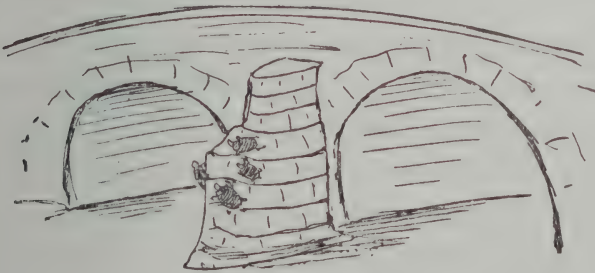


FIG. 297

two-arched bridge of stone and on the middle abutment were carved in the solid stone four turtles in the most lifelike attitudes (fig. 297).

The steamer is to sail November 5, and I have been in a whirl of farewell dinners, packing, and other duties. One of my students helped me in getting things to the steamer, Mr. Matsumura took charge of my living *Lingula* which I was bound to get home alive (which I did). My colleagues and my dear and faithful students were at the station to bid me good-bye. At Yokohama I spent the night with a friend, and in the afternoon, in honor of the Emperor's birthday, November 3, I saw a remarkable exhibition of day fireworks, consisting of colored smokes and objects floating in the air. Great bombs were thrown up, and as they exploded, radiating lines of sharply colored smoke, yellow, blue, and green, were left, forming various figures in the sky, marvelous in their character and beauty. The night fireworks were equally remarkable, though not so unique. The shipping in the harbor was illuminated with red lanterns, and at intervals a large rocket would whirl up into the air throwing beautiful reflections on the water.

We sailed from Yokohama November 5, encountering the usual storms and meeting the usual queer and interesting passengers, but as all records are personal they are omitted. One experience I must record. Among the passengers was a returning missionary from China with wife and children, all speaking Chinese. I played pease porridge hot with the children, and, learning the Chinese rendering from the mother, we played it with Chinese words. Another missionary who was a fine Chinese scholar explained to me the delicate changes in the

inflection of the sound of the word. An upward inflection would mean one thing, while with a downward inflection an entirely different meaning would be indicated. We failed to get the right inflection, or at least I did, and the missionary said it conveyed the following meaning to him:—

Head murky hat	
Head murky	{ Painful shaky all the same
Head murky walk	
Old time furnace	

Then he wrote it in Chinese characters, which I have appended (fig. 298), with the form of inflection, which I did not understand, marked on the character.

I asked a Japanese to translate “pease porridge hot” into Japanese, writing the Chinese characters in their method of syntax; then I showed this to another Japanese and asked him kindly to translate it into English, and got the following:—

Pea juice is warm  
And cold and in bottle  
And has already been  
Nine days old.

九	豆	豆	豆
日	粥	粥	粥
老	响	凍	熱
	保		
<i>'Kau yat. -li</i>	<i>Tau' chuk, 'heung cho</i>	<i>Tau' chuk, tung'</i>	<i>Tau' chuk, it</i>

FIG. 298

When I came to Japan in the spring with Mr. Metcalf, we had a few days at San Francisco and we explored Chinatown with a guide. We admired the behavior of the Chinese in con-

trast to the rough hoodlums of the city and agreed that they were a quiet, peaceful, and kindly people. Now, after spending half a year with the Japanese, I again have a chance to study three hundred Chinese on the boat, and the contrast with the Japanese is striking. They appear dirty and rough in their behavior, and while these Chinese in their deportment are far ahead of similar classes in San Francisco or in their country, the Japanese seemed superior to the Chinese in the gentler amenities of life.



## CHAPTER XI

### TOKYO AFTER SIX MONTHS' ABSENCE

*May 1, 1878.* How strange it seems to begin the journal again and in the same house where I made most of the records before. Our trip across the continent was extremely pleasant, and on the plains I studied the groups of Indians at the stations and was interested to see among them certain resemblances to the Japanese: whether these resemblances betray any ethnic affinity with the Japanese can be learned only after long and careful study. There are certain superficial resemblances: their black hair, the depression of the nasals, and other similarities have led some to suggest a common origin.<sup>1</sup>

To-day, May 5, the boys' festival occurs. I have alluded to this before. I managed to get a hasty sketch of the floating fishes. The wind inflated the body, the fish at the same time swaying back and forth as if ascending a rapid current. A family is permitted to fly the fish if a boy has been born to them during the year (fig. 299).

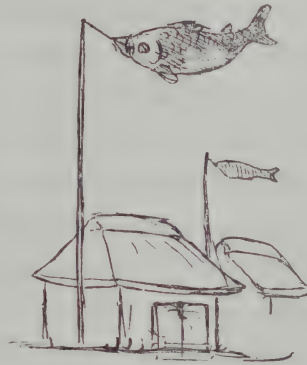


FIG. 299

It is curious to see a man with a small bundle tied about his

<sup>1</sup> As evidence of these resemblances, in 1884, at Philadelphia, I introduced Mr. Flesch, an Omaha Indian, to Professor Kikuchi, who immediately began to converse with him in Japanese, and he was amazed when I told him he was talking to an Omaha Indian.

neck either hanging over the back or under the chin (fig. 300). They always have with them a square piece of cloth like our



FIG. 300

old bandanna or bundle handkerchief, and everything that the cloth can enwrap is tied up in it. I have seen a man take a bundle a foot long from the fold of his dress.

The country presents an appearance quite different in May from what it did in June when I arrived last year. The rice fields are black, but form a good background for the patches of bright yellow blossoms of the rape from which is derived rape-seed oil. The cherry and plum are marvelous in their profusion and beauty, yet I am told it is too late to see these flowers at their best; the camellia trees, as large as our apple trees, are fairly crowded with blossoms, and each flower is as large and perfect as those we see in conservatories at home; the dwarf maple tree with its little red leaves is a beautiful garden ornament; the leaves remain red for a long time before they turn green; and the fields look like a variegated carpet. Everything is fresh, and it is a constant delight to see the landscape as one rides back and forth from Yokohama to Tokyo.

The various ways in which the Japanese shave their children's heads appear as strange to us as the various ways in which we shave our faces appear to them — mustache and no beard, beard and no mustache, chin shaved with side whiskers, a tiny beard on chin only, or the attempt to join a strip of side whiskers with the mustache to look furious! One is no more absurd than the other.

Figure 301 shows the long plane of a carpenter resting at an angle on the ground, the other end propped up on a wooden horse. The wood to be planed is moved back and forth on the plane and is always drawn toward the carpenter. Here is one of those curious reversals of practice so often alluded to by travelers: the wood is moved instead of the plane and drawn toward the carpenter instead of the other way, and the plane is upside down.



FIG. 301

A lacquer case of four drawers which was shown to me the other day was a curious object inasmuch as there were no knobs on the drawers. A plain black polished surface with the drawers closely fitting; to open one of them you pushed in the drawer above or below the one you wish opened and out it came. A lever device back of the drawers enabled any one of them to be opened (fig. 302).

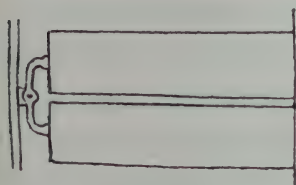


FIG. 302

I saw a man polishing paper. A smooth, convex porcelain disk was on the end of a bamboo pole, the other end of which was fastened to the ceiling, the bamboo being greatly curved, as the ceiling was only seven and a half feet above the floor while the bamboo was ten feet long. This brought great pressure on the burnisher,

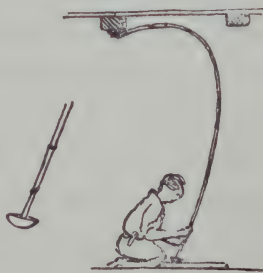


FIG. 303

and all the man had to do was to pull the end of the bamboo back and forth on the paper (fig. 303). The devices for doing many kinds of work are so different from our methods that they arrest your attention at once. They utilize power as in the paper-polishing device by the spring of a bamboo. I saw

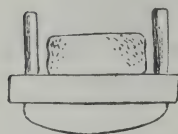


FIG. 304

two little boys chopping up some kind of nut or bark. The chopper was a round-bladed affair secured in a block of wood from which arose two handles and between the handles was a heavy block of stone (fig. 304).

The boys sat opposite each other and simply rocked the chopping-knife back and forth.

*May 7.* Saw through the college telescope the transit of Mercury. Quite a number were there, including the Chinese Ambassador and his colleagues. It was interesting to see the little black dot against the sun's disk, and in looking at it one could more clearly appreciate the planet's revolution around the sun.

I have already remarked on the curious signs one sees in English. Most of them are amusing, and of the few I have already noticed hardly one is correct. They also make ludicrous pictures for their signs; a dentist's sign showed the dentist pulling a tooth, and the open mouth of the patient and the determined face of the dentist were made as grotesque as possible.

I notice among the lower classes young men walking along with their arms over each other's shoulders. I have never seen girls skip along the path as our children do at home; indeed, it would seem impossible to do it in their wooden clogs.



The general behavior of the lower classes on the street is not unlike that of the same classes at home a few years younger.

I have lately been making plans for showcases for the Museum, a double showcase with an upright case in the middle. It is astonishing how difficult it is for the Japanese cabinet-maker to understand. The building officer of the University comes to me and through an interpreter I explain the sections and elevations; but the smallest details have to be explained over and over again, and after I have done this, the man who is to make the case comes to me and I have to go all over the matter again. Our ways of drafting an object are so different from their ways, and the objects we want made are so unlike anything they have ever made or seen, it is no wonder they are bothered and perplexed as to what we desire.

Within a rod of my house in the yashiki are a well and a stone monument, the latter enclosed by a bamboo fence, tumbling to pieces. In various parts of the yashiki are deep wells, fenced in, high mounds which were formerly beautiful features in some garden, and other evidences of a large settlement when the Prince of Kaga and thousands of his retainers made their annual visit to the Shogun at Yedo. It is difficult to realize that less than ten years ago the Shogun was in power, and that this yashiki and other yashikis in the city were filled with houses in which the retainers, artisans, and servants were quartered, and that at six o'clock everybody had to be within the gates. No foreigner was allowed to live in Yedo, nor could he ever visit it unless he was a high official of some foreign Government, and here we are roaming round the city unguarded and unmolested.

May 15. A startling event occurred yesterday. Count Okubo, one of the Councillors of the Government, was assassinated. He was returning from the Emperor's palace in his coach accompanied by two bettos who ran ahead of the horses, when eight men suddenly rushed upon the carriage, first hacking at the horses' legs so that they could not run, then killing the coachmen and the two bettos, and finally killing the Count. After this the assassins went to the palace and presented a letter of complaint against the Government and confessed their crime. Policemen were immediately sum-

moned, and the assassins were led off to jail, on the way loudly proclaiming their crime. The affair has produced a profound sensation in the city, as such a tragic event has not occurred in Japan for years. Count Okubo was one of the highest officers of the Government, a man of great intelligence and action. It seems, however, that there is much complaint against the Government on account of its extravagance. The men who committed the murders were from the Province of Kaga. The deed was committed within half a mile of the College. A son of Count Okubo is a member of my class. One of the morning papers issued the accompanying supplement (fig. 305) last evening, which was delivered to every one of its subscribers. Mr. Takamine gave me his slip. It is a brief announcement of the tragic event, and I asked Mr. Takamine to translate the characters in sequence liter-

今朝大久保内務卿の赤坂喧嘩にて賊の爲に被害され  
ましきの恐れ入ッ次第猶委しいこと明日  
五月十四日別配達  
日就社

FIG. 305

ally. Beginning at the top of the right-hand column it reads

as follows: "New morning great long keep Interior business minister [grammatical character] red slope bite different in traitor of action by cut killed has been of [grammatical character] terrible yet detailed fact [grammatical character] light day. 5 month, 10-4 day, special distribution reach." Name of paper below on the left. One may realize from this how much scanning one must do to make any sense of it, and the difficulty in reading Chinese characters, even if one knows them all. To construct a sentence out of the following seems difficult. "Red slope bite different in traitor of action by cut killed has been." "Red slope" is the name of the place where the assassination occurred, and "bite different" is a term to designate where the roads intersect. Reading the sentence backward would be our way of constructing the sentence. There are no articles in Japanese, but supplying these we should read, "Has been cut and killed by the action of traitors in different bite of Red Slope." The expression, "yet detailed fact light day," means that in the morning more details will be given. Some of the words in the text are spelled in phonetic characters; other characters represent grammatical expressions which Mr. Takamine could not explain. The morning papers brought more details. It seems the men, who were quite young, were members of a secret society, but became so unruly that they were dismissed. They then came to Tokyo, and the police were warned that they were bent upon some mischief, but it was not known where the blow would fall. After the affair they gave themselves up, were immediately tried, and promptly executed. It is interesting to observe that there was no plea of emo-

tional insanity; no indictment under a wrong initial, and hence the murderer is some one else and escapes; no trial in the wrong court; no appeal to higher courts or disagreements among the jury with the result that the criminal finally goes free: all so different from the way they manage matters in our blessed country, which as a consequence has the highest murder rate in the world.

In the habits of the Japanese one sees a remarkable resemblance to the habits of other nations: as examples, the motion of the blacksmith, who after every blow rests his hammer upon the anvil; the shingler, who, in shingling carries the bamboo

nails in his mouth and moves his hand back and forth as rapidly as in similar acts of our shinglers and lathers; the Japanese barber, who in shampooing swings his body back and forth in rhythmic time, as you will see the printers do when they are setting or distributing type.

Middle of May — warm and muggy — vegetation luxuriant. Such roses in our garden, — the darkest, richest reds, blossoms large and every petal perfect, and such perfume! Walking along the street I gather from the walls and fences a few species of snails.

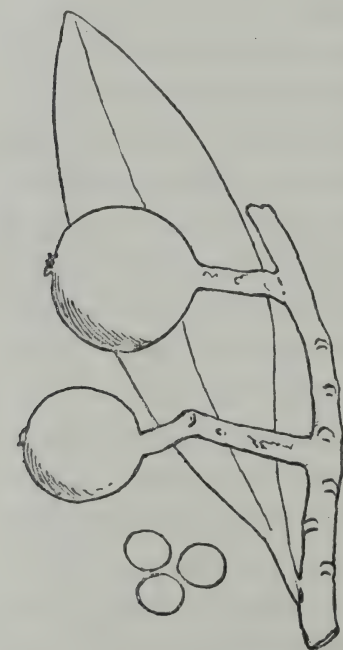


FIG. 306

Last Sunday I visited the Botanical Garden with one of my



students and collected some *Clausilia*, a long, turreted shell, a genus with many species, common in Europe. A fruit called *biwa* is just coming into the market. It is something like an apple in shape, but has a sweet, plummy sort of taste with no suggestion of an apple flavor. It has three stones within, so large as nearly to fill the fruit (fig. 306).

So many matters in the way of work are cheap. A watch-repairer did some work for me for which, had he charged me fifty cents, I should have paid without protest, but he charged only six cents; and my section cutter had a screw bent, to straighten which cost me two cents.

Since the assassination of Count Okubo the high officers of the Government ride along with an escort of soldiers. The more liberal Japanese are thoroughly disheartened by this tragedy, for it seemed a recession to feudal days, when such events took place.

I am directing the building of the cabinets for the collection of shells and fossils. The other day I went to the cabinet-makers to examine a case nearly completed. It was an odd sight to see most of the workmen naked, old men and all. To plane a board they fasten it to uprights (fig. 307), and not a trace of a carpenter's bench or table of any kind is seen. It is amazing to see their planes, augers, adzes, chisels, near enough like ours to be recognized as such, but rather rude-looking, with a flimsy little box to keep them in, and then to see the marvelous joints, dovetails, and the superb work they do. One realizes,



FIG. 307

after recalling our carpenters' brass-mounted chests with polished tools, etc., that it is not the gun, but the man behind the gun, that does the work.



FIG. 308

Fig. 308 shows the newsboy, or rather newsman, as boys are not trusted to deliver papers. He has the papers in a box hanging on the end of a pole and on the other end is a bell which jangles constantly. Having completed his route the bell is removed.

An astronomical observatory is being built back of my house, and in pounding down cement for the foundation, eight or ten men stand on a staging each holding a rope which is attached to a heavy weight. This they pull up and then allow to drop, but in doing this they pause to sing the weirdest sort of a chanty. I heard the same in Nikko last year, and it must be a definite song, but the keenest ears could not carry away two consecutive notes of it. I mean by this that in their music there are no "catchy" motives as in our music. Their music does not strike a responsive cord; one does not recall a single musical phrase; one never hears home or family singing, no college chorus, no groups of men singing or serenading on the street. This is the more extraordinary in that their art, their manners, their love of flowers, their children's games even, all appeal to us. Their singing sounds ludicrous when first heard.

A dinner was given yesterday by the Director of the University to the professors, native and foreign, of the Educational Department. Ladies were not invited to the dinner, but we were allowed to bring them in the afternoon. The garden where the reception was held was built a few hundred

years ago by the Daimyo of Kishiu, and it has been carefully preserved by the Government for the entertainment of foreign guests. It may be eight hundred feet each way, but is considered small in comparison with some of the great gardens seen here. It was impossible to judge its size, so remarkably deceptive are the appearances produced by the Japanese landscape gardener; it seemed ten times as large as it really was, with its irregular lake enclosed by a rough rock-work border crossed at various points by tiny foot-bridges; little hills from twenty to thirty feet high with steps leading to their summits; trees dwarfed in the most extraordinary forms, others packed together and trimmed in rounded masses; paths of pebbles or flat rocks, and such odd turns, and at every point a new view. I attempted a hasty sketch of it from one point, but it gave only the faintest idea of its character, so it is not reproduced. Only a good photograph could do justice to the wonderful character of the place.<sup>1</sup>

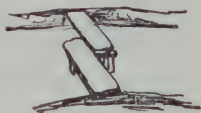


FIG. 309



FIG. 310

The oddest conceit for a foot-bridge is shown in figure 309; the discontinuity of the foot-path would certainly throw a man into the water on a dark night. Figure 310 is a foot-bridge made of a single slab of stone, ten feet long and four feet wide. Figure 311 is an interesting foot-bridge; curved beams formed the support stretching from one abutment to the other, and round sticks, three inches in diame-

<sup>1</sup> Some of the bridges have been pictured in *Japanese Homes*.

ter, were laid transversely as a floor upon which was piled earth; the edges were lined with grass, and in the centre a

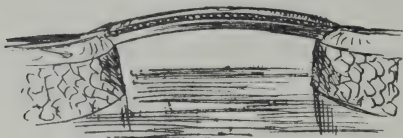


FIG. 311

space two feet wide was covered with the cleanest flat pebbles brought from some seashore. The entire garden had been reclaimed from a

mud flat; the hills were piled up; the stones were brought many miles to make some of the bridges. On one of the hills are four monoliths (fig. 312), square pillars five or six feet in height; these were brought from Fuji, sixty miles away, nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, and formed the gates of an old palace. The garden is called Shiba Rikyu; *Rikyu* means "outside palace"; *Shiba*, the region where the garden is. It is the most surprising and delightful spot

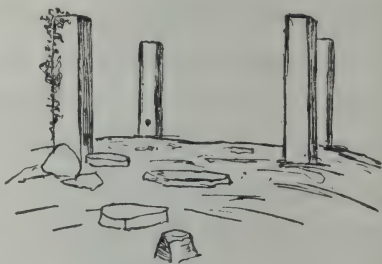


FIG. 312

I have yet seen in Japan. The buildings on the ground were of one story as are most Japanese houses, from the Emperor's palace to the simplest cottage.

The entertainment in the evening consisted of a royal dinner of fourteen courses with many kinds of wine. There were seventy guests present, including General Saigo, who had just been appointed Secretary of Education. I found him a bright and charming man looking every inch a soldier. Beautiful and precious flowers adorned the table; pyramids of roses three feet high were at each end and in the middle of



the table, and the hall was delicately scented with some perfume. Such a jargon of voices I never heard before; the French, German, and Chinese teachers from the Foreign Language School; the professors from the Medical College, all Germans; and the professors from the Imperial University — English, American, and Japanese. Without exaggeration the table was as fine-looking as any I had ever seen at home and the cooking was unexcelled. The cooks were all Japanese, but taught by the best French chefs. I had to come away at 9.30, as I had a lot of work to do, but the dinner was not over until midnight.



FIG. 313

Figure 313 represents a man mowing with a straight-handled scythe. All the scythes are of this kind.

To-day I tried to find the man who some time ago brought me a present of cake. I had his address plainly written, but the diagram (fig. 314) illustrates the devious route my Japanese man took in finding the place. I was told again that there are but few streets with names: the name applies to a whole square through which may run a few other streets. So up and down and

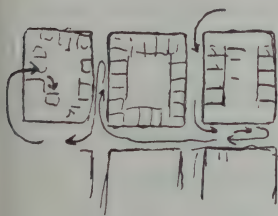


FIG. 314

round and round we went before we found the place.

To-day a man came into the yard having potted plants for

sale. We bought fourteen plants, pots and all, and paid one cent a plant. Among them were two beautiful pinks in full blossom, two verbenas, some beautiful geraniums and others.

The Japanese in their adoption of our clothing manage very well with the hat, and even with the clothing, though it is always ill-fitting and shocking-looking in contrast to their own sensible and graceful robes. But the Japanese bootmaker, while making something, the outward semblance of which



FIG. 315

suggests boots, has not yet learned the art of stiffening the ankle. Though you see boots but rarely, when you do see them they are usually run down at the heels. Figure 315 is an accurate sketch of a pair of boots which I saw to-day on a man.

Mr. Takamine, a graduate of the Oswego Normal School, whose acquaintance I made on the steamer, often comes to the house. He is a charming fellow, and I ask him many questions which he answers very frankly. He was speaking of my boy and how he liked to hug him, and this led to my speaking of the different ways of manifesting affection. Takamine's mother is a fine, intelligent-looking woman with a warm-hearted way about her that is very pleasant, and I asked Takamine, who has been absent for two and a half years, if he did not rush into her arms and give her a good hug and kiss? He answered, after pausing a moment, "No, I could not; it would have been very embarrassing; but I shook her hand, getting hold of the left one, and startled her by the vigor with which I did it, and she thought I was entirely foreignized!"

Then I asked him if he thought the love and affection for friends and relatives, and particularly for one's children, was as intense among the Japanese as with us. He admitted frankly that he thought not, adding that he believed that affection and affectionate demonstrations could be cultivated and that he had a more tender regard for his brothers since he had been in America than he had had before.

Returning from the Educational Museum yesterday I heard the pounding of the temple drums, and taking a short cut through the woods of the park came to a curious exhibition on one of the pavilions that surround the temple. Two actors came out on the platform with the most brilliantly colored brocade dresses and the most hideous masks it is possible to conceive. One had on a mass of white hair, and his mask was green in color with gilt eyebrows and purple lips; the other had on a ghastly white mask, like death itself, and an enormous mass of long black hair. They went through a sort of fight with their swords till the white-haired devil was vanquished (fig. 316). The Japanese get up the most frightful-looking masks I ever saw. They are carved out of wood and are made to represent different characters in a certain form of drama.



FIG. 316

A few days ago I was invited to address a native archæo-

logical club on the Omori shell mounds. The club holds its meetings at a room in the University on the first Sunday of every month. Mr. Hattori, the Vice-Director of the University, is to act as interpreter. This morning, June 2, I went to the place of the meeting. The members were sitting around a big table, each one having in front of him a small vessel of hot coals buried in ashes for warming the hands and lighting the pipe. I was introduced to them and they all bowed profoundly. I gave my talk in an adjoining room, where I had the ancient pottery spread out in trays. I gave them a general sketch of the subject: the four ages in Europe as defined by Lubbock, the paleolithic, neolithic, bronze, and iron age; then Steensrup's work on the shell heaps of the Baltic; and finally the Omori mound. It was delightful to have such intelligent and attentive listeners. My blackboard drawings seemed to please them. Altogether I don't know when I have enjoyed giving a lecture more than I did this one.

Professor Kikuchi came to dinner to-night. We played dominoes until ten. While we were playing his jinrikisha man came up on the veranda and spoke through the closed blinds; he knew nothing about ringing the bell, as the Japanese house has no such contrivance. He began by saying in a low voice (in Japanese, of course), "I have a little request to make"; and then inquired if his master was within. It sounded so odd to hear him talking there out of sight. I mention this incident merely to illustrate the natural politeness of the people.

Professor Toyama, who lives in true Japanese style, invited the family to his home to dinner. Before entering the house we all took off our shoes and left them outside. This amused the



children, for they had never done it before except to go in wading or to go to bed. His wife and sister waited upon us, and when we had finished they had their dinner. When we first entered the house tea and a sweet sort of jelly were offered us. The dinner was brought in on square lacquer trays, we sitting on the floor and the trays being placed in front of us. It was interesting to see the children attempt to eat the various articles of food all tasting so unlike what they had been accustomed to. I am slowly acquiring a taste for nearly everything, and some kinds of food I like very much. There were two kinds of soup; the first clear like water, in which were a few sprigs of green, and sliced vegetables of some kind; the other like a custard, and mixed with it were boiled eel and egg plant. Next came a kind of omelette, lily bulbs, a white sort of yam, and a long leaf, reddish-green in color, and quite delicious. Vegetables formed the principal articles of food. Toyama's little niece danced for us while her mother played the samisen. The dancing was very pretty, consisting of graceful postures and attitudes. It is really a pantomime, the singer furnishing the subject by words and the dancer imitating by gestures the features of the story.

The work goes on steadily at the laboratory. Besides a bright, intelligent fellow whom the authorities have given me for an assistant and who helps label the collection which I brought from America, I have a boy who sweeps out, clears up, empties the stuff from the dissecting-pans, and when not otherwise engaged goes off into the surrounding country to collect land shells and fresh-water shells for me. This is what amazes me, the willingness and alertness of these people to learn and

to help. Mr. Sasaki, a student, told me he hired a jinrikisha and went to a remote part of the city to collect, and his jinrikisha man got interested and collected too, so that they brought back a large lot of material.

Some Japanese friends of John's came to play with him, and little Miyaoka, to whom I have taken such a fancy, came too. I was holding him on my knee listening to his quaint English when, after a while, he put up his hand and gently felt my beard. I made a snap at his hand with my mouth, at the same time making a growling sound like a dog. To my astonishment he made no jump or movement of any kind. At home a child will intuitively draw its hands away as if a dog were really snapping at the fingers. Trying the experiment several times I asked him if his parents ever did such things, and he said no, and did not seem to know what it meant. When I told him that the act represented the snap of a dog, he said that their dogs did not snap. I may add that one does not see any attention paid to a dog, such as petting, and most of the dogs that one sees in Japan are of the wolf variety; they do not

bark but howl. John (my son) is much liked by the Japanese, and his light curly hair is a wonderful and curious sight to them.

I have often noticed the serviceable and economical way in which

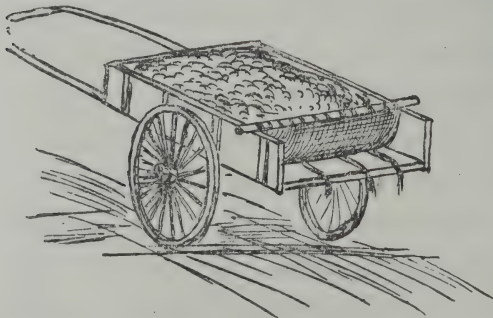


FIG. 317

the dirt carts, which are hand carts, are provided with a tail-

board. It is simply a coarse matting hung on a stick like a curtain, the ends of the short curtain hanging out at the end of the cart, the weight of the dirt keeping the matting down while the stick to which it is attached keeps it from dropping out (fig. 317). The things to commend about it are the simplicity and cleanliness of the whole affair. Such simple, practical devices as these often arrest your attention. At the foot of the road in the yashiki they are making new land. Instead of dragging their dirt carts over the made land, they carry in all the dirt in mats hung from poles on the shoulders of two men. At a distance they look like a swarm of ants.

Figure 318 represents a glass device blown in the form of a gourd. It is mounted on a board, and in it goldfishes are kept; it might be used also for a few flowers.



FIG. 318

Boys in going to school carry their foreign inkbottle tied by a string and hanging from the hand (fig. 319). Many small articles are carried in this way tied by a string with a loop for a handle. The string is made out of paper which in most cases is very tough. They cut the paper into long strips and then twist it and roll it on their knees, twisting piece after piece together in the most adroit way. Bundles are tied up with it and it seems as strong as our linen cord.



FIG. 319

An invitation to a dinner at a Japanese tea-house at an early hour was promptly accepted. We were invited to the

second story, where we had a chance to examine the simple beauties and the cleanliness of the rooms. The hotel, if it may be called so, is in a densely populated part of Tokyo and yet there was room for a garden. In the garden was a large pile of



FIG. 320

rocks so closely cemented together that it looked like a protuberance of a natural ledge (fig. 320). All over it were beautiful ferns, azaleas, and other plants, and on the top a quaint, scraggy pine. There is a cave in the rock, and in front of the entrance, a little pond. Only Japanese were present and we knew most of them; such a happy, jolly set of men — there was hardly a moment that some of them were not romping with my little boy. Besides

the Japanese professors there was a newspaper man, and a noble and a fine-looking man he was. All were in the native costumes, much more beautiful for them than our clothing. Mr. Hattori brought his wife, and Mr. Agee and Mr. Enouye brought their mothers. Before the dinner was served, tea and a delicious confection enclosed in some gelatinous substance were offered, a sharp-pointed stick being served to eat the latter with. Square, mat-like cushions were placed in a line on the floor with a square hibachi in front of each.



The cushions in summer are of straw; in winter, of cloth padded with cotton. The dinner was excellent, and gradually I am getting accustomed to Japanese food. I recall the lily bulbs, boiled in sugar, and the young ginger shoots salted. An enormous dish of Japanese vermicelli was brought in and passed around. A large colored flower, made out of slices of some kind of a turnip, appeared so natural that I thought it must be a genuine flower (fig. 321).



FIG. 321

The Japanese show their artistic skill in devising such decorative features for the table; their food is always served in an attractive manner, and even the eatables they peddle on the street show this same art. While we were at supper two girls with *samisens* made their appearance, and two smaller girls, beautifully dressed, with curious forms of drums. One girl held two hour-glass shaped drums, one under the left arm, while the left hand held the other by its tightening



FIG. 322

cords over the right shoulder. These were struck with the right hand, first one and then the other, the rim being struck with the ball of the hand and the fingers bouncing on the drum-head. Each drum had a different sound. The other girl had a drum of our type resting at

an angle as in the sketch (fig. 322). This was struck with round sticks. With a deep bow they began and emitted the

most curious music I have yet heard, and altogether unfathomable. The two with the samisens sang in low, plaintive voices while the drummers would break in at times with a short squeak that sounded as if made by a very small infant. After the singing came the posture dancing by the two little girls. From certain attitudes and expressions John thought they felt proud; for at times they would make a peculiarly contemptuous sort of face. The whole performance, with the beautiful dresses and graceful movements, was always interesting, but utterly unintelligible, as we knew nothing about the story they were acting and much of the acting was conventional. Some gestures suggested rowing a boat, swimming, cutting with the swords, and other movements. The variety of ways in which they twirled their folding fans was remarkable. After this ended, two little girls not over three years old, very pretty and clean, approached us in the sweetest manner. John tried to get near them, but they became so frightened at the appearance of a little boy with light curly hair that they both burst out crying and had to be taken away and calmed.

After this we were treated to a juggler's show. First a boy came in bringing various devices for the performance. He wore a black lace head-covering that reached below his shoulders such as the supernumeraries wear on the stage. Then came the juggler, a man of fifty, who made a long speech enumerating the things he was going to do. He then placed two chopsticks on the mat some distance in front of him and made them dance and caper for a while; then, borrowing a lady's long hairpin, he made that dance in the same manner,

and asking for my cigar-holder, he made that skip about. He rolled up a bit of paper in the rude shape of a butterfly and with his fan kept it fluttering in the air; another butterfly was made and he kept the two in the air, even making them alight on a box on his head. Of course these objects were held by the most delicate silk fibres, but they were invisible and the trick was very ingenious. Many of the tricks were the purest sleight-of-hand, as when he took one of the butterflies and rolled it into a pellet and with the fan in his other hand apparently fanned out of the pellet hundreds of little bits of paper all over the room; then with a fling of his hand he tossed out a dozen long coils of paper ribbon, gathered them up in his hand in a mass of festoons, and set them afire, and suddenly from the blazing mass opened a big umbrella. These tricks were all done with great rapidity and skill. Afterwards he came near us and made objects mysteriously disappear and performed other sleight-

of-hand tricks. Such a jolly time the Japanese had; they entered into the spirit of the thing like children, laughing heartily. Mr. Enouye then made a short speech of welcome, to which I had to respond. We got

home near midnight, the children tired enough, and my head swimming with the strange sights I had seen. Figure 323 gives an idea of the juggler.



FIG. 323

*June 15.* There was a flower fair at a temple not far from the yashiki. The sides of the road were lined with little temporary booths filled with toys of all sorts, flower hairpins for children,



FIG. 324

candies, and cake, and the road was fairly encumbered with flowers in bunches, in masses, and of all kinds. A good-natured crowd was passing back and forth, and when John got out of the jinrikisha and walked about he was followed by an admiring crowd of Japanese, men and children. At one booth were hanging devices for holding diminutive flower pots with plants growing and strips of paper with poems written on them. The objects were about three feet long, consisting of a thin strip of wood with irregular outlines, upon which were fastened

twigs of a tree supporting little shelves. Figure 324 will give a better idea of their appearance than any description. The wood was browned by heat and looked old.

It is the custom with the Japanese when they go for a walk to bring back to the family some little present in the form of food of some kind, no matter how trifling. Takenaka says it is the universal custom. They have curious kinds of presents; a common one showing esteem is a box of a dozen eggs. This has come to me several times. On making a present of money there is written on the outside of the envelope, or wrapper, an



inscription which reads, "Wherewithal to buy cake." Professor Parsons has received as a present from the family of Count Okubo a tall wooden tray of the purest white pine filled with candy of various shapes and colors. Every object

has its significance. I

could not resist sketch-

ing it (fig. 325). The

little bunches of ob-

jects with bent ends

represented the young

sprouts of ferns which

they eat. The large

piece twisted so as

to form an arch had

on the top sprays of

wistaria, colored, of

course, and perfect im-

itations of the flower.

The cakes had a stamp

of the chrysanthemum

on top; these were red

and white and were made of bean paste and sugar. The

Japanese are very fond of them, but they are rather insipid in

taste. The tray was eighteen inches in height, so you can

form an idea of the size of the candy. The whole concep-

tion was pure, simple, and artistic.

Last week we had a severe earthquake. I was in the second

story of the hotel in Yokohama. I record it, as it was one of the

first earthquakes I had ever *heard*. The slight shocks we have

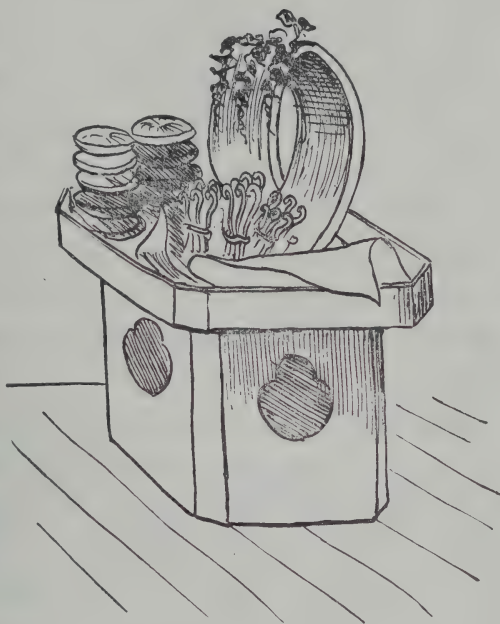


FIG. 325

in New England are accompanied by audible rumblings, while thus far the earthquakes in Japan are noticeable only for their vibrations; this one was preceded by a rumbling sound as if a heavy team were going along the road. Mrs. Hubbard, who has been here many years, told me it was the rumble of a heavy wagon going by and I thought nothing more about it. But the next instant a crashing, grinding, explosive thud made the whole building shake; it really seemed as if the building would fall in ruins if the shock were repeated. The lady nearly fainted with fright and other people in the hotel were hurrying about in an aimless, frightened way. It was the toughest one I had ever felt, and for the first time I got a little excited over it, probably because of the fright of others.

*June 16.* I was awakened by another earthquake which shook the house, made the doors rattle, and kept up for half a minute.



FIG. 326

Figure 326 represents an ingenious way to teach botany. The panel is of the wood of a tree upon which its flowers are painted; the frame shows the bark of the tree; and the corners of the frame are sections of the branches

Mrs. Takamine came to-day with the little Japanese boys who play with John. She brought with her three little devices in silk crape which look like pin cushions, but have pockets behind

them to hold wooden toothpicks. Figure 327 represents two of them.

Coming from Yokohama the other day I saw from the car window a funny sight. It was a horse with a harrow attached, running away at a frantic gallop, with the farmer trying in vain to stop him. As the rice-paddies are now filled with water, the way the mud and water were flying, as the harrow bounced about dashing the stuff over the farmer, was ludicrous enough.

I came across a Japanese book in which were some remarkable studies of queues; also a series of sketches illustrating the various modes of dressing the hair for boys and men — old styles of a hundred years ago and the present styles. In

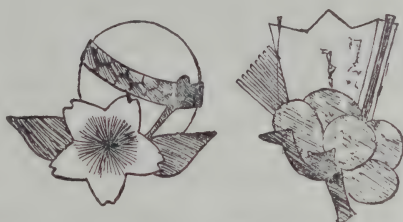


FIG. 327



FIG. 328

figure 328 I have copied a few of the designs. Some of the styles are very often seen now, though there is no foreign idea that has been adopted so promptly as our style of dressing the hair; its common

sense appealed to the people at once. Consider the bother of having the top of one's head shaved every two or three days and the queue waxed and firmly arranged on the bald spot. To keep it in place night and day must have been a

burden. The fishermen, the farmers, and classes of that kind still adhere to the queue; also old scholars, antiquarians, and a few others. The students of the University have all adopted the foreign way of wearing the hair. Many of them find it difficult to have it smoothed down or parted in any way, and some of them have a perfect mop of hair radiating in all directions, but cut close. Shaving the top of the head since childhood has doubtless contributed to the difficulty of making the hair lie properly. I had a student living with me for some time, and one day I asked him if he suffered from rheumatism, as in walking he limped. He answered that his lameness was due to a sword cut received in a fight. My curiosity was excited, and finally I ventured to ask him if he got his wound in some battle. He smilingly told me that when he first saw a foreigner and realized the simple method of arranging the hair and meditated on the time saved in this style of hair-dressing, he surprised the school one day by appearing before his class shorn of his queue. One student in particular chided him for imitating the foreigner. Swords were drawn, with the result that my friend got a slash in the leg. Within six months the student who had chided him realized that the foreign way of wearing the hair was the only rational way and appeared at school shorn of his queue!

This afternoon we were invited by the Educational Department to a concert at the old Chinese college. The music was an old form known as *kibígaku*, two hundred years old, and came from the Province of Bizen. The hall in which the concert was given had carpets and chairs; the chairs being arranged in three rows on the two sides of the hall, leaving an open space



in the middle. There were nearly two hundred people present, mostly Japanese, and among them were twenty teachers from the Female Normal School and Kindergarten. They were a fine-looking group of women. It was interesting to see how low and ceremoniously they

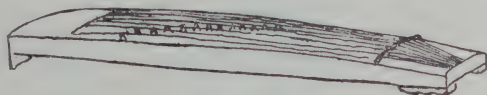


FIG. 329

bowed to one another as they met. In the middle of the floor were two *kotos*, or Japanese harps (fig. 329). The instrument is nearly five feet long and is an old form derived from China. After a while the performers came in, six in all,



FIG. 330

two for the harps, two singers, and two more, one playing the flute and one a curious instrument called the *sho* (fig. 330), often figured in the early Chinese books. It has a round base, like half a cocoanut, from which spring vertically a number of bamboo tubes of varying lengths; the mouthpiece is in the side of the base. The player holds it in his two hands as shown in the sketch (fig. 331). The leader was an old man, and he played the flute and at times a kind of short flageolet which had an extraordinary sound.

The performance began with the old man uttering a monotonous series of gruff howls. Had he been suffering from an overdose of cucumbers he could not have uttered more dismal sounds; it was really ludicrous, and one found it difficult to preserve one's gravity. While he was making these sounds another performer picked an accompaniment on



FIG. 331

the koto. This seemed to be a sort of prelude, for after a while one of the young men began to sing, and the old man played on the flute, and all the instruments started, the sho keeping up an accompaniment in one or two tones sounding not unlike a bagpipe. Each piece, though widely different in title, sounded very much alike to me. It was by no means unpleasant to hear, and yet from our standpoint I should not call it music. The title of one of the selections was, "Moon on a Spring Night"; another was named after a certain general; still another was dedicated to a celebrated river; another, which I thought would never end, was appropriately called "Time."

During a long interval I went outside, lit a cigar, and wandered up and down the grounds for a while. My cigar was unfinished when the orchestra began again, and so I laid it down carefully on the steps in a corner where if the wind blew it would not be disturbed. At the next interlude I came out again to find my cigar, and it had disappeared. Somewhat

puzzled, I was looking about when a policeman came along and in a questioning manner soberly pointed to the place where I had left it. I answered 'yes' in Japanese, and then he pointed to some fire boxes, or hibachi, at the end of the corridor, and on going there I found my cigar carefully placed on the edge of a fire bowl, where if any coals fell from it they would fall into the ashes. Such is their great care in regard to fire.

A man performed one of the Japanese slow and dignified ceremonial dances; it was not exactly a dance, but a play in which a variety of gestures were made by stamping the foot, etc. It was interesting as illustrating an old style of play. The question constantly arose, "Is this music in our sense of the word?" It is, but widely unlike ours. The sober, passive countenances of the performers are never enlivened by a smile; there are no dilated nostrils nor sparkling eyes nor swings of the head as with our singers when inspired by the words. It seems impossible that they should feel any inspiration or thrill from the monotonous sounds. The nearest comparison I could make would be to an old man in our country, with no ear for music, alone in a woodshed, absent-mindedly trying to recall some slow-timed and rather dismal hymn tune. Now this impression is felt by one who frankly confesses that he knows nothing about it. We thought certain forms of Japanese pictorial art absurd: certain prints, for example, with startling violations of perspective; human figures whose femora would have the proportions of baseball bats, whose skeletons, if found, would be classed as new genera; and yet these pictures command the admiration of our artists. It may be that their

music will ultimately prove to have merits of which we get no hint at present.

In return for a concert the Educational Department gave to the foreign professors, four of the University professors formed a quartette and practiced a number of songs. The quartette consisted of Professors Mendenhall, Fenollosa, Leland, and Morse. Among the selections we practiced were "Pilgrim's Chorus"; a few songs from the Arion collection; "Old Hundred"; "All honor to the soldier be"; and others. The Japanese teachers were assembled to the number of two hundred; every one was furnished with a pencil and paper, the selections were printed on a programme, and the teachers were requested to record their impressions. These were collected and are still in the hands of one of the singers, mostly untranslated. "All honor to the soldier be" we sang with great spirit, and were somewhat abashed to learn that the sentiments were offensive to the gentle Japanese. We were informed afterwards that the Japanese have neither in poetry nor in prose extolled the glories of battle.

I went to the theatre with the children this morning. The building is a new one and is the best and largest in Japan, and has a seating capacity of fifteen hundred. It is lighted by gas, well ventilated, and is altogether a fine exhibition hall. It is square in shape with galleries on the sides and ends of the hall, the gallery facing the stage being very deep; the gallery boxes are considered the choicest places. Instead of rows of seats as with us the hall was divided into bins, six feet square and a foot or more in depth, with a squatting capacity of four adults and two children. The aisles were on a level with the



tops of these bins, the edges of the bins being four inches wide, so that one, on entering the theatre, walks up the aisles and then, balancing himself, walks along the rail of these bins to find his proper place. The building was finished in natural woods as are all the dwellings; not a touch of paint, oil, varnish, or wood filling is to be seen. The ceiling was apparently composed of planks three feet in width. There were two large gas chandeliers suspended from this, and gas was used for the foot-



FIG. 332

lights. Figure 332 is a very rough sketch of the theatre from the street; and hanging in front of it are bright-colored pictures of the actors.

The building, which must have cost many thousands of dollars, was of the most substantial character, constructed after the manner of the fireproof buildings, and it was imposing with its black polished walls and massive roofing tiles. As you enter the vestibule the ceiling is very low, made for Japanese height, and you knock your head on the rafters above. Your shoes are checked, a big wooden ticket being given you, and it is a curious sight to see the hundreds of pairs of wooden clogs arranged in little spaces on the walls. Ascending a steep flight of stairs you come to a narrow passageway from which by a number of doors the theatre is entered. The stage is very wide, but not deep. In the centre of the stage is a large turntable level with the floor, and while one act is being performed before a certain scene the stage carpenters are at work on

another scene behind, and when the act is ended the turntable slowly rotates and a new scene comes into view. Looking down from the gallery it is very interesting to see the people in the depressed squares, — whole families, or a group of men and women. Having their hibachis they can heat the water for tea and bring out their lunches (or waiters from near-by restaurants bring in trays with a dinner or lunch), and lighting their pipes from the coals they have the happiest time imaginable.

The acting was exceedingly realistic, some of the scenes being shocking, as in the act of *hara-kiri*, where all the ceremonies lead up to the final catastrophe, when the head is carried away in a tray. All the details are shown: the baring of the abdomen, the cut from left to right with a short knife, the handle and blade held in the two hands; as the blade passes along, the cut appears as a blue line followed by a red fluid; the actor then throws his head forward and a friend starts to strike it off with a sword, but turning away in agony drops his weapon, which another quickly picks up, and terminates the sad tragedy. It is like a juggler's trick, for in the excitement you are not aware that some of the actors pass in front of the victim, so that the sword really seems to come down on the neck of the man, who has in the mean time, like a turtle, drawn his head within his loose robes. Be that as it may, a head with a bloody stump rolls out, which is gathered up, placed in a tray, and conveyed to the judge or daimyo, who, recognizing the features, knows that the act has been accomplished. The tragic sorrow of the friends is perfectly acted, and in the large audience many women are weeping. The play began at half-past six in the morning and continued in a series of acts until

nine o'clock at night. Some of the plays require two or three days to perform and I was told that some plays in China require a month or two for a complete performance.

This play was fifteen hours long and recorded the history of an early shogun, and I am sure if it were acted in America it would attract a great deal of attention. The actors come up the two main aisles from the rear of the theatre and act as

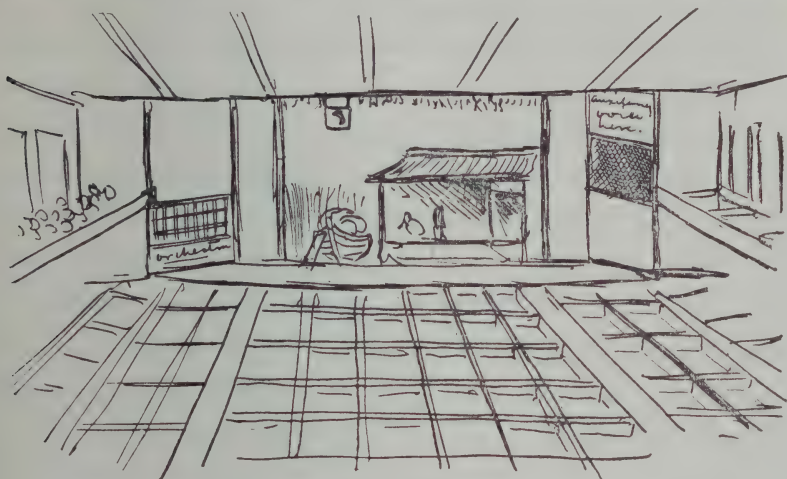


FIG. 333

they come up the aisle or retire to their rooms again. One recognizes the theatrical stride and other tricks of acting that one sees at home. In one scene there is an old house with a boat drawn up in the midst of rushes; the boat is loaded with fish and the vicinity looks like a swamp (fig. 333). The house was large enough to hold twenty men who came in afterwards, but for some time there was only an old woman, bent over with age, who was fanning a few embers to make a smoke to drive away imaginary mosquitoes. She would now and then

fan her neck and legs to drive them away; then she would tenderly wipe her eyes inflamed from the smart of the smoke. It was difficult to realize that this part was acted by a young man; his behavior and every movement were those of a decrepit woman eighty years old. All the actors are men, the female parts being represented by men, who speak in high, falsetto voices.

A few conventional features of the old style of acting are still retained and are grotesque to the last degree. It is impossible to describe the acting; some parts of it are more like gymnastic exercises, and unless it were explained to you it would be impossible to interpret it. One man, a high samurai, will with his fan overthrow a crowd of thirty men armed with swords and spears, and it is a literal overthrow, as they leap in the air and turn somersaults backward without touching the floor. In one instance a man, who had repeatedly put to flight a crowd of men who immediately returned to the conflict, becoming hard-pressed, rushed up a short flight of steps and, making a few desperate and heroic gestures, grasped the handle of his sword, simply a threat to draw it, when the entire crowd fell backward on the ground with their legs high in the air! It was ridiculous to the last degree, and yet a certain power and dominance over the peasant class were exhibited by the hero, who, after having repelled the crowd, with his fan alone showed what would be the result if he had been finally forced to draw his dreadful sword. When night is supposed to come on, the stage is not darkened, but a box is hung from the top of the stage in which a crescent moon is cut out, illuminated by a candle behind (fig. 334). A sign hung out saying, "It is now



night," would hardly be more absurd. In commenting on this feature to a Japanese who has lived in our country, he said they were accustomed to these conventions, — that there seemed nothing incongruous in them, — just as we are used to seeing an actor leaning against the side of a baronial castle causing it to sway back and forth. He recalled his amazement at the sight of it on our stage, and yet our people showed no concern.

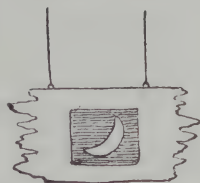


FIG. 334

On the right of the stage is the orchestra shut in behind a black painted grating; from within came the sound of a big drum and a monotonous thrumming of a samisen as an accompaniment to the voices which followed the play, distressing or despairing according to the scene portrayed. On the left of the stage and even with the gallery was another barred enclosure, within which was a man possessed of a remarkable voice who wailed, cried, scolded, and shrieked, — making noises as of cats fighting, — and kept up this vocal accompaniment to the acting, going on hour after hour, tragic or otherwise. It really excites you or saddens you, as the case may be. At times the voice is ominous and prophetic and you anticipate some catastrophe which is sure to come.

The versatility of the Japanese servant is noticeable. Each one of the four I have is capable of performing the duties of the other three. The other day I allowed the boy and cook to go to the theatre, and the only woman servant got up a very nice dinner. Even the jinrikisha man can cook, can put up self-rolling curtains, or do anything of the sort, and when I have a big dinner he comes in barelegged and arranges the

flowers so beautifully that you wonder at his skill. He helps about the garden and is ready to run errands, and he evidently believes it his duty to wash the dishes, which he does every day and, I may say, without ever breaking them or nicking them.

I have noticed how quickly my Japanese friends who come to the house learn a game; they are mentally alert.

One of my Japanese special students, Matsura, of whom I was very fond, died at the hospital last night of that mysterious disease called beri-beri. He had been ill for some time and I had often been to the hospital to see him; he would inquire how the work was getting along and kept up his interest to the last moment. I learned that it would gratify the students of his class if I would accompany them to the burial-place; his mother, sister, and relatives lived five hundred miles south, and could not come. About a hundred students gathered, and

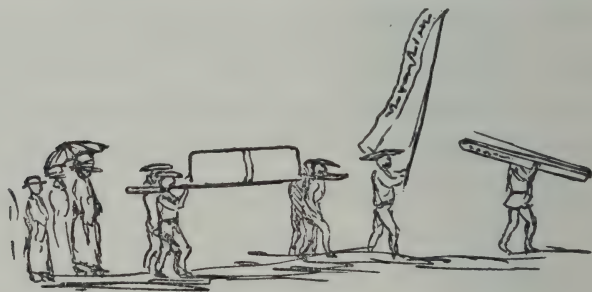


FIG. 335

we waited some time for the coffin to appear. This was a long plain box covered with white cloth and borne on the shoulders of four men; a man in front carrying a long bamboo pole from which was hanging a long, narrow strip of cloth (fig. 335). I had noticed this flag on similar occasions, and learned that it

gave simply the name of the deceased and the province from which he came. In advance of all was a man carrying a long wooden post upon which was Matsura's name; this was a temporary grave-post. There was no organized procession. We followed the body in an irregular manner, but with sober and orderly demeanor. All the students were in native dress and resembled a class from a woman's college. Many of them wore our form of straw hat and their clogs made a curious clatter on the hard roadbed. A walk of nearly a mile and a half brought us to the cemetery, a very beautiful place with large trees, and flowers, and much natural scenery. The people we passed looked in curious wonder at seeing a foreigner in the procession. At the entrance to the cemetery was a sort of reception shed, where the bier with the coffin was placed resting on two wooden supports; the grave-post was rested against the coffin. Soon a Buddhist priest with clean-shaven head came out bearing sprigs of leaves which he leaned against the side of the coffin, one near each end; he then put on his rich brocade robes, lighted the candle, knelt down beside the coffin, and began mumbling a prayer, occasionally tapping a little bell which he had with him (fig. 336). The sound he made with his lips reminded one of the sound a huge humbee might make. I could not distinguish an articulate word, nor a pause in the mumbling. A few students stood near. Others were on the side of the road, some smoking their little Japanese pipes; they seemed to be utterly indifferent to the service, apparently regarding it as rather a bore, but one that had to be endured. Professor Yatabe, who was with me, told me that among the crowd of a hundred students there was

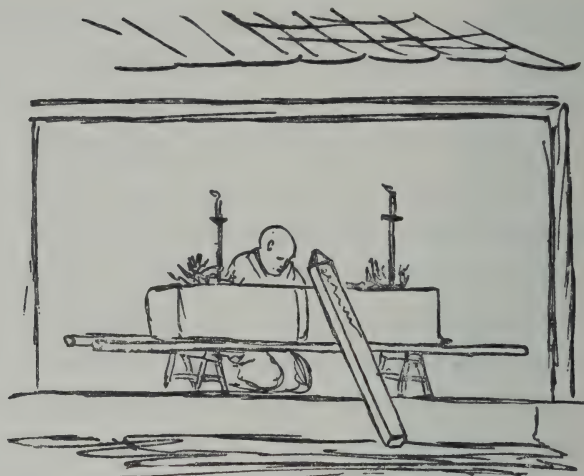


FIG. 336

probably not one who believed in the Buddhist or Shinto religion, but all would be buried in this way so that their mothers and sisters would not feel hurt. Yet they were quiet and serious, talked in low tones, and were paying their last tribute to their departed schoolmate with sobriety and dignity. The grave was very deep, seven or eight feet, at least. After the coffin had been lowered into it many of the students pushed in a little earth with their umbrellas; others took up a handful of earth and tossed it in. It was a sad sight, these sober-faced young men gathering about the grave and then quietly dispersing.

I noticed many fine gravestones and monuments, some being made of natural slabs of rock with irregular contours just as they were quarried from the ledge. Upon the smooth cleavage face of the rock were cut inscriptions; these, I was told, were Shinto graves. Here were the signs of two widely differ-



ent cults side by side, and I thought of our own country, with its two branches of a single religion, each with its own cemetery, wider apart in death than they were in life

In discussing April Fools' day with Professor Yatabe, he said that the Japanese, dignified as they appear, were fond of playing mischievous tricks. One of these tricks was to fasten very lightly a sheet of red gossamer paper over the face of a sleeping person and then wake him by running through the room crying fire. The sleeper awakes, and seeing the red glare jumps up quickly, to realize that he has been made the victim of a joke. The Japanese samurai wear on the sleeves of their outer garment, as well as on the back, a beautiful design in white, left undyed when the silk is dyed black; this design is called a *mon*, and may be regarded as the coat of arms or crest of the family. These crests are often seen on porcelain, pottery, lacquer, and other objects which have been made for the use of the families owning them. A trick is sometimes played by cutting out of white paper a design of some crest representing some family under the ban. One side, being previously covered with paste, the design is concealed in the hand as a student approaches his friend and, placing his hand affectionately on his back, presses the *mon* to the coat, where it sticks to the amusement of the passers-by. As boys we used to play a similar trick by chalking some ridiculous figure in the palm of the hand and then slapping the back of another boy, who would go down the street unconcernedly parading this picture on his back.

It is interesting to watch carpenters at work, for they do many things so differently from what we should do and work

with none of the appliances considered so essential by us. In drilling with an awl, the handle of which is short, we hold it in one hand and bore by turning the hand back and forth; the



FIG. 337

Japanese use a long-handled awl (fig. 337) and revolve the handle by pressing the open hands against the handle and moving them back and forth rapidly. As the hands gradually come down they instantly move them to the top of the handle, continually pressing down as they continue the movement. In this way they bore holes very quickly. They have no such device as a carpenter's bench, nor a vise like ours; the saws have long, straight handles, and with such a handle they can use both hands. Their contrivance for a vise is most clumsy and awkward.<sup>1</sup>

A boy in blowing bubbles uses a long bamboo tube, and instead of soap and water he uses a vegetable infusion. From the tube he will blow rapidly twenty to thirty bubbles, which float away giving the appearance of blowing bits of paper through the tube.

Many of the names of institutions are painted on long strips of wood. Writing as they do vertically, a sign, unless pictorial, takes little room except in a vertical direction. The Medical College, which is a large building having a bell tower on top and massive iron gates in foreign style, has a sign painted on a board, one foot wide and six feet long, and this is simply the name of the institution. The door-plates, or names of the

<sup>1</sup> We must, however, refer to the book on *Japanese Homes* for a more detailed description of carpenters' tools and their method of work.

occupants of a house, are painted on strips of wood and hung at the side of the entrance (fig. 338).

When Fourth of July came my boy was greatly disappointed at not being permitted to fire off crackers. As a safeguard against conflagrations, not even in the yashiki did the police permit the use of fire-crackers, toy pistols, and the like.

I must record my first public lecture in Japan before an audience composed ex-

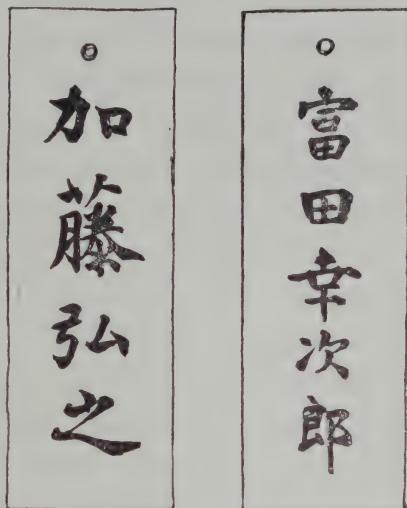


FIG. 338

clusively of Japanese. The young Japanese professors who have returned from America admire our system of lecture courses as a means of public instruction and have endeavored to establish such an institution in Tokyo. They have met with great difficulty in arousing an interest among the people, as the whole idea was such an innovation. However they have gone ahead and hired a big room in a tea-house. The people are so poor that the price of admission has to be low. A few friends have started a journal to be devoted to science, literature, antiquities, etc., in connection with the lecture course, and they honored me by asking me to give the opening lecture of the course, Sunday, June 30. I selected as a subject archæology. When I rode through a narrow alley to the place I saw my name in Japanese on a large signboard with

other characters which I could not read. People were going in, and, meeting Mr. Agee, who was to act as interpreter, we entered the room which looked out over the river. It was a queer sight to see the floor entirely covered by Japanese sitting on the mats in the usual way, many of them with fans, some with their pipes, and others drinking tea. A blackboard had been provided. There was only one chair in the room and this I was to occupy. Mr. Enouye made a preliminary address, which I learned afterwards was a short sketch of me derived from some biographical article. Naturally passing unblushingly through this ordeal, for I did not understand a word of what he said, I was introduced. It was difficult to lecture through an interpreter. One can converse in that way without trouble, but in lecturing without notes you are compelled to wonder all the time how much your interpreter can remember, and that curbs all earnestness or impetuosity of speech. I went through the subject, literally step by step, giving a general sketch of archæology, and then telling them about the wide and unexplored field they had in Japan, describing the Omori shell mounds right at their doors and exhibiting some of the pottery. When I finished there was a hearty clapping of hands, which they had learned from the Japanese students who had been abroad. There were some intelligent-looking old men present, and all seemed to be interested. At the lecture sitting by the side of the stage was a policeman. The next day Mr. Agee came to the house and stated that the admission had been ten cents; students, half price; the hall was so much, the advertising so much, and the balance of ten dollars he insisted upon my taking. This, of course, was entirely unexpected and I tried to



decline it. However, it was forced upon me and I resolved to buy some object and preserve it as a souvenir of the occasion, as I was told that this was the first time a foreigner had lectured under the conditions of an organized course of lectures. The organization has invited me to give a course of lectures, which I have offered to do in the autumn only on condition that there will be no honorarium. The subject will be Darwinism.

## CHAPTER XII

### YEZO, THE NORTHERN ISLAND

*July 13, 1878.* I left Yokohama on the steamer this evening for Yezo. Our party consisted of Professor Yatabe, botanist, and his assistant and a servant; my assistant, Mr. Taneda, and a servant; and Mr. Sasaki. From the appropriation given me by the University I was able to have some assistance from Mr. Takamine and Mr. Fenton. The water was remarkably calm, and the voyage would have been delightful had not our steamer on a previous trip been filled with a cargo of fish and fish manure. The stench was simply intolerable; it permeated everything and the only spot on the vessel free from the stench was the extreme end of the bow. With this dreadful odor enhanced by a little seasickness the voyage was disagreeable enough. Leaving Saturday evening we had clear weather. Sunday was a clear day till the afternoon, when we ran into a dense fog and the whistle sounded at short intervals. Monday it cleared and we had a fine view of the northern coast of Japan. Sailing along at a distance of eight or ten miles the surface features could be plainly made out. The country is very mountainous with high peaks running into the clouds. The cloud effects were wonderful, bringing out the contour of the bold and craggy outlines of these volcanic ridges, for the whole range seems to be volcanic from Yezo to the southern part of Japan. There was one place along the coast that indicated a remarkable plateau, four or five

hundred feet above the sea cut through in places by rivers (fig. 339).

Tuesday morning about four I heard the welcome sound of the bell tap to stop the engines, and looking out of my porthole I saw that we were near Hakodate, the high peak just back of the town looming up. The air outside the vessel was cool and

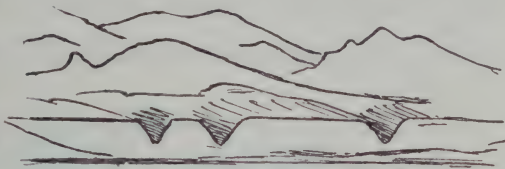


FIG. 339

delightful, for we were six hundred miles north of Tokyo and this makes a difference in temperature. Mr. Harris, the Consul, insisted that I should take breakfast with him, so engaging a boat among a number that surrounded the vessel after dropping anchor, we started off. The boat was like a logger's punt and oscillated fearfully as we sculled toward shore. This peculiar shaking-up before breakfast, with scarcely any food for three days, was anything but agreeable. However, the sun came up, tipping the mountains back of the town with its rays, and my spirits came up in proportion, though I must say that I felt rather discouraged when I critically examined the boats in the harbor, for not one of the many large and clumsy Japanese junks would answer my purpose for dredging. Mr. Harris was also perplexed, as he had become interested in the work I was to do, but he thought we might hire a rowboat from one of the few foreign vessels in the harbor. Landing in the midst of strange boats and the odor of fish, we went through the town to Mr. Harris's residence on higher land, from which the view of the town is delightful.

On my way I picked up a handful of snails (*Succinea*) which were crawling about the plants beside the road. Many of the plants were similar to our own. The white clover which has been introduced has larger blossoms than ours, with longer stems and a most fragrant perfume. The town is almost an

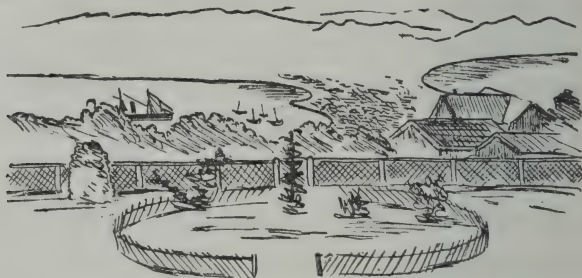


FIG. 340

island connected with the main island by a sand-neck (fig. 340), having a beautiful background in a mountain twelve hundred feet high, of volcanic origin. Most of the town is on low ground, but the better houses are built a little above on the slope of the mountain. The houses, instead of being covered with heavy tiles, have their shingled roofs closely covered with large beach-worn stones, giving a most curious appearance. Figure 341 is a rough outline of the town from a street which leads out to the sand-neck. I am continually reminded of Eastport, Maine. Not that there is the slightest resemblance between the two places, but the crisp, fresh air, the pure and cold salt water, the odor of fish, and the land beyond reminds one of Campobello, and the work I am doing, that of dredging, helps the illusion. After breakfast Professor Yatabe and I made a call on the Governor, a dignified Japanese



official. As soon as we had announced our names he said he had received a letter from General Saigo, the Minister of Education, and a dispatch from the Vice-Minister of Education, and he would be pleased to help us in any way. I told him briefly our needs: first, a room for a laboratory, if possible on some wharf where we could easily get salt water; and second,



FIG. 341

a proper boat for dredging. He directed us to the old Japanese custom house at the water's edge, and down we went escorted by an official. I found two rooms, precisely what I needed for a laboratory, and the occupants were immediately turned out with polite protestations on my part and the sweetest acceptance of banishment on theirs. Then I modestly told him that I wanted a running table along the rooms under the windows and some shelves, drawing a plan to illustrate. Within an hour four carpenters were at work. I went to the place in the evening at 9.30, and by the dim light of two candles the four naked carpenters were still at it, and the next morning

everything was completed, the rooms thoroughly cleaned, and the work ready. In the mean time the Governor had secured a fine steam launch with captain, engineers, and two sailors, and this was placed at our disposal as long as we remained. Imagine the elation I felt. I had been in despair as to a boat or room to work in, and in twelve hours I had a perfect outfit. I recalled my difficulties at Enoshima and the weeks spent in getting any boat or accommodations for work, and here in this short time I was amply provided with every appliance necessary. The problem of lodging still remained unsettled, as I could not subsist on Japanese food and there was no hotel or boarding-house in the town. Two officials were sent to canvass the town, and at three o'clock in the afternoon they reported that they had got two rooms for us with the Danish Consul, who lives in a foreign-built house. So down I went and was presented to a charming old gentleman who spoke English perfectly, an old bachelor who expressed his delight that I should live with him. The Governor's official with two servants had, in the mean time, found two chairs, a bureau, a table, bedstead, sheets, pillows, mosquito netting, and everything, even to a Brussels carpet; and so without the slightest expense or trouble on my part I have been most delightfully taken care of. A bottle of good beer and a beefsteak for dinner every day, — what more could one ask for?

A high wind came up on the next day with big rollers pounding on the beach, leading me to believe that a mass of stuff would be thrown up. So getting the party together we started off with high expectations, but, as is often the case, hardly a

thing was washed up. Among the refuse piles of the fishermen I got a few interesting shells. The huts of the fishermen were odd-looking objects, low, with heavy thatched roof, and a



FIG. 342

bamboo wattled fence surrounding each one to break the force of the wind, which often blows with hurricane violence (fig. 342). The fishermen's huts at Beaufort, North Carolina, under similar exposures resembled these Hakodate huts. From the veranda of my house a fine view of the harbor is obtained, and at a distance of twenty-five miles a volcano named Komogatake looms up, its sharp peak in marked contrast to the gentle slopes about it. The volcano is now resting



FIG. 343

and having a quiet smoke, which can be seen like a white cloud hanging over the peak; but thirty years ago it was in eruption and threw cinders and stones into the bay (fig. 343).

The sailors in rowing their boats back and forth in the harbor have a peculiar song entirely unlike the sailors' songs farther south. It is musical and catchy.

The sailors are fine, muscular-looking fellows; wearing nothing but a breech-cloth, they are as brown as russet apples. In rowing the boat they push instead of pulling the oars, and consequently face the bow of the boat. The oar has a cross-



FIG. 344

piece of wood at the end of the handle. They row in pairs, and one is reminded of galley slaves. The rowlock is simply a loop of rope hanging on the side of the boat through which they put the oar. The sketch (fig. 344) is that of a boat loaded with rice. Some boats will have six or seven men on a side, and the curious chant from so many throats as it comes over the water is very pleasant.<sup>1</sup>

The harbor is now full of Japanese trading junks discharging loads of rice and loading with fish. Figure 345 is a fairly

<sup>1</sup> In the extreme southern part of Japan I heard the identical song sung by the sailors of Kagoshima Gulf, and on my return to America a Russian troupe which visited Salem sang a piece called a Volga sailor's song strongly suggesting the Hakodate song. Such an air might easily spread through northern Russia to Kamchatka and find its way to Yezo through the Kurile Islands.



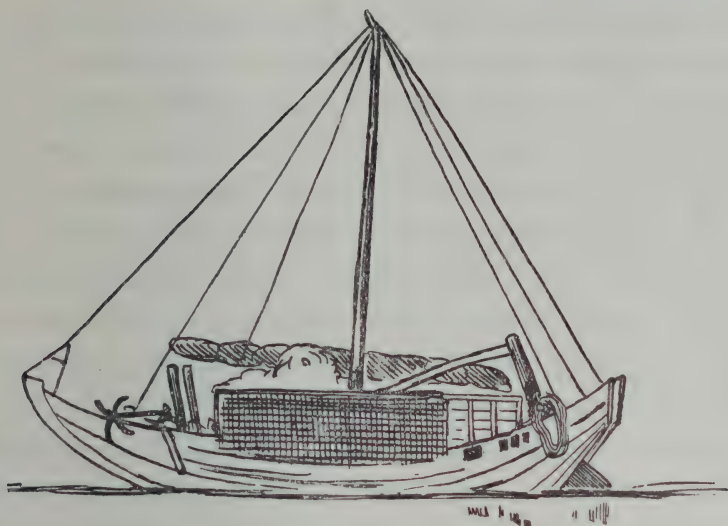


FIG. 345

good sketch of one. The top of the mast is not broken; they all tip this way for some purpose. The vessel is entirely unpainted and is a picturesque-looking craft. It seems as if they were always at anchor, as one rarely sees them sailing. The vessel is literally flat-bottomed, — not the trace of a keel, — and so they can sail only before the wind. The rudder is of enormous proportions, and when not in use is tipped out of the water in a curious way (fig. 346). In their



FIG. 346

years of exclusion the Japanese Government would not permit the building of vessels on foreign models. It is said that the authorities recognized the unstable character of their vessels, and thus the natives were compelled to sail near

shore, for in a storm their vessels were quite unmanageable. In their coasting trade they sail along the shore for two or three days, and on the slightest hint of a blow or storm they seek harbor and wait for the storm to come or to blow away. The Japanese promptly recognized the superiority of our models. Since the Revolution the law interdicting the building of vessels after foreign style has been repealed, and now they are building after foreign models. In this town there are six or seven schooners on the stocks, and good-looking models they are. The shipyards appear like our own and yet the workmen are all Japanese.

The earth used in repairing the streets or filling is conveyed in large straw bags hanging from a saddle (fig. 347). Five or



FIG. 347

six horses are tied together, and a woman, wearing a curious straw hat and an apron, leads them back and forth from the town to the hills. The bottom of the bag is gathered up in some way and tied.

When the load is ready

to dump, a twitch of the cord lets the earth rattle down to the ground. The bit is a curious device consisting of a large piece of wood on each side of the mouth. A rope, which for some purpose rests on the haunches of the horse, carries a number of wooden rollers so as to prevent galling. Another form of saddle is seen with hooks of wood on each side

made out of the crotch of a tree (fig. 348). This is designed for carrying wood or long timbers. Everything is transported on the backs of horses. I have seen no wheeled vehicles except the jinrikisha and there are very few of these. It is a relief to get away from the continual solicitations of Tokyo jinrikisha men.



FIG. 348

On the sand beach there was a curious device for a sound signal, used by watchmen to strike the hour, or to indicate the time of patrol, or to bang furiously in case of fire. It consisted of a square oak board, two feet long by one foot high, suspended from a post as seen in figure 349, with a wooden mallet hung by a cord to strike it. It was astonishing to hear the clear, ringing sound it gave out. Farmers and others could adopt the idea with advantage. The Japanese use wooden devices of this nature for various purposes: at the theatre two square pieces of hard wood are struck together to signal the rising of the curtain; at the college, at the close of the lecture a man goes through

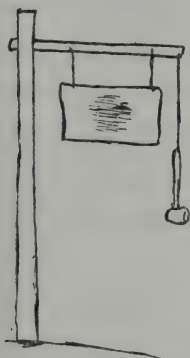


FIG. 349

the corridor clapping two pieces of wood together; the watchman strikes two clappers; and in the garden is hung a wooden device, sometimes in the shape of a fish, which is struck with a wooden mallet as a summons to go to the tea ceremony in a little house in the garden. In our country, wood is used in this manner only as a musical instrument, as in the xylophone, or as a time measure in the clappers and castanets.

The other evening at the tea-house, where the rest of the party are staying, I heard a little child in the next room reading in the usual high-toned, sing-song manner. On inquiring as to what she was reading, Professor Yatabe listened for a moment and then said it was a sad classic which was as follows: "When parents die the sweetest food tastes bitter and lovely flowers lose their fragrance"; and more of the same nature.

*Friday, July 19.* Had my first dredging experience. The steam launch was ready to take us out into the straits known as Tsugaru Straits, which separate Yezo from the main island of Japan. The launch was so neat and clean that I explained that the operation of dredging was very dirty, with its mud and water, and got a boat towed behind from which we dredged. Figure 350 gives a rough idea of the old Japanese custom house. We have half the building on the right, and the five windows close together give us a flood of light. The roof

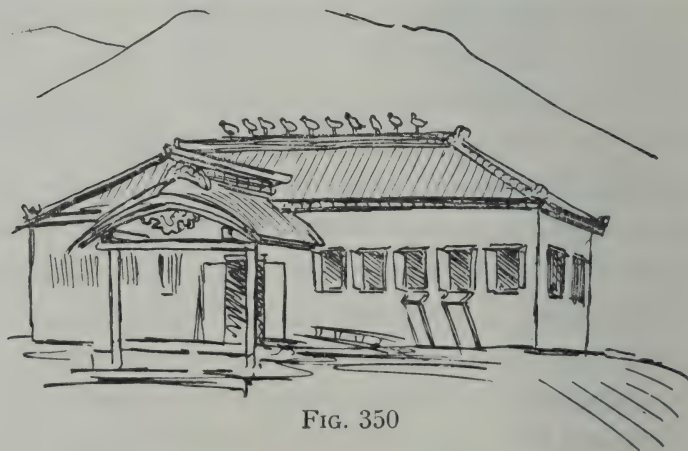


FIG. 350



is heavily tiled, and when I made my sketch a number of gulls were roosting on the ridge, their heads all pointing in the same direction. Figure 351 represents the steam launch, with native boat towed behind into which the dredge is pulled and the contents sifted, after which we take the buckets of shells, starfish, and the like into the launch and pick over the material we wish to preserve. I never had more convenient and luxuri-



FIG. 351

ous arrangements for the work. On our first excursion it rained very hard and I got wet to the skin. The material brought up was very different from that of the more southern region; the shells were more like northern forms, yet with certain southern forms mixed; beautiful Brachiopods, one a *Terebratulina*, light red in color and heavily ribbed; and other forms which I shall keep alive for study. Yesterday we tore our dredge bag, and so we visited a fishing village about five miles away. The walk led first through a long muddy street, and after that along the beach, where we picked up many curious shells. At the village we found a public place, where, if it had not been for a ravenous appetite, little would have been eaten. After this rest we started for the hills, which gave us a tough pull for nearly a mile through a kind of swamp with

the water most of the time up to our knees. It had its attractions, however, with the tall grass, the beautiful purple iris and other flowers, a few interesting little shells, and curiously enough a little polished land shell which is circumpolar in its distribution; it is found all over northern Europe and America, and here it is in Yezo! I also found a large fresh-water snail resembling *Lymnæa auriculata* of Europe. When we finally reached high land we had a grand view of Hakodate and the bay. On our way back we had to tackle the swamp again, and



FIG. 352

we got to Hakodate tired out. I have been wet to the skin, or nearly so, for four days, and yet I never felt better in my life. On our way back we passed a monument erected over the graves of three Japanese who had been beheaded for attempting to incite a rebellion (fig. 352). The simple frag-

ment of dark-gray stone, with the inscription cut on a cleavage surface, might be adopted in our country in place of some of the monuments one sees in our cemeteries.

The other day, on a new way to the beach, I sketched a series of stone images, three feet in height, on a base of rough and finished stones. These were evidently Buddhas, and at right angles to them was a row of square wooden posts each capped with a little roof. These posts had inscriptions upon

them. In every post was an iron wheel that could be revolved by hand; tied to the wheels were a number of iron rings which jangled as you gave the wheel a twirl. These are called

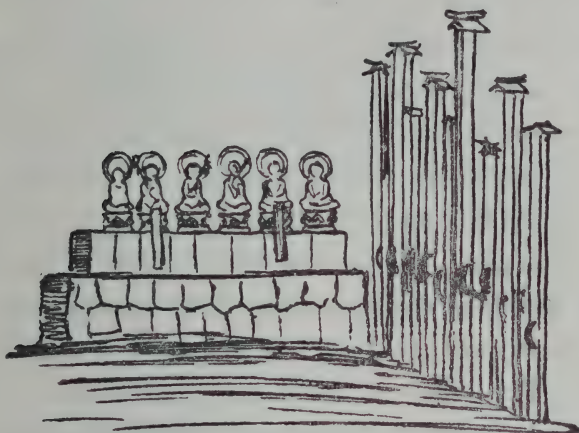


FIG. 353

“praying-posts,” and the jangle of the iron rings calls the attention of the gods to the supplicants. This was told me by one of my men, and I recalled the praying-wheels of Tibetan Buddhists. In their case every turn is a prayer and by vigorous turning of the wheel you can pour in a volume of supplications. I have not yet seen the device in Japan proper, though it may exist. Figure 353 is a sketch of the images and posts, and figure 354 a sketch of the wheel with its jangling rings.



FIG. 354

Last night there was a festival of some kind going on in another part of the town, so I mingled with the crowd and drifted along. The street lead-

ing to the temple was illuminated on each side with a double row of lanterns extending for a quarter of a mile. In one of the rows on each side every lantern had an offhand, comic sketch upon it, most of them funny and all of them different. I could not but admire the diversity and ingenuity of the artists, and yet they had all been dashed off in the greatest hurry, as one could see. At the temple an immense crowd had gathered, and the people were pitching their coins into a big box on the veranda, clapping their hands and praying earnestly. The priests were evidently holding high mass and granting dispensations, or at least selling bits of paper to paste over the door to guard against the entrance of evil spirits. The beggars of the town — perhaps a dozen men — were sitting in a row at the side of the avenue and striking bells which they held in their hands in a slow, monotonous bang, keeping time.

It was an odd sight, and it seemed strange to me to be elbowing my way through crowds of these good natured, smiling people. Elbowing is the wrong word for Japan, for no matter how dense the crowd, you never touch those surrounding you: simply say, "Go men na sai" and the crowd parts. Furthermore, I felt perfectly at home, and the many curious objects and incidents which, when I first saw them, kept me busy recording, now no longer arrest my attention, which shows the importance of a journalist instantly jotting down his first impressions.

Figure 355 is of an old house diagonally across from where I live. It is a typical form which one often sees: a fireproof building with a house-like structure built around it. In case of



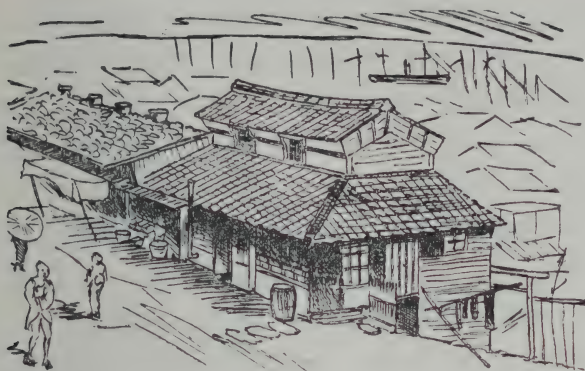


FIG. 355

fire everything is rushed into the fireproof part and the windows plastered with mud.

*July 25.* We started for Otaru, on the west coast of Yezo, in a little wooden steamer, the size of a towboat, owned, commanded, and worked by Japanese. I was the only foreigner aboard, and as I watched the way the crew shipped some cows and the lack of efficient directions, I felt some fear of the voyage of three hundred miles we were to undertake along a rocky coast where there were no lighthouses. Moreover, no survey or sailing charts had been made. When we started at ten o'clock at night, it was dark, threatening weather, and I must confess to a little anxiety as we pitched into the darkness of Tsugaru Straits. There was certainly no danger of collision, as there would be no vessel to collide with, but there was danger of the helmsman losing his bearings on a dark and stormy night. Soon after leaving Hakodate we ran into a dense fog, and at midnight a storm came up with heavy rain squalls, and we pitched into it in grand style and were all more or less sick.

In the cabin was a long stack of Spencer repeating rifles, two small steel cannon, and a Gatling gun. This precaution against pirates added a certain excitement to the voyage. All night it stormed and the little vessel pitched fearfully; dishes were smashing in the cuddy, and the cows were stumbling about below. The food served for breakfast was Japanese and simply awful. When we came out of the harbor of Hakodate, a French ironclad had just come in from Yokohama to avoid the excessive heat of the south. She resembled a floating turtle; the bow looked like a plough, and she was tough-looking. Certainly a hundred junks were in the harbor, many with sails spread to dry.

I must remark in passing that never before have I seen a crew of sailors who did not swear or a set of officers who did not peremptorily order. There was no swearing, and every order was given in a quiet manner; even this perilous life did not seem to change the manner of the people.

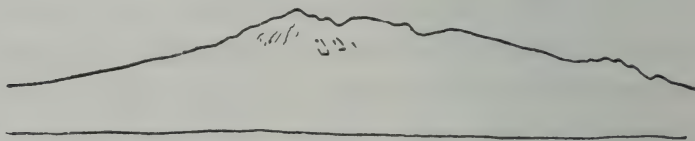


FIG. 356

This morning we awoke to a bright, sunshiny day and in the distance saw a mountain over fifty-five hundred feet high with large patches of snow on its slopes (fig. 356). It is known as Okamui and is thirty miles south of Otaru. It was interesting to realize that we were nearly a thousand miles north of Tokyo and nearer Kamchatka and the Kurile Islands. There was a freshness of air and odor of the north temperate zone,

and yet, according to parallels of latitude, not so far north as middle Maine. No one appreciates the sight of land more than one who has been on a rocking ship even for a short voyage: all apprehensions disappear, and no matter at what impossible distance he may be from it, his spirits rise. As we neared our port we sailed round a great point and for a time

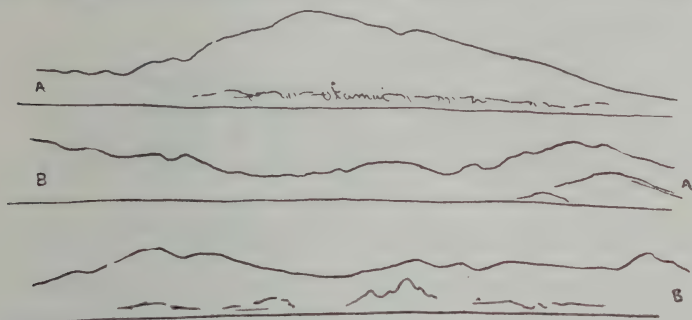


FIG. 357

went due south by the compass. On both sides of the great bay which we entered were ranges of mountains, densely wooded and untrodden by white man; none but Ainus had ever penetrated their ravines, and many regions had not been visited by them. The woods are frequented by savage bears, and the Government offers a high bounty for their destruction. Last winter a Japanese was devoured by bears, and from all the stories told me the creature must be a dangerous one to encounter.

As we approached Otaru I made a sketch of the range of mountains from Okamui to beyond Otaru (fig. 357). To represent them on a single sheet of paper as they looked, one must join A to A, and B to B. The outlines were very interesting and varied from the lower mountain lines I had

seen farther south. As we approached the harbor of Otaru the shore-line became more distinct, and we then realized how far inland were the beautiful mountains and how craggy and precipitous were the low hills which immediately fringed the coast.

Figure 358 is a rough sketch of the headland just before



FIG. 358

entering the port of Otaru. Some of these cliffs are six to seven hundred feet in height and rise almost vertically. The headlands, just before rounding into the harbor of Otaru, are very striking (fig. 359). I resolved to study them during my stay at Otaru, but the objects of our expedition were too engrossing to permit the time. The whole coast shows evidences of great elevation and extensive erosion and to the geologist would furnish material of much interest. The rocks appear volcanic so far as I could judge, yet near Otaru are signs of distinct stratification with a sharp northern dip. Extensive fields of coal are found in the interior of the island. The village of Otaru is seen straggling along the shore for two miles.

We landed at about ten o'clock, and the way people stared at us showed that foreigners were yet a novelty. We found our way to the only tea-house in the town, and the very first thing that greeted my eye was a little lot of broken pottery in a basket which I recognized at once as typical shell-heap pottery. On inquiry I learned that a foreign teacher from Sapporo, in



the interior, had collected it from a shell heap near the village, and had left it for his students to bring back with other specimens which they hoped to get. I at once had some digging implements made by a blacksmith, and in the afternoon we visited the deposits, which were quite extensive, and found quite a number of fragments and a few stone implements

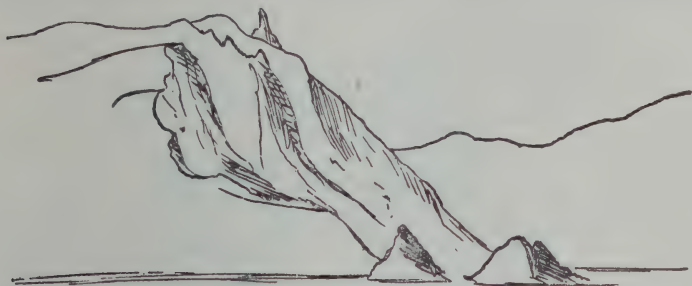


FIG. 359

which I intended giving to the teacher if he was making a study of them.

We were barely settled when an officer came to tell me he had brought some horses from Sapporo for our use, as a telegram had come from Hakodate stating that we were on our way to Sapporo by way of Otaru. On landing I had noticed a little steam launch, and had wondered if it would be possible to secure it for dredging. Yatabe and I made a visit to the head official of the place, to whom we presented our cards, stating our mission, and the fact that we were making collections for the Imperial University. We then gently hinted that our work would be greatly facilitated if we could secure the use of the launch for a few days, adding, furthermore, that the Governor of Hakodate had given us the use of a steam launch at that

place. After these broad suggestions he could not refuse, and we were offered the use of the launch for two days. Such luck! We were greatly elated.

The harbor and shore are very picturesque. Curious peaks of rock stand up from the water like monuments. Figure 360 is a view of some of these remarkable rocks. The lines of stratification are sharply defined and the uplift excessive.

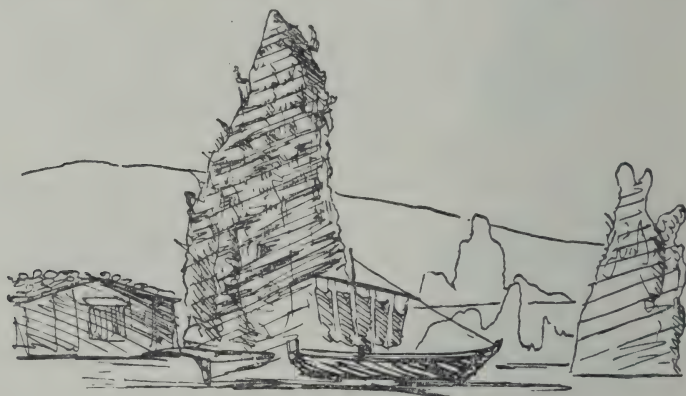


FIG. 360

Great erosion must have taken place to have left these pinnacles of rock. I had no chance to study them and do not know whether the region has been examined by a geologist. Most of the work of that nature in Yezo has been done from an economic standpoint.

Figure 361 is a view from the stone pier at Otaru. It would make an interesting picture in color. The distant mountains, the craggy rocks, picturesque boats and houses, the rich color and contrasts of the vegetation, the pure blue water and rich brown seaweed would delight the heart of an artist.

I notice a marked difference in the Japanese here as com-

pared with those of middle Japan: the people have more color in their faces and the women are much taller than those farther south. There are curious types of fish-women who come from some northern province of Japan, crossing Tsugaru Straits and settling along the coast during the summer



FIG. 361

months, to trade in fish and peddle through the towns. They are short in stature, stunted in growth, and very plain. One little old woman with inflamed eyes, and looking seventy at least, though she was probably not over fifty, came along the road with the carrying-stick across her shoulders, and from either end was suspended a huge basket of a large scallop which she was peddling. I called her in and bought a number of her shells and endeavored to lift the load as she did, but found it impossible to start more than one basket from the ground. My Japanese companions, in turn, made the attempt, but the weight was altogether too much for them. The old woman seemed greatly amused, and when we had given up trying to raise even one basket, she, although it may seem incredible, quietly lifted this load, and with a polite "sayonara" went gayly swinging out of the yard and up the street at an

absolute trot. Though this little, dried-up old woman had already carried the load for a mile or more, she had breath enough left repeatedly to cry out her market stuff.

Being settled in our tea-house we sought accommodations for a laboratory. An officer went with us in search of a place, and we finally found a room in an abandoned inn near the water, the old post for the sign still standing. The place was



FIG. 362

dirty enough, full of old dried fish in bundles of matting, or rolls, and from numerous signs the place had also been used as a tea-house. However, in a short time two coolies cleaned things after a fashion. A table and a few chairs were brought, and we unpacked two boxes containing our dredges, jars, alcohol, etc.

Figure 362 shows the building, and our room is indicated by the door and the opening through which a number of people are rapturously gazing. Every movement we made and



each bottle we unpacked furnished a theme for conversation, judging from the way their tongues rattled, for never before had they seen such a thing as a zoölogical collecting crowd with an "outside barbarian" thrown in for good measure.

Finally their continual staring annoyed me, and I endeavored to drive them away by deliberately sketching them.



FIG. 363

This, however, had no effect, but I got a sketch, which is shown in figure 363. Our working-room is represented in figure 364.

Our dredging has been very successful, and we have bought many interesting specimens from the fishermen who peddle their products through the village. The natives seem to eat anything and everything that comes from the sea. I am over one hundred miles from Hakodate and from bread-and-butter, and having no meat or other articles of food which I had at Hakodate I have finally resigned myself to the Japanese food of this region and to consider my stomach as a dietetic labo-

ratory which will assimilate the necessary nutritive elements from the material offered. And of all places to start such an experiment is this village! It required some courage and a good stomach to eat for dinner the following: fish soup, very poor; bean paste, which was not so bad; eggs of sea urchin, which were served raw and were fairly good-tasting; and holo-



FIG. 364

thurian, or sea cucumber, tough as rubber, doubtless nutritious, but by no means agreeable. It was eaten with Japanese sauce, *shoyu*, which renders everything more or less palatable.

I had for supper marine worms, — actual worms, resembling our angleworms, only slightly larger, and judging from the tufts about one end they probably belonged to the genus *Sabella*. They were eaten raw and the taste was precisely as seaweed smells at low tide. I ate a large plateful and slept soundly. I have also had served and have eaten a gigantic ascidian belonging to the genus *Cynthia*. I often eat *Haliotis*,

the abalone of California. The scallop is very good. I have mentioned in this enumeration articles of food the names of which I know. I am also eating things that I do not know and cannot even guess what they are. On the whole, I am keeping body and its animating principle together, but long for a cup of coffee and a slice of bread-and-butter. I am the only outside barbarian in town. The children crowd around me and stare, but the slightest attempt at making friends with them sends them screaming away in terror.





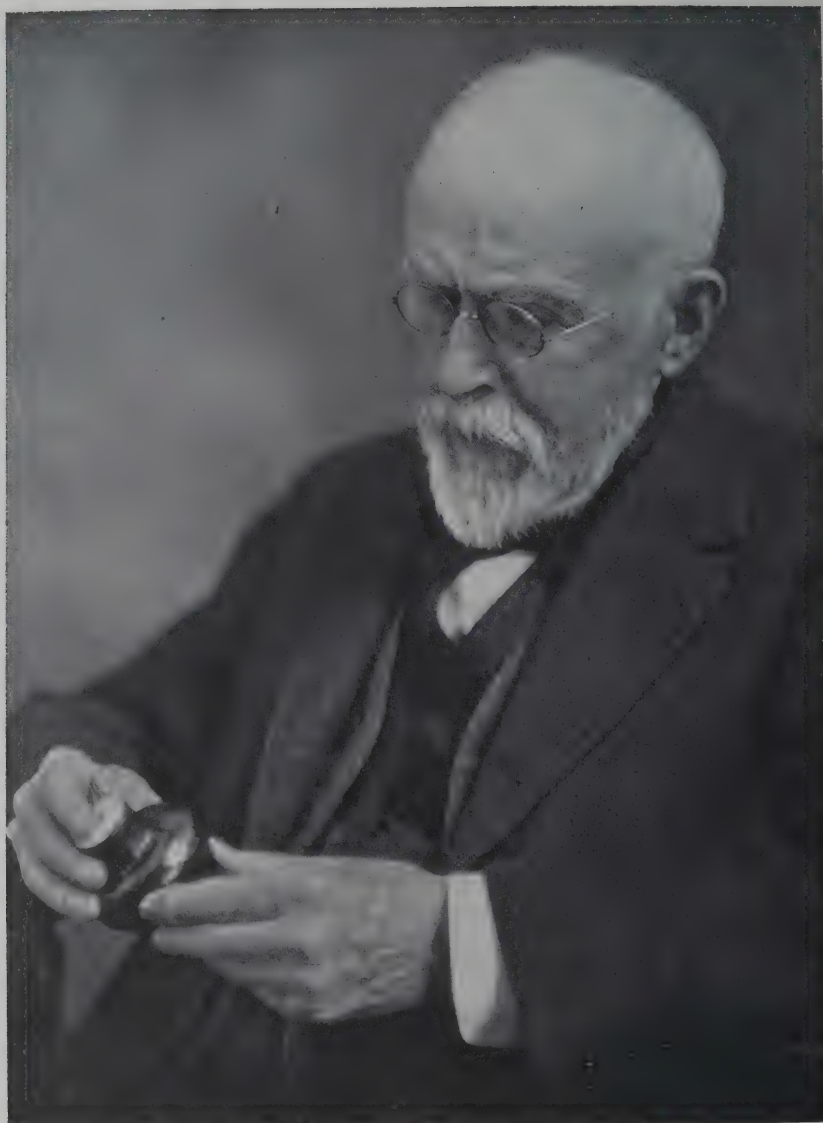
# JAPAN DAY BY DAY

IN TWO PARTS

PART II







Professor Ishikawa

with affectionate regards to  
his old friend

Edw. Schorze

Picture made  
Jan, 1925



# JAPAN DAY BY DAY

1877, 1878-79, 1882-83

BY

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WITH 777 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES  
IN THE AUTHOR'S JOURNAL

PART II



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# JAPAN DAY BY DAY

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE AINUS

WE were told by a servant of the house that just back of the town a dance, or ceremony, was going on in an Ainu hut. I had not entered an Ainu hut, though one meets Ainus in the street, so we all went to the place and were invited into the hut, which consisted of one large room. There were three Ainus in the room, all with heavy black beards and tangled mops of long hair, their faces strongly resembling those of our race. Not a trace of Mongolian was detected. These men were sitting cross-legged on the floor around a large dish of saké. One of them was performing a monotonous dance, making a curious gesture of the hands as if bowing to the window, to a glint of sunlight on the floor, to everything about the room, and to the shrine outside, which consisted of a dozen bear skulls stuck on the ends of long poles. They were all really intelligent-looking men, with their long, dignified beards, and it was impossible to realize that they were low, unlettered savages without moral courage, lazy, and strongly given to drunkenness, supporting themselves by hunting with bow and arrow and fishing. One of the Japanese with me asked them where I came from, and they answered that I was the same as the Japanese!

One old fellow, who was very drunk, showed me a quiverful of their terrible poisoned arrows; another one told him to be careful, and I felt rather nervous as he walked behind me with an arrow in his hand, performing in curious gestures and singing a monotonous chant. One man strung his bow to show me how they shoot the arrow, and when he took the arrow from his quiver he first very carefully removed the poisoned point. This point consists of a blade of bamboo, and I noticed a white powder on it. The poison used is said to be aconite of some form, and so virulent is it that the Ainu bear is killed by it.

We gave them twenty cents to replenish their vessel of saké, and when it was brought we had to drink with them. It was worse than eating worms to drink out of their dirty dishes. The Ainu, in turn, poured out a large lacquer cup full of saké, and, resting a long, thin piece of wood resembling a carved paper-cutter across the cup, sat down and went through a series of movements, first taking the stick and dipping the end of it into the liquor and sprinkling a few drops in front of them. They made a movement such as one would make in removing a speck or a fly from milk. This they did several times, offering the drops to different points of the compass; but I observed how slight were their offerings of the precious liquor to the gods. They then stroked their full beards and made a peculiar upward movement of the hands toward their beards as a sign of thankfulness. After this long introductory they raised the cup toward the mouth, and taking the stick lifted the heavy mustache away from the wine as they drank. These sticks are known as mustache sticks, and many had interesting Ainu designs carved upon them.

The hut was simply a large, square room literally black with soot. The fireplace was a square area in the middle of the dirt floor, over which, hanging from the roof, was a simple device to suspend a pot or kettle. Most of their household effects were in round Japanese lacquer boxes. In many things the evidence of Japanese contact could be seen: in the quavering voice in singing, in their dance, and in other behavior; or possibly the Japanese may have derived some of these features from the Ainu centuries ago when the Ainu occupied the whole country. There were one or two openings in the hut besides the door, but the place was too dark to make out details. Figure 365 is the merest apology of a sketch made in the dark. I hope to get more details of the Ainu huts later.

While we were in the hut an Ainu woman came in. She had large, coarse features and a wild, untamed look in her eye.



FIG. 365

She was working on some kind of a garment and, between stitches, scratching for fleas. I have seen three Ainu women



FIG. 366

thus far, and they all had an indigo-colored area resembling a mustache painted about their mouths (fig. 366). It is a curious custom, and though bad enough looking, it was not half so hideous as the blackened teeth of the Japanese married women.

On the 29th of July we left Otaru for Sapporo. The specimens we had collected at Otaru were packed in large saké kegs. These objects consisted of a hundred shells of the big scallop, a big oil can of alcohol in which was the material we had dredged, a pile of ancient pottery from the shell heap, etc. Our horses were brought to the inn, two of them having foreign saddles for Professor Yatabe and me, the others with pack-saddles which required a lot of blanket padding. Our pack consisted of two large willow baskets. The driver of the train rode another horse, while Mr. Sasaki and the servant preferred to walk, thirty miles being nothing to a Japanese. As there are no wheeled vehicles, or jinrikishas, we had before us, after leaving Sapporo to ride across Yezo on horseback, one hundred and fifty miles, or walk. I must admit to a feeling of apprehension about this long ride on horseback over a ragged roadway with different horses each day, — wild devils some of them too, — though we were told that from Sapporo to the east coast of Yezo the roads were fairly good. It was a curious fact that I had never been on the back of a horse before. The recollections of friends with broken arms, broken heads, and



accounts of others dragged to death with foot entangled in stirrup came up to haunt me with their terrors. However, I was in for it, and there was no time to walk, and if I broke my head I would not impiously accuse Providence, but look upon it as a result of my neglected education. Not caring to exhibit myself before the natives, I had my horse led beyond the boundary of the town while I walked. This was so enjoyable that I



FIG. 367

walked four or five miles before mounting the nag. The road for ten miles led along the coast. In two places the bluffs had been tunneled through, and in figure 367 is a view of



FIG. 368

Otaru through one of these tunnels. A fresh breeze blew in from the sea and the waves beat out their "everlasting anthem." Fishermen off shore were busy get-

ting seaweed, a large *Laminaria* which is dried and exported to China in bales. The fishermen use a kind of fork on a pole ten feet long with a cross-bar at the end of the pole. The pole is thrust down into the forest of seaweed and then

turned a number of times, twisting the seaweed in such a manner that it can be pulled from its moorings (fig. 368).

In the distance we saw our steamer on its way back to Hakodate. Such beautiful precipices we passed, over one of which a broad cascade fell. Such chances for an artist I have not seen elsewhere in the country; there were so many exquisite bits for

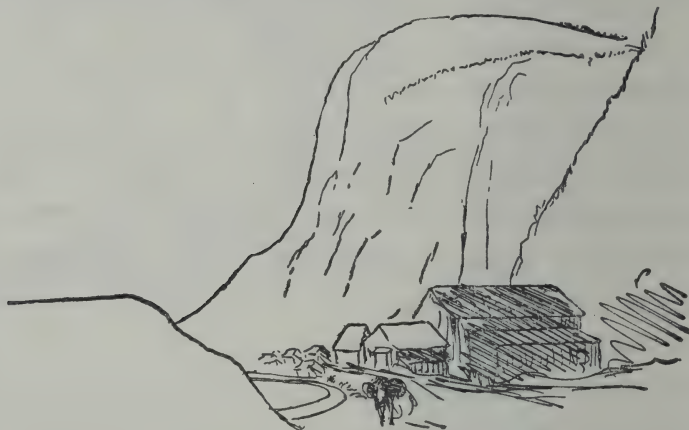


FIG. 369

the pencil and the brush. In figure 369 is one of these views, a place called Kamakotan with a long, curved beach in front and great basaltic cliffs, eight hundred feet in height. In some places these cliffs showed the most contorted structure, the basalt perfect in its crystallization. The lava had poured down in great masses which had cooled and crystallized in successive fiery floods. It was too complex a structure to sketch.

After a few miles I got upon my horse for the first time. I mounted with an air as if I had always ridden a horse, and what a manly, commanding sort of feeling it gave me. It is true the

horse was slow and persisted in walking unless urged into a violent trot, but nevertheless I felt like a commander, and it seemed as if I were at the head of an expedition for the survey of the world. It was some little time before I got accustomed to the motion, but after a while matters became easier, and from contemplating the horse with considerable anxiety, I could contemplate the landscape with some serenity. The sides of the road everywhere were strewn with large fronds of seaweed, drying. For ten miles it was a rugged path and very steep in some places. Along the sides of alarming cliffs "a false step," as the books say, might have precipitated me a hundred feet, but the horse knew better than to do such a thing, though my uncertain seat in the saddle made me somewhat nervous. After a while, getting on a level road, I had the hardihood to give the horse a gentle hint. Instantly I regretted it, for such a painful jolting I got; each individual step by each individual leg bumped me up and down with a dozen rebounds and I instantly pulled the horse up again. Before I reached Sapporo I had acquired the art of synchronizing my movements with the rigid bounce of the horse, and though very lame and sore I managed to trot mildly after a fashion.

Our first resting-place was a collection of sleepy houses forming the village of Genibaku (fig. 370). At the inn where we stopped were signs of former activity and importance. Long suites of unoccupied rooms recalled the daimyo processions that used to pass across the island. Now the house was in a moribund state, the rice was poor, and I had hard work to supply my "chemical laboratory" with anything palatable. After leaving the place the road became wider and led



FIG. 370

away from the coast. The heat now became oppressive, and a huge horsefly, much larger than those in our country, swarmed by hundreds. I dreaded them, for I was told that their sting was fearful. The horse repeatedly stumbled, nearly throwing me over his head, he was so occupied in switching and kicking them off. At times he would strike my legs a hard rap with his nose as he swung his head back, and I found it a difficult matter to sit straight and keep the horse straight too.

When we got within two miles of Sapporo we passed large military barracks, the houses built in foreign style. It was an odd sight to see these long rows of one-story houses with windows and chimneys. The soldiers live here the year through and have their families with them. After passing this station we were met by a very polite Japanese officer, who spoke English very well, and who, receiving word from Otaru that we were on the way, had come to escort us to town — Professor Yatabe to the best inn and me to the house of Professor Brooks, one of the officers in the Agricultural College, who was to take care of me. As we approached the town I noticed a



large building surmounted by a dome similar to our Capitol buildings at home; it looked like home in fact, and on inquiry I found it was really the capitol building of Yezo.

The streets of Sapporo are wide and cross one another at right angles. The whole town suggests a new but thriving village in our Western States. There are a number of houses occupied by Government officials built in our style, but the other houses were purely Japanese in character. Professor Brooks gave me a cordial welcome, and after brushing up he conducted me to the college and farm. The college had the appearance of our usual country college: common buildings without the slightest taste shown in their design or construction. In one room was an interesting collection of vessels and fragments from the shell heaps of Otaru. How I wanted them! In certain features of decoration they reminded one of the



FIG. 371

Omori pottery, but in form they were entirely unlike (Fig. 371). After examining these and other objects on the shelves, principally minerals, I was conducted to the farm, where I saw a huge barn modeled after one at the Amherst Agricultural College in Massachusetts. Last year I had chanced to see a report of the college with a picture of this model barn. It seemed too absurd to erect such a structure for the Japanese, as their requirements were so different from ours. But after riding through the country and learning more about the climate, I realized that farming in our sense might be done and in our way too, and therefore not only implements such as we use, but barns of our kind, were necessary. In the barn were tons of hay. We climbed to the cupola and had a fine view of the surrounding country, and in coming down had a big jump from a beam to the hay below. All this, with the odor of cows, made me homesick. At Professor Brooks's I had a quart of fresh milk. It was difficult to realize that I was in the heart of Yezo and that only eight years ago this place was a howling wilderness frequented by savage bears. That they still exist in the region is attested by the account of Professor Brooks that last year a bear was killed which had eaten four men one after the other, in one case breaking into a house to get the victim. It is to the highest credit of the Japanese that they not only conceived the idea of the Agricultural College, but sent to a Massachusetts Agricultural College for a man to establish the farming part of it. It is a rapidly growing town. A lager-beer brewery is making the finest lager beer, bottled for immediate use, as I was informed when a dozen bottles were presented to me.

The mountains seen from Sapporo are rugged-looking, though not high. Figure 372 represents the mountains looking



FIG. 372

northwest. The highest of these peaks is about three thousand feet; a volcanic mountain, still smoking, is also seen from Sapporo (fig. 373). Professor Brooks called my attention to some low mounds near the school, the largest one being twenty



FIG. 373

feet in diameter and two and a half feet high. We dug out two of them, reaching the original level of the ground, but found no pottery and but a few fragments of bones. Figure 374 shows their general appearance.



FIG. 374

The next morning, though stiff and lame from the ride, I walked, in the broiling sun, to some woods a few miles away, hoping to find some land shells under the dead leaves. The forest of beech and hard-wood was an ideal place for snails,

and I found a number of species that seemed identical with certain species I had found in New England. In hunting for these creatures one has to get down on his hands and knees and crawl about overturning layers of damp leaves and bits of bark. I had been searching for these little objects for some time when I heard a number of shouts, as if of warning. Looking up I saw, at a distance of fifty or seventy-five yards, a number of hairy Ainus, in a row, shouting at me and gesticulating. I waved my hand in recognition of their call and shouted back to them a Japanese word, "Yoroshii" (All right), as they all understand a little Japanese, whereupon they became more violent in their gestures and one pulled his bow and arrow in a series of jerks in what seemed to be a threatening manner. Then it suddenly occurred to me that they thought I was hunting for their graves, which they defend even to the extent of murder, and recalling the deadly poison of the arrow tips I reluctantly got up and walked away. With Professor Yatabe I visited the settlement from which these men had come, to inquire into the meaning of their hostile demonstrations and to explain to them that I was only hunting under the leaves for little snails, when they explained that one of their men had been killed and eaten by a bear a few days before, and that they had set a bear trap with a huge poison arrow, and they were warning me that I might get shot if I did not get out. This the Ainu had tried to express to me by pulling his own bow. They were afraid of coming nearer, not knowing quite where the string was which would spring the bow; and I on my hands and knees crawling about like a bear with the hidden trap ready to shoot me!



The next morning our pack-horses and saddle-horses were at the door. On one were loaded two cases of lager beer; on another two large, square, willow baskets filled with specimens. The Governor had kindly loaned us two foreign saddles until we should get to Hakodate. The horse provided for me was a huge fellow, and when I mounted and started off the lameness from the ride the day before only made his triphammer bouncing and rigidity more noticeable, and I felt completely and literally broken up. I stuck to him for some time, however, and then gave up in despair and, dismounting, walked for miles before I had the courage to remount. In crossing a large truss bridge I noticed a ponderous staging erected the entire length. Wondering what it was for, I learned that the bridge was to be painted. In some things the Japanese are remarkably dull, for at home a man with a ladder would have accomplished the whole thing in the time they were building the staging.

After all, there is luxury in riding along and overlooking the low bushes beside the road with the woods and marshes beyond. We traveled fifteen miles before we changed horses. I got a beast then that kicked and reared whenever I struck her with a stick, though by considerable urging I got her into a gallop, and then she tore along at a great rate. In my ignorance, it was the first time I had dared to venture on a gallop, and, to my surprise, I found it much easier than any other way. I was out of my saddle twenty times during the next ten miles to get some snails to study, for the habits of the larger snails here are quite different from those of ours at home. Here they seem to live on the leaves of bushes, and

you pick them off as you would ripe fruit. On this ride we got two specimens of fresh-water mussel, apparently like the pearl mussel, *Margaritana*, and the common New England *Unio complanatus*.

We reached Chitose, our resting-place for the night, and found there our German friend the doctor, who came on the steamer with us from Yokohama and who was now on his way across the island. I opened one of our boxes of beer and gave



FIG. 375

him six bottles, and you may imagine his delight. He could not thank us enough. Figure 375 shows the inn at Chitose, an old-fashioned one that used to be at the disposal of the daimyo and his retainers on their way from the west coast to the capital. Now its rooms are unoccupied save by an occasional visitor. A row of water tubs on the ridge of the roof gives the appearance of chimneys, which the Japanese house never has. The next morning we were up early, this time for a thirty-mile ride with one change of horses. My attention was so completely occupied with minding my horse and getting him into a gallop that I recall hardly anything from station to station, except that toward noon the road became more level and sandy and we realized we were approaching the east

coast. At noon we came in sight of the sea at a place called Tomokomai. Here we made a long stop waiting for Sasaki and a servant who had elected to walk. I envied them and should have preferred walking the entire distance, but it was such a fine opportunity to learn to ride that I could not resist it.



FIG. 376

Figure 376 is an old inn in Tomokomai, its roof grass-grown as are most of the houses we see. It is odd to see yarrow and other wild weeds and plants growing on the roof in luxurious profusion. On the beach I got a sketch of a few Ainu huts and an outlook (fig. 377). Here were a few Ainu fishermen

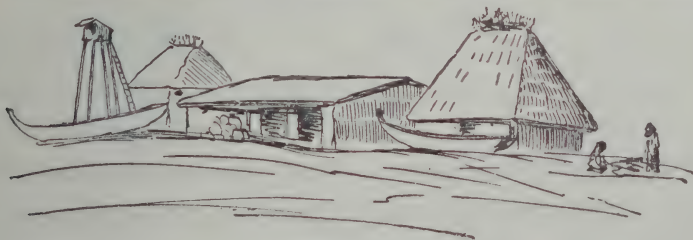


FIG. 377

making nets and curing fish. All along the road the Ainus we met were in the service of the Japanese, taking care of their horses in particular. When the Ainus ride they sit cross-legged and perched up high on the saddle, and whenever I saw them they were going at full gallop.

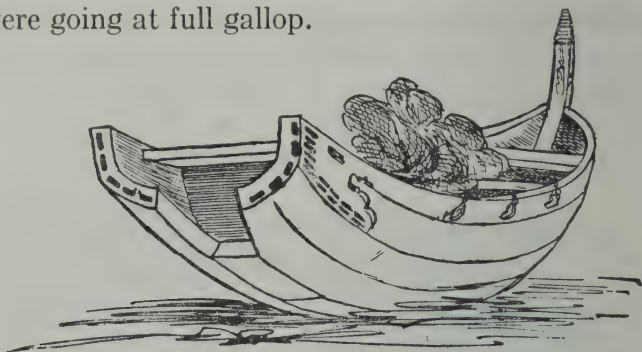


FIG. 378

On the beach was a Japanese fishing boat, twenty-five feet long, made after the model of a junk, its unpainted wood immaculate in cleanliness with a few ornamental designs in

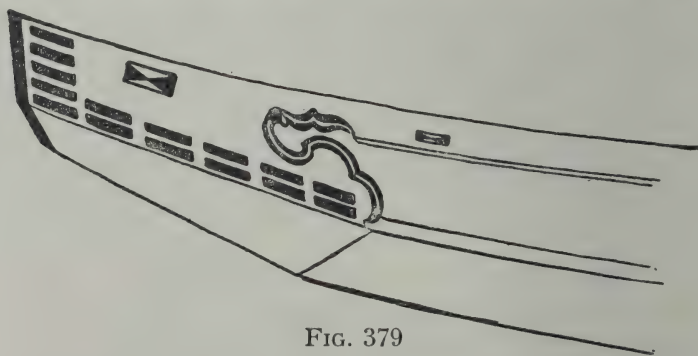


FIG. 379

black at the bow and stern. A large interspace in the stern for the rudder is a curious feature about the model; it is peculiar to all their junks. As before mentioned, there are no rowlocks;



simply short loops of rope hang down at the sides through which the oar is passed. Hanging just inside the bow is a tassel of shavings having some fancied effect in warding off danger or in insuring good luck; evidently derived from the god-stick of shavings of the Ainu from which the Shinto *gohei* is supposed to be derived. The boat was finished like a bit of cabinet-work, perfectly fitting joints, and so clean and attractive that I had to make a careful drawing of it. Figure 378 is a view of the boat from the stern; figure 379 is the stern from the side; and figure 380 represents the bow. The boat is loaded with a large fishing net and is waiting for the tide to float her.

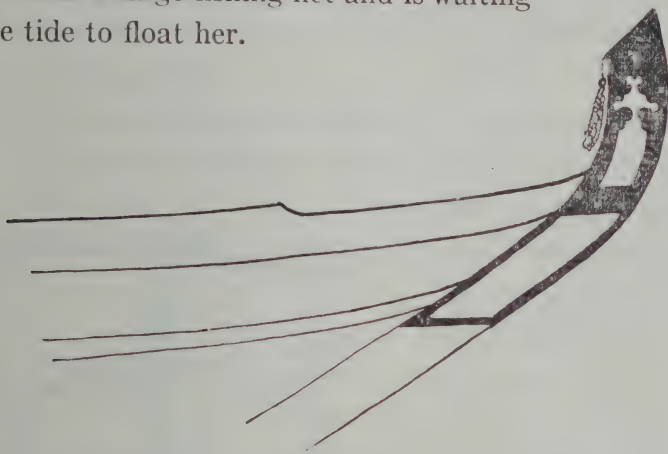


FIG. 380

All along the shore at intervals, or rather at every little settlement, is a rude sort of lookout erected on tall poles and used by the fishermen to see schools of fish at a distance or to burn lights at night. Figure 381 shows one of these lookouts at Tomokomai. The rough shelter on top seems to be made of odd pieces of wood, either fragments of wrecks or other stuff

thrown up on the beach. Another characteristic structure



FIG. 381

on the shore is a huge windlass to drag boats up from the water (fig. 382).

The dogs of the country are of two types. One resembles the Eskimo dog in form and color, while the other type is almost precisely like a fox in color, form, motion, and bushy tail.

If it is possible to get a cross between a dog and a fox there is certainly fox blood in these creatures. Every village has a pack of dogs, and at night they are very noisy, making sounds like cats, but more infernal; they howl and squeal, but never bark. Darwin has observed in his work on domesticated animals that when dogs relapse from their cultivated state to a semi-savage one, they lose the bark and take on the howl again. Wild creatures to which they are related never bark, but howl.

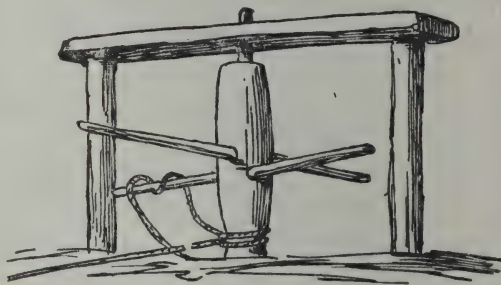


FIG. 382

From Tomokomai a curious mountain is seen known as

Tarumae. Figure 383 is a rough sketch of it, but it gives one an idea of the curiously formed mountains in Yezo. There were several Ainu houses

in the place, but we had little time to examine them, and being told that our stop-



FIG. 383

ping-place for the next

night was an Ainu village we pushed on to Shiraoi. The road now led along the sand beach, the road itself white and sandy, the broad Pacific on one side, with the constant roar of its breaking waves, and on the other side mountains of bizarre forms, probably all volcanic in origin. Despite blue glasses, the glare of the sun from the white sand became painful and after a few miles the ride became monotonous. We passed several small clusters of Ainu houses, and at one place overtook an Ainu with his little girl and boy and two dogs. The children were entirely naked, and the little girl carried by a head band a bundle resting on her back while the man led her by the hand. It seems strange to see the women and girls doing all the work while the man takes it easy. The women are all rather coarse in looks, but kind and good-natured and with manners of extreme diffidence. In nearly every instance when I saw them they persistently held their hands to their mouths as children do when bashful. In every case their mouths were bordered with an area of black, as before mentioned, and in some cases their arms were painted with a series of rings like bracelets. I learned definitely that the material they use for this coloring is simply soot from the kettle. The

children resemble very closely European children, having large eyes and pleasant faces, but are exceedingly timid and bashful. As the women habitually hold the hand to the mouth in the presence of strangers, one gets the idea that they are hiding the paint about the mouth, but such delicacy is hardly credible, particularly as the children have this gesture. Figure 384 represents a woman carrying a load with the head band; figure 385 represents two



FIG. 384

Ainu women; figure 386 is a child, showing the red cloth earrings and the peculiar bang of the hair; and figure 387, three children sitting.



FIG. 386

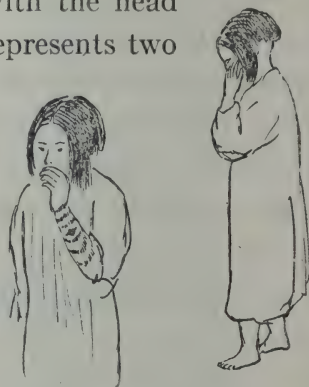


FIG. 385

They were in a dark hut and remained fixed like statues while we were present. A mop of coarse black hair is combed down straight about the head, cut short about the neck, hanging long over the ears, with a large bang in front. I had some difficulty in making sketches of the Ainus, as among some of them there is a superstitious dread of having their pictures made. So, while sketching them, I pretended to be



interested in something else, now and then getting in a glance when their attention was directed elsewhere.

Their huts are very dark and also very dirty. When we entered they would light a roll of birchbark to enable us to see about, but even with this illumination the hut was too dark to make out details. Figure 388 is an attempt to show the general arrangement of objects within. There was no end to them, — bundles, rolls of dry fish, and a number of fish fins of large size hung up to dry, and bows and quivers. Over the fire were parts of fish hanging to be smoked. The sleeping-place was simply a slightly raised platform on one side of the room, and on this platform was a round lacquer box with



FIG. 387

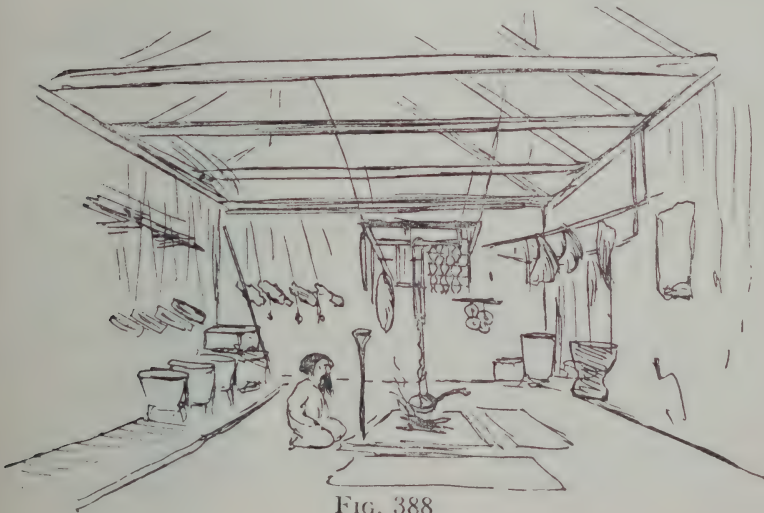


FIG. 388

cover, standing on four short legs. These boxes are made by the Japanese evidently for the Ainu trade, as in every Ainu house I saw a few.<sup>1</sup> In these boxes the Ainu keeps his treasures. On the wall are very old Japanese short knives or daggers, quivers full of poison arrows, and other implements of hunting. The entire contents of the hut are brown with smoke and the roof and rafters are black. The floor is mother earth, but on this they do spread a straw mat to sit upon. Whenever we entered their huts they would take down from the rafters above a rolled mat in which had been worked some simple design in brown and yellow straw and place it on the ground for us to sit on. Most of the Ainu sketches I made at Shi-

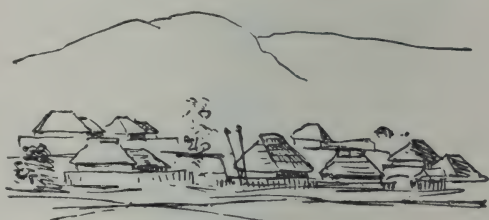


FIG. 389

raoi, where there is quite an Ainu village (fig. 389). The Ainu houses are symmetrically made and the ribbed-straw roof is very neat and even attractive. I went through a number of Ainu villages and could find no evidence of alignment, or even street area. Narrow, irregular paths led through the grass from one house to another, but there were no cleared areas and no ground trodden down as if children played there. Most of the houses were surrounded by a high fence composed of bundles of sedge, or reeds such as their houses are made of. We

<sup>1</sup> In the Peabody Museum there are three of these boxes, and I have had distinguished Japanese, old and young, give their opinion as to the uses of the object, and all vary, though the majority believe it to be a box to hold the shells used in a literary game.

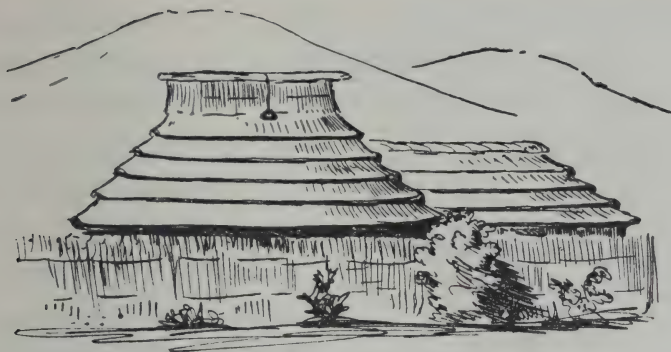


FIG. 390

were told that their houses last only six or eight years. The villages consist of thirty or forty houses; at least we saw many of that number. Many of the houses had a sort of ell, or porch, and this gave a better appearance. The roof is often thatched in such a way as to form a series of horizontal ridges, with a steep ridge running up vertically nearly two feet, and surmounted by a round stick. This was apparently held in its place by a straw rope which bound it to a transverse beam running through the base of the ridge. It is entirely unlike any roof I have seen in Japan. Figure 390 is an AINU house with the peculiar ridged roof; figure 391 shows another AINU house

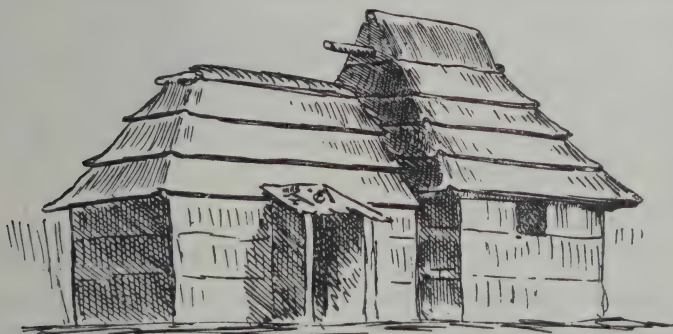


FIG. 391

with porch; and figure 392 is a larger view of the porch. The rake on top is not an agricultural implement, but a rude device to rake seaweed. One square opening admits the only

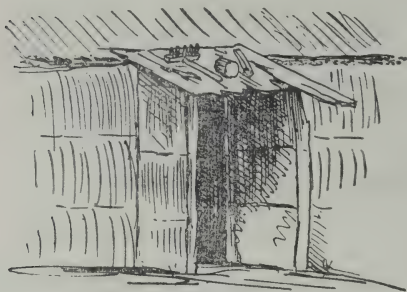


FIG. 392

light except what comes from the doorway. In one house I saw two windows with rough board shutters hanging down outside.

The neatness and general picturesqueness of the house disappear when you enter: hard, damp ground beneath,

blackened rafters above, and a strong fish smell pervading everything. Near the square fireplace stands a big bowl containing the remains of the meal, in every case consisting of fish bones, large, sickly looking ones. I saw nothing else to eat in their huts except smoked fins and other parts of a fish, hanging up, and some hard, dry cakes resembling the wheels of a child's cart. From one pole in the house were suspended (fig. 393) a satchel made of straw matting,



FIG. 393

the round hard cakes, and strips of fish. The utensils were large lacquer cups, the kettle over the fire and a few other objects, all of Japanese manufacture, and food bowls of wood



made by the Ainus. Figure 394 shows the fireplace with a simple device to hold the kettle at different distances and the lamp consisting of a shell filled with fish oil and resting on a split stick. Figure 395 represents the gill covers and fins of a horse mackerel; figure 396 shows another way of cutting fish with skewers put in to keep the cuts apart; it is also cut in long strips. Figure 397 shows two fish heads and other articles and an air bladder of a fish. These last were hanging directly over the fire. All these are suspended from poles that hang up in the house and the smoke of the fire is sufficient to cure them. But think of living and sleeping in a house always charged

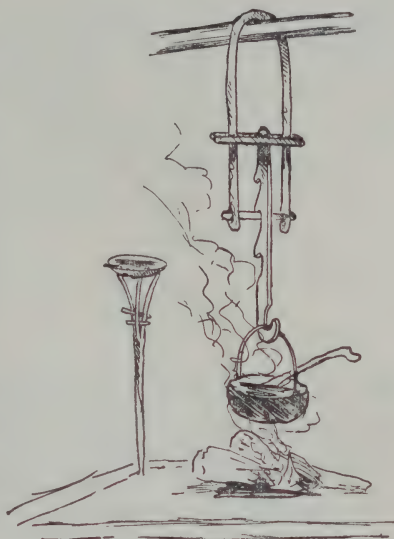


FIG. 394

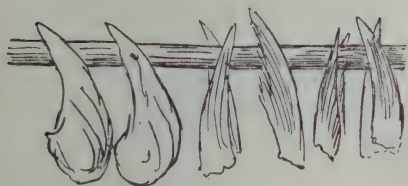


FIG. 395

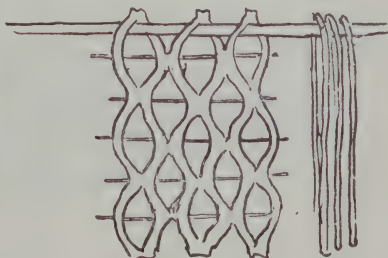


FIG. 396

with smoke, so thick at times that one has to run out now and then to get a breath of fresh air!

A number of sticks with curled shavings pendent, known as "god-sticks," were in one corner of the hut. I endeavored to

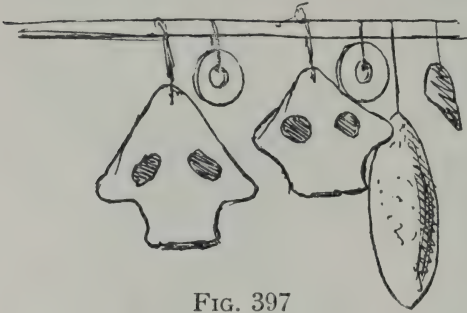


FIG. 397

buy one, but an offer of a million dollars would be no more effective than the offer of ten cents, as the Ainu has no idea of the value of money, or, indeed, any knowledge of the simplest arithmetic. Hang-

ing on the bedside of the hut were Japanese daggers in silver scabbards, quite old, mounted on flattened, oval-shaped tablets of wood, the wood at the handle end ornamented by flat disks of lead of various sizes hammered into the wood

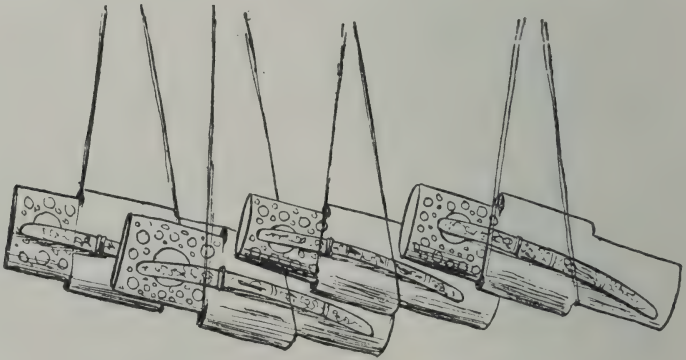


FIG. 398

(fig. 398). Whether these daggers were made for the Ainu trade as we make objects for the Indians of the Northwest, I could not learn. The Japanese with me said they were

very old and the Ainus seem to hold them in great veneration. At Otaru an old Ainu had one that he kept in a bag. He showed it to me and seemed to regard it as a most precious object. The handle was loose, but that did not seem to impair its value. On the walls, at right angles to the wall upon which the knives were hung, were three Ainu quivers with the covers hanging down; from the shape of these quivers the forms of

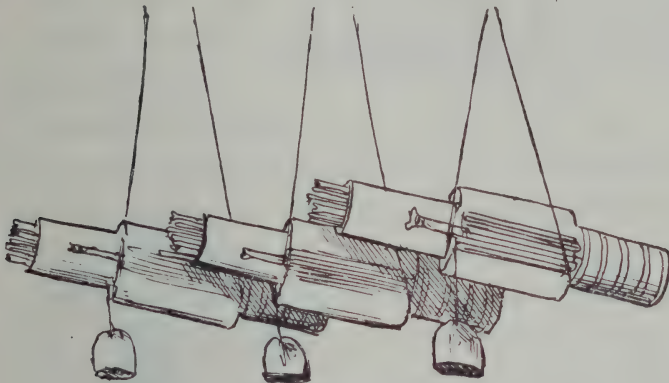


FIG. 399

the wooden tablets supporting the daggers had been derived. Figure 399 is a sketch of them. I endeavored to buy one of the quivers, but an offer increasing from one dollar to five hundred had not the slightest effect. To my astonishment, however, the Ainu took down one of the quivers, removed one of the arrows, and, after carefully scratching off the poison, gave it to me.

The storehouses in which they keep their dried and smoked fish and skins are built on posts four or five feet in height. In some instances a flaring wooden box was placed inverted on the top of the post in the same manner in which our corner ribs

in New England are protected from rodents by tin pans on



FIG. 400

the posts. The types of these storehouses are seen in figures 400 and 401. Large wooden mortars, in which they pound rice, are seen in or about the house. The one shown in figure 402 is about three feet in height, shaped

and hollowed out from the trunk of a tree. The Ainu boat dug out from a tree-trunk was different in form from the other "dug-outs" I had seen in Japan. The one represented in figure 403 was fourteen feet long, bow and stern alike, with the walls thin and very neatly made, as is much of their woodwork.



FIG. 401

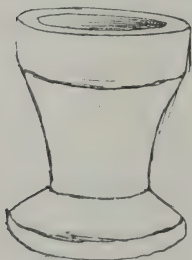


FIG. 402

At Shiraoi, where I made many Ainu sketches, we found many beautiful white snails clinging to the bushes. With the exception of one species the shells were light and delicate. The fresh-water shells are equally thin and some of the land shells are almost colorless. The absence of lime



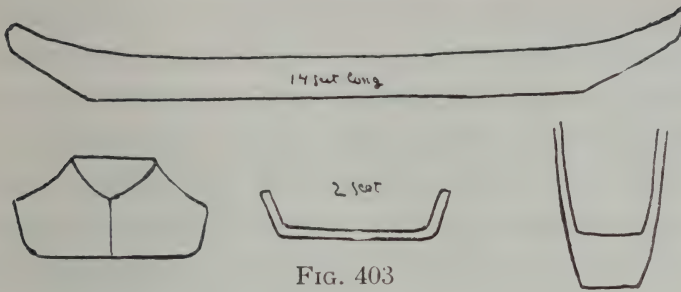


FIG. 403

in the soil is supposed to be the reason for the thinness of the shells. We could hardly tear ourselves away from the Ainu village the morning we left Shiraoi. It was most interesting roaming through narrow paths, some of them almost hidden by the grass and bushes, and finding, here and there, disposed in the most irregular fashion, the Ainu huts. Old men sitting at the doorway would greet us with the peculiar gesture of raising both hands toward the face and then bringing them slowly down over the beard as if stroking it; as children make the same gesture, it has nothing to do with the beard. The woman's salutation consists simply in slowly rubbing the side of her nose with the forefinger.



FIG. 404

If I could only draw a horse I could make an interesting sketch of our caravan. Figure 404 is a sketch of Professor Yatabe's assistant, which I made while riding behind him.

He was loaded down with botanical boxes and bundles, and shortly after making the sketch his horse suddenly kicked up in the air and off the assistant went, heels over head, to the ground, the heavy pack-saddle, tin boxes, and bundles making a clatter. The man picked himself up, shook himself together, and with the assistance of our Ainu leader got on his horse again. Some of the horses we have had are vicious brutes. The last one I had yesterday made me so lame that when we started off to-day I walked a distance of seventeen and one half miles before mounting. The road lay along the beach the entire distance.

Our caravan was led by an Ainu, a large, black-whiskered, hairy fellow with a mop of hair on his head a foot in diameter (fig. 405). A cloth was tied around his head to keep his hair in place and a peculiar Ainu design was wrought in the back of his garment. He sat cross-legged on his saddle and looked like a giant. This man accompanied the train to bring back the horses. To his horse was tied another horse carrying the two willow baskets containing specimens, clothes, etc., and to this horse was tied still another, lugging our cases of lager beer, given to us

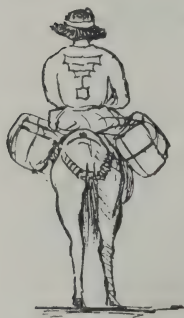


FIG. 405

at Sapporo, which were rapidly diminishing as we went on. With Yatabe and his assistant, Takamine, Sasaki, and me, this made a cavalcade of eight horses.

We went rattling along the road, and a rattle it was, for with the wooden rollers on the cruppers and the other things dangling, we made a good deal of noise and dust as we trotted

or galloped along the white, sandy road. The beach seemed interminable. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, three of our horses ran away, and I was on one of them. It was in vain that we tried to pull them in. Sasaki was ahead, Takamine next, I last, and the rest of the cavalcade was soon left far behind and out of sight. Everything portable was shed: first hats; then strings and straps broke and tin botanical boxes, bags, and packages came off, one after the other, and the road was strewn for a long distance with these objects, which we trusted our men behind would pick up. As an indication of the progress I was making in horsemanship I managed to hold on to everything: my pith sun hat, my colored eyeglasses, and a cigar-holder with lighted cigar were undisturbed. Just before the runaway, Takamine had folded his red flannel blanket under him to ease the asperities of the pack-saddle. He was directly ahead of me, and as he bounced up and down, his black hair flying in the wind, his blanket became unfolded and, little by little, sagged on one side and finally came off in the road. Had I been an experienced horseman, I should have anticipated the shy that was sure to come. I did not, however, and was laughing at the way Takamine was bumping up and down on his naked saddle when my horse shied with such violence that I was nearly thrown into the road. With every jump of the horse, however, I little by little regained my seat. The wild dash for some miles ended as abruptly as it had begun: for, overtaking a large pack of horses that filled the road, our horses immediately came to a walk and joined them. They had been accustomed to travel with these horses and recognized the odor.

The Ainu pack-horse is an uncertain brute. He walks more slowly, I am told, than any other horse in the world, but I can-

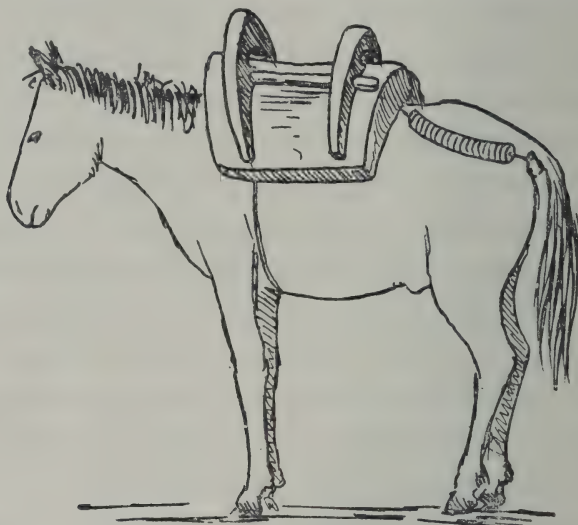


FIG. 406

not imagine any horse trotting more painfully or galloping more energetically than this Yezo breed. My experience in learning to ride would have been more agreeable if I could have learned on civilized horses. Figure 406 shows the typical Yezo pack-horse with the pack-saddle.

As we approached Mororan the evidences of upheaval could be plainly seen. The bluffs near the water were undercut to a height of several feet, as shown in figure 407. The soil seemed



FIG. 407



to be composed of pumice which indicated former volcanic activity. In our long ride from Shiraoi, not a house was seen, and the only signs of man were observed in an occasional rude shrine, very dilapidated, though a few bunches of flowers in front showed that it was cared for in a way. The figure under a rough framework consisted simply of two stones, a smaller one representing the head,



FIG. 408

resting on a larger one. The head was covered with a cloth cap with long strings hanging down on each side (fig. 408). Before reaching Mororan the scenery became delightful. The low mountains and inlets of the sea and the Bay of Mororan, with its long, yellow beach, would have made a fine subject for a picture. Figure 409 gives a rough idea of the region. Near Mororan was a curiously shaped Japanese house, the roof unusually high, with the flat ridge covered with lilies, iris, and other flowers. The roof was thinly



FIG. 409

thatched, and the little shed-like roofs near the eaves were covered with round stones.<sup>1</sup> In our ride we overtook another pack of twenty horses, filling the road. Before we could get by them they turned into a narrow path. We were informed that that path was much shorter to Mororan than the regular road, so we turned in and followed the pack, Yatabe and I only, as we were far in advance of the rest. The path led to the top of a mountainous ridge, at places rocky and wet and at times very steep. I wondered what would happen if the horse slipped, for the path led along the side of an abrupt precipice and the path itself was sloping. After riding this way for half an hour we came to the highest portion of the ridge through a dense growth of oak and other trees. It was evening, and the delicious fragrance of the forest, the curious insects that I could actually clutch from the overhanging leaves, and the pack of odd-looking horses and odd-looking drivers as they rattled along in single file gave me a delightful hour, and I enjoyed every minute of it. There was only one place where I was in danger. Yatabe and I had got mixed with the pack in some way, and in one place where there was a sloping wall on one side and a steep precipice on the other, one of the horses endeavored to regain his place in the file by attempting to pass me on the inside. The driver was doing his utmost to hold him in, and I, realizing the danger, as he had two enormous packs on his saddle, hit him a sharp rap across his nose which checked him. It was impossible for me to hurry ahead, for the narrow path was only wide enough to ride in single file, and

<sup>1</sup> See *Japanese Homes*, fig. 41.

had the horse succeeded in his efforts my horse would have been crowded over the precipice. It was quite dark when we entered Mororan, a single long street bordering a beautiful cove, and hills and low mountains in every direction. We had made over thirty miles, of which I had walked seventeen and one half miles, had been run away with, and had had other experiences, with the result that sheer fatigue sent me to bed early.

The next morning we found it raining hard and no steamer going across the bay to Mori, where we had to take horses again for Hakodate. It gave me an opportunity to make a few sketches about the house. In the middle of the floor, both in the front and back part of the house, is a large, square enclosure filled with sand. These are the fireplaces and here everything is cooked. Figure 410 shows the kitchen of the inn. Overhead is a rack, hanging from which fish is smoked. Such a collection of teapots huddled around the hot coals would not be seen in a private house. Figure 411 repre-

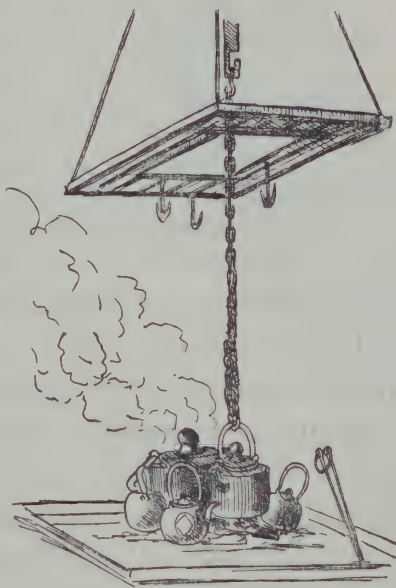


FIG. 410

sents a fireplace in the best room. The device suspending the tea-kettle was of brass and highly polished. A copper box is filled with hot water, and in this is placed a bottle of

saké to heat, as their rice beer is always drunk hot. The

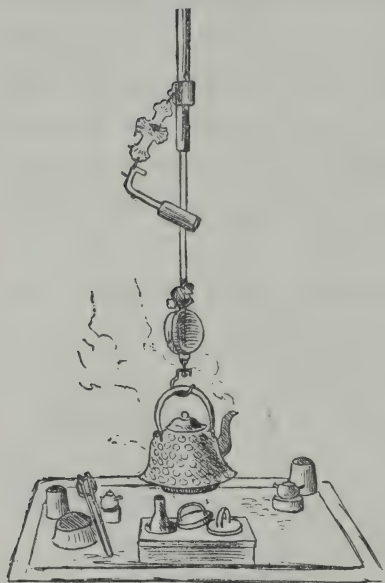


FIG. 411

have entirely given it up.

Figure 412 represents the clerk busy all day long making up the voluminous bills for the guests. The length of the bill startles you, and yet, when the items are translated, you are greatly relieved to hear one and a half cents for this, one and three tenths of a cent for that; and finally the whole bill for supper,

tongs are in the form of chopsticks united above by a ring, for if one gets lost the other would be useless. Most of the servants at the inn were men, and all of them wore their hair in old-fashioned style; indeed, it was a rare sight to see a Japanese without the queue. In Tokyo, on the contrary, the queue, though commonly seen in the farmer class and among the sailors, fishermen, artisans, and old men, is rapidly disappearing among the younger generation, and the students



FIG. 412



lodging, and breakfast, added up, amounts to less than twenty cents, which you pay without a murmur.

Figure 413 shows the attitude of a servant as he comes into your room to receive your order. It has taken a long time to get used to this, and even now I feel a repugnance to having any one humble himself before me in this fashion. The proper way in kneeling is to turn the hands inward, and as you see it often, you notice the failure to do it, as much as if one should use



FIG. 413

the left hand in shaking hands. Mr. Takamine, who was page to a daimyo, illustrated the proper way of bringing in a tray holding food. It is held with two hands on a level with the eyes, and on approaching the prince one should kneel and present the tray and then, still on the knees, move backward, and rising, back out of the room.

One of the sketches I made while rainbound in the house was of a family at dinner (fig. 414). It is an interesting sight,



FIG. 414

though you may have seen it a hundred times in walking through the streets. The whole affair is so unlike our sitting in chairs at the table, each with plate, knife, and fork in front.

Here they sit on the floor, the wooden bucket at one side holding the rice which is scooped out with a wooden spatula.

In this little village of Mororan there is a well-furnished fire-engine house. Figure 415 is a rough sketch of its appearance. It is entirely open on the street and all the utensils immedi-



FIG. 415

ately accessible. A list of the objects was as follows: twenty-seven canvas buckets; twenty small wooden buckets; six large buckets; two ladders; six poles; rope, chain, and hook; two lanterns on long poles.

The fire companies always carry the lanterns on long bamboo poles. Figure 416 shows the lantern and the hook, which last is attached to a long chain for tearing down buildings. The people are very careful about fire, as the buildings are of wood with most inflammable roofs of thin shingles or thatch. Lately, in the larger cities, municipal laws prohibit the use of these inflammable materials for roof coverings. In Mororan



FIG. 416

a boy goes through the long street at stated hours every night having tied on behind him three hardwood boards of varying

sizes which clap together with a loud noise at every step he takes. There is a rattle, rattle, rattle as he goes by (fig. 417). This is to warn the inhabitants to look after their fires and see that they are extinguished; it indicates also that the boy is attending to his duties.

Sunday morning we were up at half-past two to eat our breakfast and to pack, as the boat was expected to start at four o'clock. It did not leave the wharf till six, but we got aboard before the sun arose, and such a beautiful sight as the bay presented, the shore fringed with mountains! Our road led along a high bluff and we looked down into the deep gloom of a valley where the bright red fire of a forge shone out. The sun was just behind the clouds, the water calm, and a picturesque crowd of Japanese was going along the road with us. It was enjoyable being the only foreigner about, nor had I seen one



FIG. 417



FIG. 418

during my long trip, except at Sapporo, and the German doctor we had met. Figure 418 is a hasty sketch of Mororan from the boat. The little steamer we were on was crowded with Japanese. Their pleasant courtesies, which were interesting to watch, we knew would soon wither as we rounded the headland into Volcano Bay, and within an hour they were

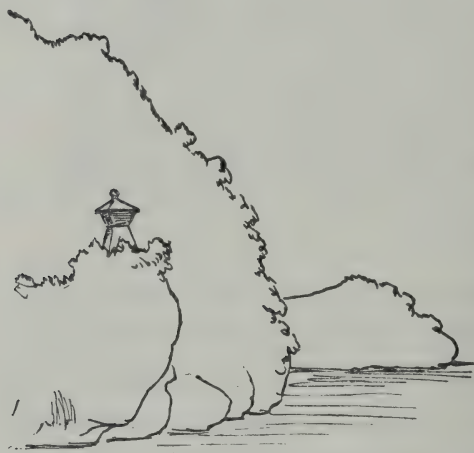


FIG. 419

all dreadfully seasick, as the boat rocked violently. Figure 419 is an outline of the headlands as we came out of Mororan harbor. In this sketch you will notice how the rocks have been undercut at the waterline, an indication of upheaval. The whole country is volcanic and unstable. I made a few

sketches from the steamer, but found that my condition was approaching that of the other passengers and so sought the cabin for a little rest. When we got near Mori, our landing-place, a boiler flue burst, nearly extinguishing the fire, and we lay at the mercy of the winds and waves for some time. Had a storm come up we should have been helpless. The wind was blowing hard; it was raining, and it was an aggravation to be so near land and not be able to get ashore. Finally, we got under way and at noon landed at Mori.

Figure 420 is an outline of Usuyama from Mororan harbor,



and figure 421 shows the volcano Komagatake, its peak hidden by steam that continually arises. This mountain is easily seen from Hakodate. Its height is nearly four thousand



FIG. 420

feet and twenty-two years ago it was in violent eruption. After lunch we engaged our pack-horses, Yatabe and his man remaining to climb the volcano, and Sasaki, Takamine, and I going on. The ride over mountain spurs and through a wild region was exceedingly picturesque. The mountain peaks were obscured by mists and at times it threatened rain. We



FIG. 421

passed a beautiful lake, but could not stop, as it was after two and we had thirty miles to make to reach Hakodate again. The road was being repaired the whole length and we had to be on the lookout all the time. After a ride of several miles from Mori we entered a mountain pass. Here the scenery was delightful. At one place the rugged and conical peak of the volcano suddenly loomed above the clouds, the peak looking ten miles high, its sides being so precipitous. It had been rain-

ing for some time and had suddenly ceased, and the air was very clear.

Shortly after this we were going down the other side of the pass at a good trot, Sasaki on his hard pack-saddle just in front of me. I had been trying to fix the end of my umbrella in my shoe as an easier way of carrying it, but the joggling of the horse prevented me. Leaning over to see the shoe I again attempted rather impatiently to jab the point in the shoe, when, in some way, I missed the mark and the umbrella hit the horse under the belly. He instantly shied and I was thrown to the ground striking on my head and shoulder. I remember only scrambling out of the way of his hoof and getting my foot out of the stirrup, as I had fallen on the right and dragged the left stirrup over the saddle. Looking up, I found Sasaki on the ground also, and supposed he had jumped off to assist me. It seems, however, that his horse shied too, and he had been thrown off his pack-saddle and landed on his knees in precisely the same position in which he had rested on his saddle, so instantaneously had the horse shied. Our horses went tearing down the road and we after them. It meant walking to Hakodate if we lost them, but shortly they encountered a pack of horses coming up the ravine and their rushing in among them made a flurry of kicking and snorting. Despite this we pushed in among the pack, bumping against their heavy loads, avoiding kicks, and finally secured our horses. Sasaki was lame for six months, and I slept on my left side for several weeks.

When we got out of the pass, at four o'clock, the mountains of Hakodate were in plain sight, yet it was nearly midnight

before we reached the town. The last two miles we walked, since the horses stumbled at every step over piles of dirt or rocks in the road, and in our walk we were at times in the ditch beside the road, at others sprawling over heaps of gravel that had not been smoothed down.

## CHAPTER XIV

### HAKODATE AND THE RETURN TO TOKYO

SINCE our return to Hakodate we have had a number of dredging trips in Tsugaru Straits, in one of which we went away for the day taking a fine lunch, Bass's ale, and other good things. At one place Takamine and I landed to walk to a certain point about six miles in search of ancient shell heaps. We could see our little steamer ahead of us, but before we got to the point a gale sprang up, and though we waved our handkerchiefs till our arms were tired, they missed seeing us, and we had the misery of watching the boat head for Hakodate leaving us fifteen miles away. At a small fishing village we got a bowl of thin fish soup and poor rice, thinking of the delicious lunch aboard the vessel. Here we hired two pack-horses with the native saddles, and these were so intolerable that part of the time we walked, reaching Hakodate at night tired out and lame enough. In coming back we had a magnificent view of the volcanic mountain, its outline quite different from that seen at Hakodate. The form of the crater could be clearly

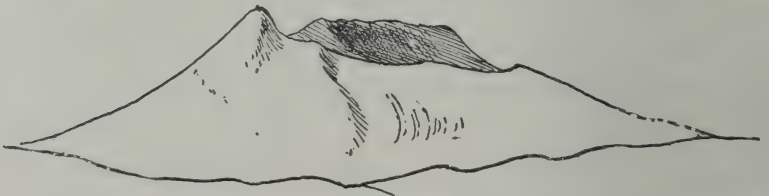


FIG. 422



made out, the slopes a light brown color and rich in the sunlight. Figure 422 is a rude sketch of its appearance.

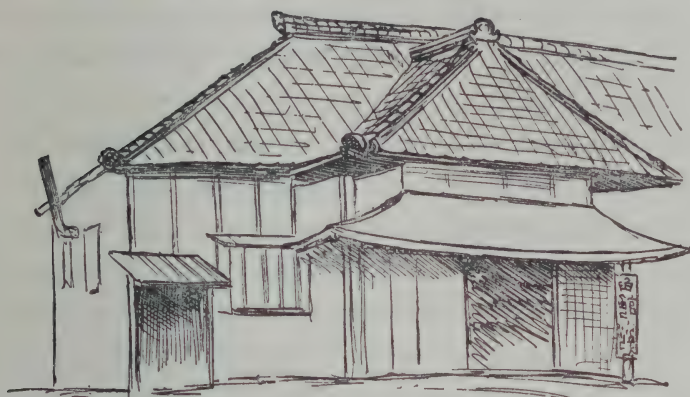


FIG. 423

Figure 423 gives another sketch of our laboratory from the front. We are packing, preparing to take our long trip



FIG. 424

across the straits and a twelve days' journey from Aomori to Tokyo. Figure 424 shows the house I have lived in since I have been in Hakodate. Next to it is the temple gate, and

it has always been interesting to see the people going in to worship, or even bowing their heads in prayer as they passed the entrance. To-day I noticed that the girls and little children were finely dressed, and that a great many flowers were being brought into town, particularly a sort of blue-bell. This evening a great many people were going into the temple, and I went into the temple yard and watched the people as they ascended the broad steps. It was pleasant to see them, old and young, as they walked up, first leaving their clumsy wooden sandals at the foot of the stairs. When at the top, their figures, brightly clothed, stood out in sharp contrast to the darkness of the temple within. After enjoying this sight I came back to the house, when Mr. Dean, the Danish consul, called out from the veranda that I had not seen half of the sights and told me to go back of the temple up the hill to the cemetery. It was an interesting walk through the temple grounds to the cemetery above, which was in the midst of a sombre forest of tall cedars, and here the people were making their offerings to the dead. They first smoothed a place on the ground in front of the gravestone, then spread clean white sand which they had brought, and on it placed flowers in bamboo tubes which stood like little vases, at the same time laying down a few reddish-colored rice cakes, and in some cases quite a feast of offerings. Here an old woman muttering a prayer was busy smoothing the ground around a stone monument and tastefully arranging a few flowers. It was a charming sight, the quiet shade of the great trees, the gray-colored stones, square and dignified in design, and the hundreds of brightly dressed

children fluttering about like brilliant butterflies. It was interesting to find that these people too had their religion; that they pray just as fervently and in their devotion go even beyond the Catholics. There is always one service between five and six in the morning, and at this early mass infirm old men and women are borne on the backs of some sturdy relative. In the street as they pass the temple the people always bow very low and in many cases utter a prayer.

Since our return across the island we have had some remarkable dredging, getting many Brachiopods, and have made some interesting studies of the living creature. On the last day's dredging the authorities provided a much larger steamer (fig. 425) and we went out to the deeper parts of Tsugaru Straits.

Everything has been done for us on the part of the authorities, and all our success in collecting is due to their courtesies. In returning overland I decided that Professor Yatabe,

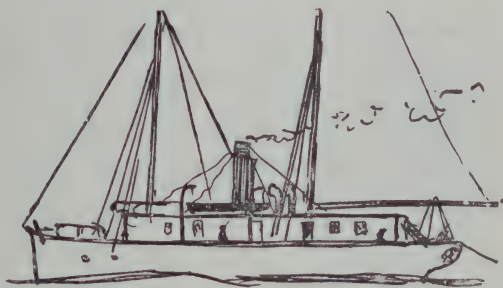


FIG. 425

Mr. Sasaki, and Mr. Yatabe's gardener should accompany me, while Mr. Naniya and Mr. Takamine should go down the west coast of Japan to dredge at Niigata, while Mr. Tanada and my attendant and the servant of the University should return with the collections by the steamer to Yokohama. Curiously enough, the three steamers for these various destinations started the same day, August 17. We

had a pleasant sail across the straits and finally entered a vast bay. Sailing into this we passed the entrance of another immense bay, at the upper end of which no land could be seen. The sea was perfectly calm, and we were all day sailing from Hakodate to Aomori, a distance of seventy miles. The town is long, low, and flat; beyond observing these facts we noticed nothing. At six o'clock the next morning we started on our long jinrikisha ride to Tokyo, a distance of over five hundred miles, hoping to accomplish the journey in ten days, though we were told that fifteen days would be required.

We have passed at intervals a curious sign which seems peculiar to the north of Japan (fig. 426). It is made of spruce



FIG. 426

or cedar twigs bound together in a big ball, two feet in diameter, and is the sign of a wineshop. The saying, "Good wine needs no bush," may have the same significance in this country. Our first day's ride was over a rugged and mountainous road, and we had to get out and climb many a steep hill to ease our jinrikisha men. The scenery was

very beautiful, and we had fine views of the great bays and curiously shaped mountains. Toward night of the second day we had to take pack-horses to cross a precipitous range of mountains. It was a ride of fifteen miles. Our horses were led by old men, who kept up a continual banter and chaffing with one another the entire way. The endurance of these men is amazing, even more so than that of the Tokyo workmen. They were fifty or sixty years old, at least, and



while climbing the most precipitous slopes, in some cases apparently pulling the horses along, they had breath enough left to joke and chaff continuously. At the top of the mountain pass I dismounted and walked a long distance to enjoy the grand views. In one place we stood on the edge of a precipice said to be eight hundred or one thousand feet to its base. The face had been worn away by a river whose grand curve disappeared beneath our feet hidden by the overhanging edge of the precipice. We passed an old blind man leading a horse down the road or path, which was rough, crooked, and in places very steep, and yet this old man seemed to know every part of it.

In the houses we pass I notice a curious basket cradle (fig. 427), a thick, circular basket of straw, and the baby warmly stuffed into it.

Having crossed the mountainous range we came to a long, level reach of country, not unlike the rolling prairie land of Iowa. Japan looks very small on a map of the world and yet we were an entire day crossing this prairie. The

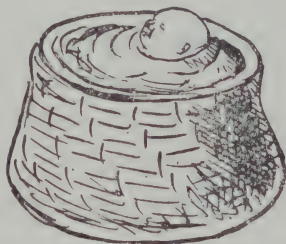


FIG. 427

villages were few and far between. Every settlement we passed through had its peculiar features, some of the places shabby and poor, while others were very trim and evidently prosperous. We neared another range of mountains where the villagers had managed to conduct a rapid mountain stream through the middle of the main street. The street was cleanly swept and in some cases the stream was bordered with beautiful little clusters of flowers or oddly shaped

dwarf trees, and at intervals pretty little rustic footbridges spanned the stream. On the level plain I noticed poles about ten feet high, which appeared to be telegraph poles, except that there were no wires and the poles were a little farther apart than telegraph poles. We were told that these were erected in order that the traveler in winter could find his way along the road, as all signs of the road disappear under the deep snow: a good idea, which might be followed in our country in some places. The late storms had done a great deal of damage. In many places the bridges had been washed away, the roads had been overwhelmed by landslides, a number of which we passed around. In one place a house, partially wrecked, was standing in the middle of what appeared to be a small stream, but which had been a raging torrent.

The fatigue of traveling from morning till late at night prevented my making many sketches on the trip. The village of Fukuoka I recall as a very beautiful place with its row of little gardens in the middle of a wide main street and the street cleanly swept. The people in this region have light-brown eyes and are better-looking than those farther south; the children, with few exceptions, are unattractive. In many places along the road springs of delicious cold water come out of the rock, and neat little stone troughs had been placed to catch the water for the comfort of horses and bulls. The rarity of foreigners in this part of the country was indicated by the way the horses shied and kicked as we passed them. Many of the old customs are still kept up. For example, in no case did a man in meeting us pass me on horseback, but

in every instance the rider dismounted and waited until we had passed. When I first noticed this, I thought the horses were afraid and that the men dismounted to hold them, but I learned that it is an old custom that the lower classes never ride by a superior when on horseback. It was somewhat embarrassing to see a number of men, when they came in sight on the road, promptly dismount from their high pack-saddles and not mount again until I was well by. On the road I met men in the ancient form of dress such as one may see only at the theatre.

A curious device for irrigating the rice-fields is shown in figure 428. On the banks of a swift-running river a water wheel was adjusted and was slowly turned by the current. On the sides of the wheel were fastened square wooden buckets; as they dipped into the stream they became filled with water, and as the wheel rotated the water was spilled from the buckets into a trough which conveyed it into the fields beyond.



FIG. 428

Whenever we rode through a village in the daytime it seemed deserted. A few infirm old men and women and little children were seen, but everybody else was at work in the rice-fields or on the farms or busy with duties in the house. It illustrates the universal industry of the people. Everybody works; all seem poor, but there are no paupers. The many industries, which with us are carried on in large factories, here are done in the home. What we do by the whole-sale in the factories they do in the dwellings, and as you ride

through the village you see the spinning, weaving, the making of vegetable wax, and many other industries. In these operations the entire family is utilized from a child above babyhood to blind old men and women. I have noticed this feature particularly in the pottery industries in Kyoto. I passed one house where the loud pounding of wooden mallets attracted my attention. The people were engaged in making vegetable wax, which is derived from the seeds of some species of sumac. From this wax the Japanese make their candles, and tons of it are sent to America for use in the manufacture of cartridges. When at home last year I visited the cartridge factory in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and Mr. Hobbs, the superintendent, told me they were making millions of cartridges for the Russian and Turkish armies, and that Japanese vegetable wax was used to coat every cartridge. Here in the north of Japan the making of this wax was going on as in other parts of the Empire. The seeds are gathered and reduced to a powder by a triphammer; the powder is



FIG. 429

then heated in a furnace and put into a stout bag, made of strips of bamboo, which is then placed in a square hole in an enormous beam of wood. A wedge is placed on each side of the bag,

and two men with vigorous blows of long-handled mallets drive down the wedges, squeezing the fluid wax out of the



bag, which runs in a stream into a bucket sunk into the ground below the hole, as shown in figure 429.

The ridge-poles of many of the roofs in the north of Japan are covered with red lilies, and a pretty sight it is as one rides through a village to see the crests of the houses flaming with red. Around Tokyo the blue iris seems to be the favorite flower for this decoration. One has no idea how beautiful these roofs appear: grand old thatched roofs, high and broad, with a splendid sweep to the eaves and surmounted by a waving fringe of red lilies. The eaves of these thatched roofs are often three feet in thickness. The taste of the people is shown in using alternately

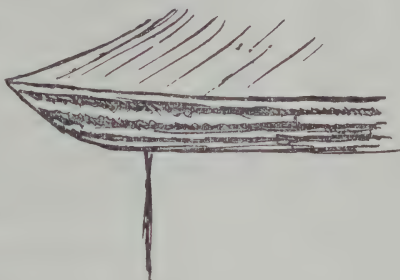


FIG. 430

dark straw and light straw in thatching, so that when the eaves are evenly trimmed there are exposed alternate bands of dark and light colored straw (fig. 430).

Last year I made a record in my journal that the farmer cut his monogram in the end of the ridge and painted it black; it was a natural inference seeing this gracefully written Chinese character. Through the region in which we are passing the same initial is observed, and Professor Yatabe tells me it is the Chinese character for water. He thought there was some superstition that this character might keep away fire; absurd, perhaps, but no more ridiculous than to see an intelligent man rap wood after some statement or to nail a horse-shoe over the door.

One constantly notices the care taken to give comfort to the horses. A simple device that we might follow is to suspend a broad piece of cloth under the belly of the horse. The constant flapping up and down drives the flies away from that region of the body most difficult to reach.



FIG. 431

The lacquer trees we pass have their trunks curiously marked with cuts, from which the sap is scraped by men who collect it (fig. 431). The trees appear as if they had been purposely ornamented with tattoo marks.

Along the road the Government is laying a telegraph line which is to run the length of the Empire. It was interesting to see the thorough way in which the work was being done. The trees to make the poles, instead of being cut a foot or two above the ground, were cut close to the roots, so that the base was very wide, and this part was charred to preserve it. This wide base gives it a much firmer hold in the ground. The top of the post was protected by a pyramidal piece of hardwood which sheds the rain (fig. 432).



FIG. 432

In a number of places in the northern part of Japan I noticed at some distance from the village, on each side of the road, a large mound, and on each one a huge tree of great age. We were told that they marked the boundary between villages, or towns. At intervals along the road little booths were erected where

melons were sold (fig. 433), a fruit not unlike our cantaloupe, but coarse in fibre and good only for its juice, though the same fruit about Tokyo is delicious. The interesting feature about these booths is that in most cases there was nobody in them; the prices were marked on the melons, a box with a little money in it rested beside them, and one could buy and make change! I was far ahead of my companions, enjoying



FIG. 433

the freedom and delight of walking in a strange country unattended. At one of these booths I stopped, being very thirsty, and wished to purchase a melon, but could see no one in attendance nor any one in sight, and so had to wait till Yatabe came up, when he explained that the man had left his melons and a box of change in the morning and was off to work in his rice-fields. I could not help wondering how long the rickety booth would remain standing in our country, to say nothing of the melons and change.

After being ferried across a river and walking over some fearful washouts along the road, we approached a village. It was nearly dark, and we passed a great many people coming from the village, nearly all of whom were men more or less hilarious with saké. I never passed so many people in

such a condition before. They came along in groups of a dozen or more, talking, laughing, singing, and a few staggering. Something unusual had been going on. In many cases we had to walk through a crowd of them, as the smooth parts of the road were very narrow. The sight of a foreigner was a great novelty to them and they stared continually. When we reached the village we found there had been a wrestler's exhibition, which accounted for the crowd. I make a note of this experience to ask where in our blessed country would a foreigner of another race pass crowds of men more or less affected by liquor and fresh from an animating exhibition of wrestling without receiving some slurring word or gesture?

When we got to the principal inn, every room was filled, and what was more, after an hour's hunting among all the inns of the place, big and little, no accommodation was to be found. A company of two hundred soldiers had arrived only a few hours before and the officers and many of the men had filled the inns. So we sat there in the dark, ravenously hungry and tired out, while a native hunted up some prominent man of the village to whom our plight might be explained and who might help us to find some private accommodation. There is a law in Japan that a foreigner shall not stop at a private house, and we were in despair. Finally accommodations were found in a private house nearly opposite the crowded inn where we were resting — a large room, beautiful and clean, absolutely free from fleas, conditions which were a great luxury, as I had a hundred bites from these pests already. A delicious supper was given us, and the next morning we were off at four, first, however, endeavoring in



vain to induce our host to accept something for his hospitality. Besides the countrymen still lingering in the village, there were the soldiers loitering about after their long march, but I do not recall a hostile look or an impertinent gesture. I was hundreds of miles from an American consul and with only two attendants.

In one village at which we stopped I roamed back of the town to find something new, and in a house noticed hanging over the central fireplace a big cushion of straw, into which were stuck many little

sticks, each one having upon it a

little fish which was thus smoked.

The contrivance was simple and yet effective. The Japanese are

fond of smoked trout, and as fast as they catch them they spit them

on long, slender sticks of bam-

boo which they thrust into the cushion, as in

figure 434.

A curious way of doing up eggs for transporta-

tion is shown in figure 435. The eggs are bound

together in straw like peas in a pod and can be

carried, hanging down in the hand.

After leaving Fukuoka we ascended rapidly; in

fact had a hard climb in reaching the crest of a



FIG. 434

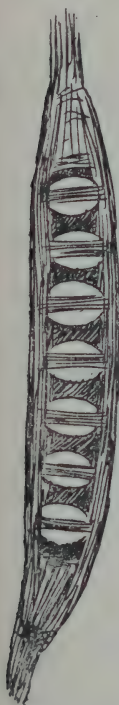


FIG. 435

fact had a hard climb in reaching the crest of a high range which we finally attained. The crest had a deep cut through it to lessen the grade. The rock seemed to be a light sandstone of which the mountain was composed. A sketch of the cut is given in

figure 436. The stratum dipped slightly to the west and was filled with fragments of shells and Brachiopods looking precisely like those species I had dredged in Tsugaru Straits. The deposit must be very new geologically, and illustrates

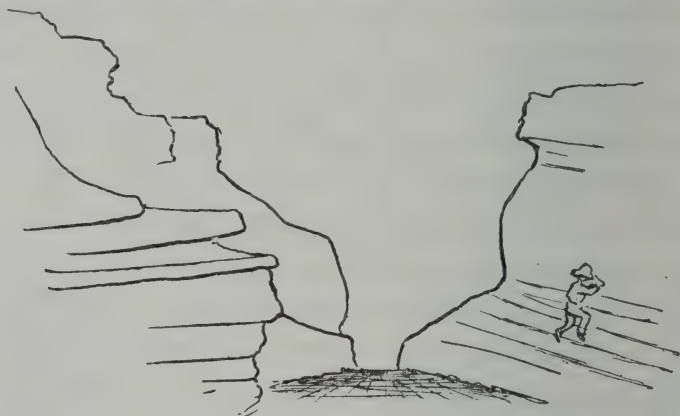


FIG. 436

how recent and profound are the changes which have taken place in the northern part of this island. This region, judging from the fossils, was at one time thirty or more fathoms below sea-level and has been elevated two or three thousand feet within recent geological times.

We entered Morioka, a large, flourishing town, by a narrow street lined on both sides by houses rather close together



FIG. 437

and by gardens. The hollyhocks in great profusion were peeping over light bamboo fences. The houses, all with gable ends to the street, were heavily thatched, and the whole place had an air of thriftiness. On our way to this town

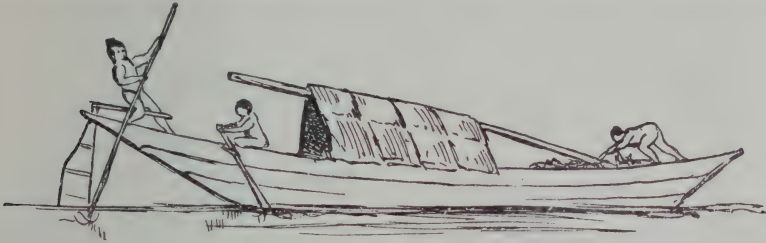


FIG. 438

we got a fine view of Ewatayama, or "Namboo Fuji," as it is called, because it resembles Fujiyama and rises from a region called Namboo (fig. 437). At Morioka the river is quite wide, and here we had to take a boat, and to get one we were directed to a lumber yard on the banks of the



FIG. 439

river. The office was two stories in height and the rooms, as well as the sanitary arrangements, were immaculate in their cleanliness — and this in a common lumber yard! While negotiating for the boat and crew a little lunch with tea was offered us from the daintiest of dishes. We stopped but a

short time at Morioka, laid in some fruit and candy, and at noon started for a sail down the Kitakami River to Sendai, a hundred and twenty-five miles. The boat we engaged was different from the boats we saw last year on the Tonegawa; the stern was square and high and the bow long and sharp. Fig-



FIG. 440



FIG. 441

ure 438 is a sketch of the boat with one man rowing, two men poling, and the fourth member of the crew sound asleep. The rudder is held in place by a miracle; at least the bearing is only three inches wide and apparently hangs on nothing. In the centre of the boat was a square area carpeted by straw mats, and here we were to eat and sleep for a few days more. Heavy rush mats formed a roof over our heads. The river was sluggish, the current helped but little, and the crew were a good-natured but lazy lot of fellows who had to be continually urged to hurry up.



On the banks of the river were men fishing. So used are they to sit on their legs at every form of work or pleasure that these fishermen had light bamboo tables upon which they squatted on the shore or in the river, and we saw them either on their tables or wading along with their stands on their backs. They have two hooks on their line on one of which is a live fish for a decoy. They have a floating box in which they



FIG. 442

keep the fish, for they sell them in the market alive. Figure 439 is the roughest possible sketch of the fishermen. Up to eleven o'clock at night we were carried along by the current, sluggish as it was, but as dangerous rapids were ahead and the moon was not up the crew would not proceed. So we pulled up at a little village and patiently waited for the

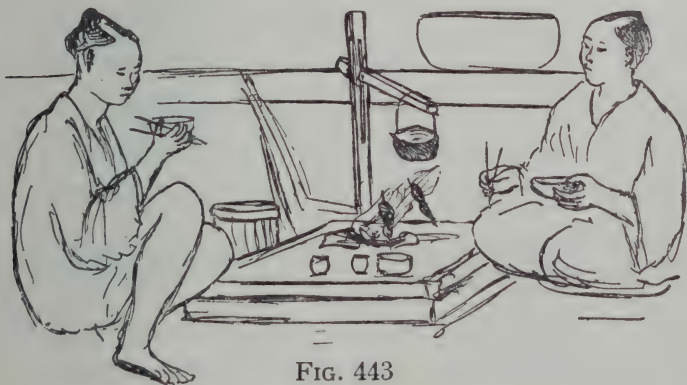


FIG. 443

moon to rise, which it did at two o'clock, and we got under way again. I sat up till we passed the rapids and then lay down on the hard floor with a Japanese pillow and slept

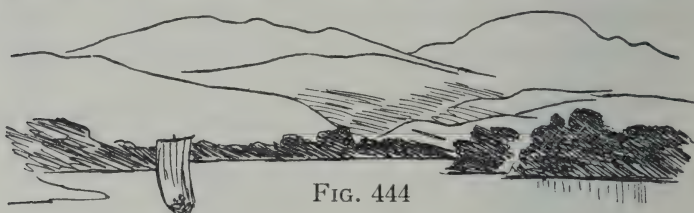


FIG. 444

soundly till daylight. Figure 440 shows one of the crew smoking, with a cloth tied over his head like a bonnet. Here I may

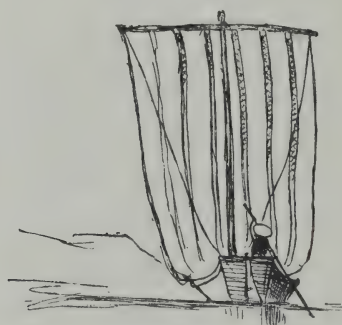


FIG. 445

mention the fact that in Yezo, even on hot days the country woman ties up her head and face in a blue cotton cloth so that in some cases only the nose is visible. Figure 441 is another member of the crew.

The next morning we were up bright and early and enjoyed the delightful landscape and the interesting objects along the shore. After the toughest experiences on horseback and the roughest jinrikisha travel, it was a pleasure to float along without jolt or care and to beguile ourselves by watching the crew, the river, the shore and



FIG. 446

landscape beyond. Our kettle was soon boiling and rice and fresh trout gave us a good breakfast. Figure 442 shows our



FIG. 447

fireplace on the boat, and figure 443 is a suggestion of the appearance presented by two of our crew as they were taking their rice.

The scenery on the river was beautiful. Namboo Fuji was in sight the entire day (fig. 444). We dozed under the matting and kept out of the hot sun as much as possible. The only water to drink was from the river and it was lukewarm and very dirty. Figure 445 is a sketch of our boat from the stern. The sail, as before described, consists of strips of cloth laced together leaving quite an interspace between the strips as shown in the



FIG. 448

sketch. The boatman's song on the river closely resembled the boatman's song in Hakodate. Figure 446 is the song



FIG. 449

written for me by Professor Fenollosa, the first song being the Hakodate song, the second stanza being the variant sung by boatmen on the Kitakami River. At times boatmen



FIG. 450



would come out to sell us fish, and while trading with them we would all drift together downstream. Figure 447 shows our boat's crew rowing and poling. Figure 448 is a sketch of one of our boatmen on the third day of our voyage. His queue had become demoralized and was tied in a knot on top of his head; his shaved pate and chin were bristling with a

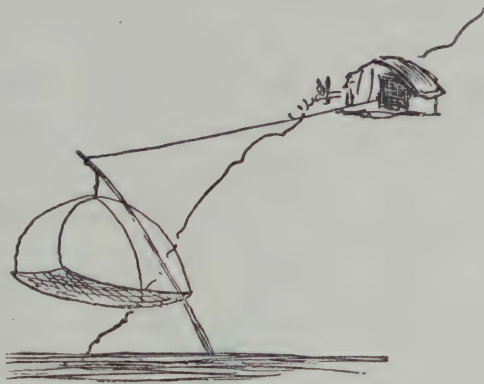


FIG. 451

new growth of hair, and his nose was very red from sunburn. The first thing he will do as soon as we land will be to hunt up a barber, get a shave, and have his queue rebuilt. Figure 449 represents another type of river boat, with flat bottom and broad stern, a freight-carrier. This boat is working its way up the river, and a man under the stern is pushing the boat off some sandbar.

At one place we landed at the foot of a precipitous bluff and started off, despite the hot sun, to collect land snails, and in a short time we had found eight species new to our collection. On these precipitous bluffs fishermen establish their stations. The little hut for this station (fig. 450) was thirty feet above



FIG. 452

the river, and by a long rope the fishermen could pull up their nets to see if any fish were caught. A ladder runs up to the hut,

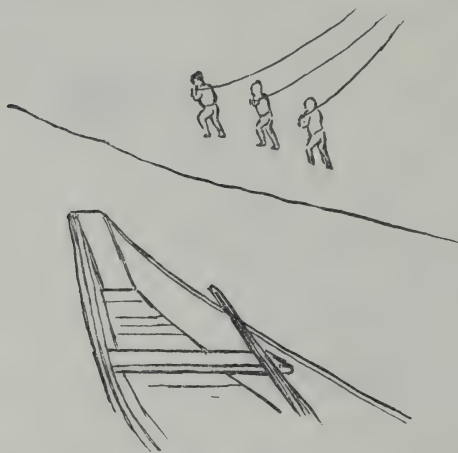


FIG. 453

which was of the rudest description. Figure 451 illustrates a type of net. Along the whole length of the river one notices these fishing stations.

As we approached Sendai Bay the river became wider, less rapid, and not so clear. During the last day of our sail it was difficult to drink the wa-

ter, it was so thick with sediment. Along the shore people were seen washing clothes, or themselves. One little sketch was made which illustrates the tameness of crows. A woman was evidently cleaning fish over the side of a boat, and within a few feet of her a crow had alighted and was perched on the boat watching the operation (fig. 452). As we neared the



FIG. 454

mouth of the river the wind began to blow upstream and our boatmen got out on the bank and towed the boat for several miles (fig. 453). This they did by hoisting the mast, attaching a rope to the top of it, and pulling the boat along. One man remained on the boat and with a long bamboo pole kept the boat from running ashore. It was a lazy experience — imprisoned in a boat for three days — and we dozed and slept much of the time. In the sketch (fig. 454) one

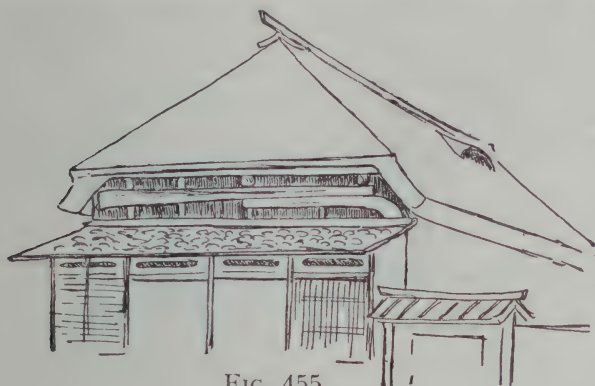


FIG. 455

of us has a sheet of paper over his head to keep off the mosquitoes. After getting on in this slow way for several hours we concluded, in order to save time, to land at the first village and take jinrikishas to Sendai. I was glad we did, for we got into a village where the sight of a foreigner must have been a great novelty — if, indeed, they had ever seen one before. The people, young and old, flocked about us in great crowds, and at the inn where we stopped they filled the yard, clambered on the fence, and stared at me as if I had come from the moon. Every now and then I would make a rush at them, a good-natured one, of course, and they would

run clattering away on their wooden clogs as if the devil were after them. When we started in the jinrikishas the crowd followed along by the sides for some time looking at me with the greatest curiosity and interest.

I noticed quite a change in the architecture of the towns through which we passed and a curious arrangement of beams in the gable end of the houses. The one shown in figure 456 was typical and reminded me of the picturesque architecture of Switzerland. The wood, in its natural condition, was, of

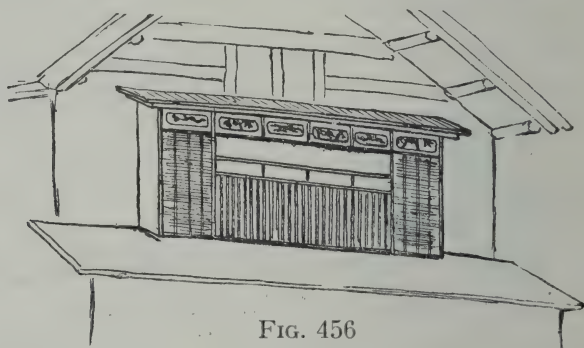


FIG. 456

course, gray with age. We came along at such a rapid rate that I had but little time to sketch, but I noticed all along the way the fine woodwork on the houses. A long bay window over the first story was often of the most delicate woodwork with perforated designs of pine, bamboo, or other motive, as seen in figure 456.

In some of the villages through which we passed, the main street was almost entirely spread with mats on which the people were drying indigo leaves. Women and children were stripping the leaves from the branches brought in by others, and their hands were stained blue by the work. So filled was the



street with these mats and leaves that our jinrikisha would run over them. As we neared Sendai the men seemed to wake up and run faster; the roads improved, and it was a great luxury to move rapidly after the slow monotony of the boat. When we came to a village the men would tear through it like mad, yelling for people to clear the track, and everybody would rush into the street to see what sort of a show was going by. The people are as curious as are the Yankees. Whenever I threw away the end of a cigar, some one would pick it up and tear it apart to see how it was made.

Figure 457 is a curious fan about three feet high that is used to fan dust out of rice or to winnow the chaff out of grain. A man holds the upright handles, which are made of a continuous piece of bamboo, and moves his hands in and out as if he were working a pair of bellows; this movement opens and closes the fans, which are shaped like butterflies' wings.

The jinrikishas were single ones and narrow, and one had to keep awake to balance them as they were high and top-heavy. It was misery to have to keep awake for fear of upsetting. Ahead of me was a Buddhist priest in his beautiful robes, his head drooping in sleep. I knew he would go over, and I got wide awake watching him for a mile or more when over he went into the wet gutter beside the road. The jinrikisha man was also thrown, but picked himself up and

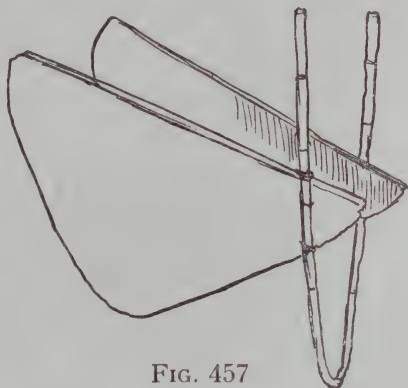


FIG. 457

stood with his hat off bowing again and again in apology. I could not help laughing, and when the priest noticed me, he laughed in sympathy.

Toward afternoon we found it would be difficult to reach Sendai that night, so we stopped at Matsushima, a famous resort. It was delightful to feel the salt breezes again. The beach was covered with seaweed, as the tide was out, and the odor was delicious. We stopped at a pretty little tea-house on a promontory partly hidden by trees. As we rode into Matsushima the road led around bluffs in which were caves

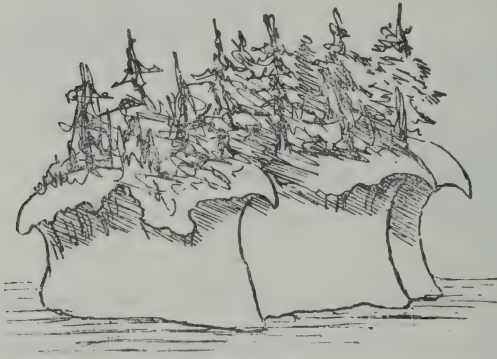


FIG. 458

of various sizes, all bearing the marks of former erosion of the sea. This wearing action was very curious. The upper layers of rock overhung the lower portion resembling certain forms of snowdrifts. Figure

458 is a fair representation of the form these rocks assume, whether on land or sea, for the Bay of Sendai has hundreds like the one figured. Some of these islands are not over twenty feet long; others are much larger, standing twenty feet above the water. It is a most singular effect and shows the great denudation and recent elevation that have taken place.

We were up before daylight the next morning and reached the city of Sendai by nine o'clock. To be riding through crowded streets seemed a little like Tokyo. Two of our men

were left at Matsushima to make collections, and Yatabe and I started for the long ride to Tokyo. We left everything we could spare so as to travel light, and had two men to a jinrikisha. Yatabe endeavored to telegraph to Tokyo, but found to his surprise that all telegrams from private persons were forbidden. This worried him a good deal, for various inquiries failed to bring any explanation of this edict. Had a revolution broken out in Tokyo? Was there an anti-foreign demonstration? Nothing could be learned, and so we started for a two-hundred-mile ride overland to Tokyo.<sup>1</sup> It seemed to me, after this hold-up on telegrams, that every Japanese we passed looked at me suspiciously. After leaving Sendai we rode for two hours before we learned that we were going in the wrong direction. We were then compelled to go back to Sendai, losing half a day by the blunder. Here we had dinner, and with a new team of men rode until ten o'clock at night when we reached Fujita. All the tea-houses were full, so we were compelled to sleep in an obscure inn with poor mats, poor food, and fleas in plenty, but we were too tired to complain.

The next day we had to make seventy miles to Shirakawa in order to reach Utsunomiya the next night, so we started before sunrise, and before night we were almost paralyzed with fatigue. I remember that at noon we stopped at a very pretty tea-house for something to eat. The garden behind, though only ten feet in depth, gave a good idea of how the Japanese utilize the narrowest strips of land. This little area was a charming sight from the room where we rested. The bushes

<sup>1</sup> As we neared Tokyo we learned that a mutiny had broken out in the Tokyo garrison, hence the suppression of the telegraph.

were gracefully trimmed, the iris dwarfed, curious rocks were piled here and there, little evergreens and Japanese maple gave color, and the whole effect was pleasing. All the afternoon we traveled, and at seven o'clock we were so tired that it seemed impossible to go farther, yet, after taking a hearty lunch of rice, we started for the next station. It was cool and delightful riding in the evening air and interesting, passing through village after village at night and then into the open country road again. If we could only reach Shirakawa that night we could get to Utsunomiya the next night, and from that place we could get a stage to Tokyo.

As we neared the town at ten o'clock at night we knew some unusual event was taking place, as people were flocking along the road in numbers. As we got into the place we found that the buildings were all illuminated by lanterns and transparencies of various designs. It was half-past ten before we found accommodations for the night, so full were all the inns, and the inn we finally stopped at was crowded and the streets thronged with people, all smiling and happy. At eleven o'clock a big procession came along, all having lanterns of bright colors on the ends of long poles or carrying them in the hands. As the procession was made up of companies, or groups, they probably represented different trades or charitable organizations. One group had red lanterns, another white, and so on. The oddest sight was to see the lanterns carried on long bamboo poles, in some instances thirty feet high, the men seeming to have all they could do to balance them. The men moved along in a sort of half trot, and all shouted, "Yasu! Yasu!"

In the middle of the procession was an elaborate canopy



carried on the shoulders of a dozen or more men, and in carrying it there seemed to be a mock struggle by some of them to hold it back as if it were being borne along reluctantly. It was impossible to sketch this scene, but you may imagine the appearance of a wide street lined with the low, one-storied Japanese houses, with rows of lanterns under their eaves, the tea-houses filled with admiring guests, girls playing on the samisen, or flute, and the street filled with this trotting procession, lanterns bobbing up and down from poles fifteen feet high, and, at intervals, in pairs, big lanterns on poles thirty feet high. I, a solitary foreigner looking on, was greeted by every one that passed with a glance, yet not a disrespectful look or the slightest rudeness was offered by this great crowd.

The next morning we were off by candle-light. At noon we stopped at a place famous for its fried eels and we had a delicious dinner. In the afternoon we crossed the Tonegawa swollen by the rains, and while waiting for the ferry-boat we noticed a crowd of Japanese below the landing on a broad strip of sand that bordered the river. We were told that a few hours before a man had been drowned in attempting to wade the river, and they were just getting ready to remove the body which had been recovered. I went down into the crowd, and there was the customary big wooden tub in which the body had been packed preparatory to cremation, a woman beside it in deepest grief. A few men were burning incense sticks, and the rush of water, the stretch of sterile sand, and the black, scudding clouds above all formed a sombre and striking scene. My sudden appearance among them was like an apparition, and they all looked at me as if I had dropped from the clouds

above. The boat came and I hurried back to the landing. Soon afterward it began to rain and continued to rain the whole day.

About seven o'clock in the evening we reached Utsunomiya, sixty-seven miles from Tokyo. It seemed like getting home again, for it was the first familiar place I had seen since I left Tokyo in July. We spent the night here on our way to Nikko last year; we now stopped at the same house and I had the same room. I could hardly realize that in the short time that had elapsed since my first visit I had been to America and returned, to Yezo and back overland, had got so accustomed to Japanese food that I could not only eat with a relish, but could ask in Japanese for anything I wished, and had become so used to the Japanese objects, ways, etc., that everything seemed perfectly natural.

The stage left at six the next morning. Our passengers were all Japanese, and among them were two rather elderly ladies who had been to Nikko and were returning to their home in Tokyo. They were all very pleasant and courteous and offered to one another candies and cakes, and, in turn, dropped a few cents into the tray that was often brought to us with cups of tea from some wayside booth. At noon we had dinner together, and I amused the ladies a good deal by insisting upon pouring the tea for them. I also entertained them with a number of hand tricks and we had a most enjoyable time. At the inn I got a sketch (fig. 459) of one of the ladies as she was taking an afternoon smoke, at most three or four gentle whiffs. It shows the position of the right foot when sitting on the floor; the left foot is just inside. The upper, outer side

of the feet rest on the mats while one sits on the inner side of the feet and the lower part of the leg.

Figure 460 is an *ishidoro*, or stone lantern, in a garden back of the inn at Utsunomiya. The upper piece is wrought out of a single block of stone and the pedestal represents an old stump of a tree worked out of another block of stone. It was old, judging from the lichen that grew upon



FIG. 459

it. What amazes one in Japan is the fine stonework, cabinet-work, and other kinds of artisans' work found in nearly every town and village. It shows the widespread distribution of men in various occupations who are skilled in the work they do, all having served their apprenticeship faithfully.

At noon we came again to the Tonegawa and crossed it in a large, flat-bottomed scow, and then went on again, changing horses every few miles. As we approached Tokyo, particularly in the outskirts of the city, I

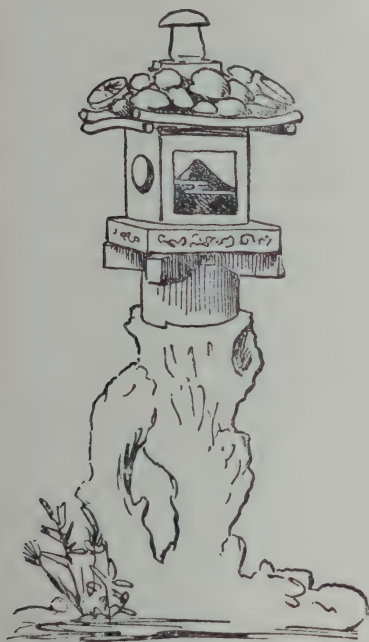


FIG. 460

began to notice how much prettier the children were than

in the country. I noticed this feature in approaching Sendai. I explained this marked contrast in the appearance of the children by the fact that in all the inns and tea-houses girls are employed as servants, and the keepers of these places evidently scour the country for good-looking girls. These come to the city, ultimately marry, and transmit their good looks to their children. This, at least, seems a rational explanation.



## CHAPTER XV

### A JAPANESE WINTER

WE got back to Tokyo about seven in the evening and I started for the yashiki with a fresh jinrikisha. It seemed odd to be riding through crowded streets again. It made me quite nervous for fear of a collision, and it was several days before I became accustomed to it. I had been traveling for eleven days on long country roads a distance as far as from New York to Columbus, Ohio, and more than half this distance with a single Japanese companion, yet, with the exception of a scowl from an old Japanese woman in a village far to the north, and an experience with two men who endeavored to make me move off a narrow road, I had met no unfriendly demonstrations during my entire journey. The road experience was a perfectly natural one, and might happen a thousand times in our country when two gentlemen walking along a country road would not permit themselves to be crowded into the gutter by a Chinese laundryman. I was half a mile ahead of my companions, and was standing in the middle of a narrow road sketching the outline of mountains. The two men regarded me as an outside barbarian, and to avoid the risk of a fight I should have regarded myself as such and stepped to one side. But their evident intent to run me down made me stand my ground, and just as they were ready to push into me they parted and did not even brush me, though I felt a little apprehension as they passed.

In inquiring about the names of fingers and toes I found the Japanese have no name for toes except "foot fingers." The thumb is called "great finger," or "parent finger"; the forefinger is named "man-pointing finger"; the mid-finger is known as "high, high finger"; the ring finger is designated as "medicine finger" or "no-name finger"; and the little finger bears the same name as with us, "little finger." In Spanish the third or ring finger is also known as "medicine finger," as when we apply ointment to the eyes, or when we rub them, we nearly always use the third finger, this finger being softer. In a few Indian vocabularies to which I have referred the toes are called "foot fingers." The teeth also have their names; the incisors, or front teeth, are called "thread-cutting teeth," showing that the Japanese ladies have the same bad habit that ours have. The Japanese word for "tusk" is the name for canine teeth; the molars are called "back teeth"; while the wisdom teeth are known as "no parent teeth," as they usually appear after one's parents are dead. The eyebrow is called "hair over the eye"; eyelashes are called "pine hairs." The neck is called "root of the head." There is no distinct name for the ankle and wrist, it is leg and hand *kubi*; the prominences on the ankle are called "black prominences," as in their barefoot habits these parts show the dirt first. The shin is called *mukozune*, and the Japanese say when this part is struck even Benkei would cry. Benkei was a very strong man and marvelous stories are told in regard to his strength.

A Japanese professor and his wife called at our house the other day and I induced the latter to permit me to make a sketch of her. The face does no justice to her beauty

(fig. 461); I also had an opportunity to sketch a Japanese baby sound asleep.

One may visit the market many times and meet with something never noticed before. One is at once impressed with the artistic way in which everything is displayed and the immaculate cleanliness of everything; the turnips and white radishes are literally white, not a particle of dirt showing upon them, and everything is tied or done up in graceful ways. String beans are bound with straw in packages as shown in figure 462.

The mechanical toys are always interesting. With the simplest of construction, and frail as

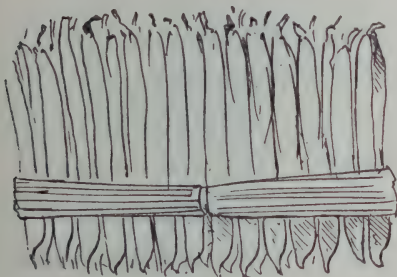


FIG. 462

many of them appear, their durability is remarkable. The mouse that eats out of a dish and drops his tail at the same time is shown in figure 463. The bamboo spring on the side keeps the mouse in an attitude of head and tail up, by strings that run up from the stand below. The moment you press the spring the string is loosened, the head and tail drop, the head going into a little ring of bamboo which represents a dish. The



FIG. 461

mouse is not painted, but charred, making a brown surface. The Japanese have a great many ingenious devices for toys

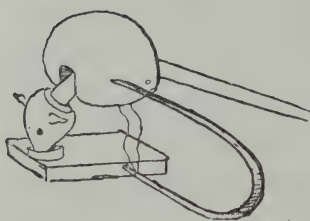
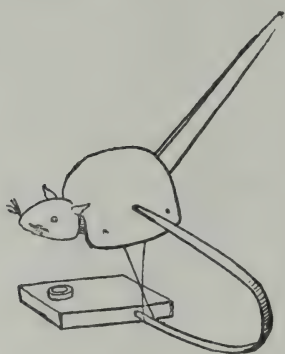


FIG. 463

of this description, many of them on sticks to be moved by strings, or they may move like our jumping-jacks.

Many toys and games are similar to ours, though in many instances they are more elaborate; thus, in cat's-cradle the forms go beyond ours. The Japanese make a great variety of paper objects, and many of them are very ingenious. Those commonly made represent a kimono, a flying heron, a boat, lantern, flower, stand, box, the box quite different from the fly-box of our boyhood.

As another illustration of the tameness of birds, especially crows, my jinrikisha man had left his lantern hanging on behind the jinrikisha, and while I was putting on my overcoat, within three feet of the jinrikisha, a crow came down, alighted on the wheel, smashed a hole through the paper lantern, and devoured the vegetable wax candle within. I allowed him to do it and would have paid for a hundred lanterns and candles rather than have missed the experience. The crows are literally the scavengers of the streets, and are often seen disputing with a dog the possession of a bone or stealing crumbs from the children.



Japanese artists have depicted a crow stealing a fish from a basket carried on the head of a street peddler. The crows are very tame because they are never treated unkindly; indeed, all wild animals are tame and the domestic animals are much tamer than with us.

At this time of the year (November) the children are flying kites, playing ball, or spinning tops. They fight their peg tops as our boys do. The tops, however, are differently shaped from ours, as shown in figure 464; and instead of endeavoring to split the other top they push them together until one or the other stops. The ball-playing consists in patting the ball to the ground, then catching it on the back of the hand and bouncing it again; the one who can do this the greatest number of times wins.



FIG. 464

The boys are as fond of walking on stilts as are our boys. The stilts are called *chikuba*; literally, "bamboo horse."



FIG. 465

One speaks of a boyhood friend as a *chikuba no tomodachi*, or "stilt friend." Figure 465 represents two types of stilts, one made of two pieces of wood bound to bamboo by cord. The rest for the foot, instead of being transverse to the foot, is lengthwise, so that the whole sole of the foot is supported. The other is a rarer form made entirely of wood.

The stilts may be four or five feet in height, and the boys often hop on one stilt and with the other endeavor to dislodge, or pull down an antagonist, and in this way get up lively contests.

*November 22.* We visited the Omori shell mound again to make a collection of the different species of shells composing it, and then went to the beach to collect the living examples washed up along the shore in order to compare the two. I had begun to notice the difference in the shells sometime ago, not only the variance in size, but a difference in proportion. Three species of a bivalve shell (*Arca granosa*, *lamarckiana*, and *ponderosa*), having radiating ribs like a scallop, have increased the number of ribs since the shells were deposited; one species of whelk (*Eburna*) has a more acute spire to-day; another species (*Lunatia*) has a less acute spire.<sup>1</sup>

While walking along the railroad track we observed that the Japanese workman in grading would sing with every stroke of the shovel or bar. The Japanese apparently sing at all their work.

We went to a famous tea-house for lunch. A stone monument in the beautiful garden had an inscription which puzzled my Japanese friends to translate. Professor Yatabe said the meaning of it might be conveyed by the following: "The fragrance of plum blossoms causes the flowing of ink in the writing room." The idea to be conveyed is that the fragrance of flowers prompts the poet to write verses. Many of these inscriptions, often from their own or from Chinese classics, are found on tablets hanging up in the houses or on stone slabs in the gardens. When translated they sound rather feeble to us, but the Japanese insist that the characters in

<sup>1</sup> These and other differences were published in my memoir of the Omori shell mounds. That portion referring to the changes observed in the shells was sent to Darwin, and in reply he said, "What a constant state of fluctuation the whole organic world seems to be in!" (*More Letters of Charles Darwin*, vol. 1, p. 383.)

which they are written mean much more to them and that the spirit is impossible to translate. The students with me endeavored to render the inscription into English, but found it

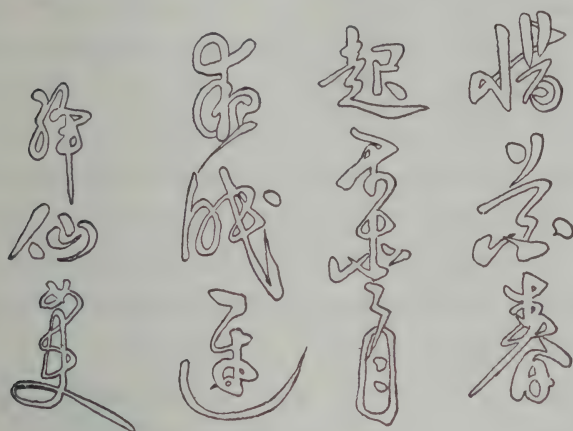


FIG. 466

very difficult. One of them accomplished the following: "The odor of plums is like the flowing of ink in a room where they keep white paper." Mrs. Yatabe wrote in my album a sentiment from the Chinese classics which is said to be beautifully done. A tracing of these characters is given in figure 466: "Loving flowers we rise early in the spring, admiring the moon we retire late at night."

The sign for macaroni

(fig. 467) consists of a block of wood with strips of paper hanging like a fringe below. The macaroni is made from buckwheat and is very

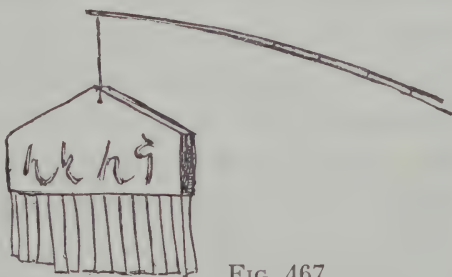


FIG. 467

good in soup. The sign for paste is a round disk with a character for paste written upon it (fig. 468). Paste is an

article of merchandise as with us, the Japanese, however, finding many more uses for it.

This season (the last of November) seems to be the time

for moving trees, and one meets the tree-movers very often in the streets. I have seen a tree so large that thirty men were required to handle it. The trees seem to bear repeated transplantings, for they are sold and resold again and again, and are carried miles in the way shown in figure 469.

As the cold weather approaches the people appear in thicker overgarments, though the



FIG. 469

lower classes are all barelegged and barefooted, and so far as one can see the houses are as open as ever. With a heavy frost on the ground and the ditches along the streets frozen over, the little shops are still wide open, the only source of heat being the little fire box, or hibachi, around which they seem to cuddle a little closer to warm their hands over the few coals burning in the ashes. It is an odd sight to see jinrikisha men, after a run of miles and reeking with perspiration, throw a light blanket loosely over the back and sit in the cold wind while waiting for another fare. Everybody goes bareheaded, and so unaccustomed are they



to wearing a hat that oftentimes when students wear a hat in calling on you, they will go off without it and perhaps come a week after to reclaim it, the delay showing how little they miss it. In cold weather men wear a cloth bag arrangement, heavily quilted, with a long cape behind. It appears to be a bag with a hole in it for the face (fig.



FIG. 470

470). We have the same device made of worsted for boys at home. The children, when bundled up in their warm clothing, are funny-looking things. The outer garment is heavily wadded, and the sleeves are so long that the hands are entirely hidden; it resembles a Chinese garment. The ladies wear a very becoming hood made out of a piece of cloth, a yard and a quarter long, folded as in figure

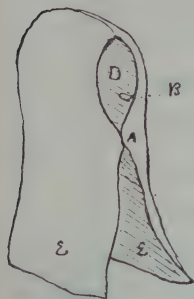


FIG. 471

471 and sewed at A, but open behind; inside, at B, are long loops which go over the ears pulling it down in front, the face coming out at D; the two flaps, E E, are wound around behind the neck and folded in front. It is very easily adjusted and is a device that would be appreciated in our country. It is generally made of purple crape, and even a plain woman looks pretty when wearing it.

Figure 472 represents a lady wearing the hood.

The oranges now displayed in the markets are all of the variety known with us as tangerines; they have a very thin, easily removed skin, and the segments almost drop apart. In some you can look through the centre, as the segments do not meet. They vary from the size of an English walnut

to some as large as our ordinary orange. The smaller varieties



FIG. 472

are seedless; the very large ones are not good to eat, but are used as ornaments.

When oranges are to be given as presents they are packed in a very attractive manner in open wicker-work baskets of bamboo. These baskets are supported on three bamboo legs, the strips of bamboo being prolonged two feet above the oranges and held together by two bamboo rings (fig. 473). The

shops are very pretty with these graceful orange-holders in rows, arranged artistically with a little sprig of evergreen on top and with the rich color of the oranges showing through the delicate slats of green bamboo. An interesting and puzzling way of cutting an orange is shown in figure 474; figure 475 shows one half from the end, the dotted lines showing the manner of cutting. The soft and easily separated peel renders it rather easy to do, yet at home a friend of mine did it with one of our hard-skinned oranges.



FIG. 473

The games are as seasonable as with us. Kite-flying, top-spinning, and battledore and shuttlecock are dominant at present. In walking or riding you are often struck by the shuttlecock, always followed with smiles and apologies. The implements are different from ours. The battledore is made of board, on one side of which is an elaborate picture in crape of bright colors in relief, the subject being some celebrated hero or actor. Some of the battledores are very elaborate in their decoration (fig. 476). The shuttlecock is made out of the soapberry seed (*mukuroji*), five feathers forming a plume at one end. These are sold in sets of five and are held

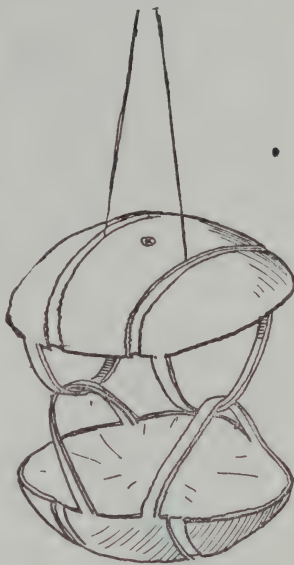


FIG. 474



FIG. 475

in a slip of bamboo (fig. 477). In the shops where they are sold they have a most brilliant display of them, and generally a huge shuttlecock hangs outside as a sign. Figure 478 represents Daikoku, god of fortune. It is made up of pieces of bright-colored brocade with gilt threads interwoven, and is coarsely made, as the toy is very cheap. Figure 479 shows the attitude of a girl in playing battledore. Instead of the *thum, thum, thum* sound of our battledore, the sound of the Japanese game is *click, click, click*, as the hard seed is struck by the wooden battledore.



FIG. 476



FIG. 477

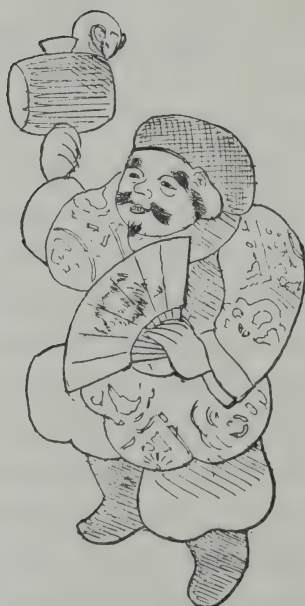


FIG. 478



FIG. 479



During this month (December) there are a number of fairs held in the vicinity of the temples, the articles sold consisting of household decorations of straw for the New Year, shrines for the house, and children's toys. The larger fairs having been held, the smaller ones spring up in various parts of the city. It is astonishing what crowds of people throng these outdoor bazaars. We attended one held near a temple not far from the yashiki. The streets on both sides were crowded with booths, and the people were packed in a dense mass, many going to the temple to get their purchases blessed by the priests, holding them high above their heads to avoid their being crushed by the crowd. It was interesting to observe that at all these festivals the objects offered for sale were children's toys, religious or semi-religious decorations, and objects connected with their household shrines. When I read in the papers from home letters by missionaries saying that the temples are being deserted and the faith dying out, and then see the actual facts of temples crowded every day, temples being retiled and repaired, with every evidence of prosperity, I wonder at such false reports.



FIG. 480

The objects for New Year's decorations are made of rice straw, twisted and braided in various ways. It is customary



FIG. 481

to hang them over the entrance of the house and also over the household shrine. Many of the designs are pretty, and some of them indicate considerable skill in their construction. One of the prettiest designs and one of the most common is shown in figure 480.

This one was over two feet long and the pendants below were three feet in length. The roll may represent a boat; if so its cargo consists of three balls made of rice straw with sprigs of pine and some bright red berries. Below a few bunches of rice are hanging; a little gilt leaf is stuck on the poles of the balls and the whole affair is bright and attractive. Another one (fig. 481) is a wreath of straw with bunches

of rice and straw hanging down; figure 482 shows a form which is hung over a door and consists of a twisted strand of straw running down to a point. Some of them are six feet long, and one often sees this form in Shinto temples. Figure 483 is a fringe to hang over the door, and figure 484 is a rope of straw woven, with strands hanging to it at a distance of five inches apart. This is wound up like a huge tassel, and when unwound is hung around the sides of the room, white paper



FIG. 482

cut in symbolic form being tied to the rope between the pendent strings. In some cases the decoration is very elaborate. In figure 485 is represented a complicated structure over a gateway. In the centre is a lobster with dried seaweed hanging below, dried persimmons on each side, fronds of ferns pendent, paper cut after Shinto style, and the



FIG. 483

whole structure supported by pine trees. Without color it is difficult to represent its attractive appearance. Figure 486 shows a decoration in front of a gate; the cut bamboo, deep green in color, was twelve feet high and looked like huge organ pipes. These rose from a cluster of pine twigs, the base

firmly tied up with straw rope and the earth neatly piled up below with a straw ring to hold the earth.

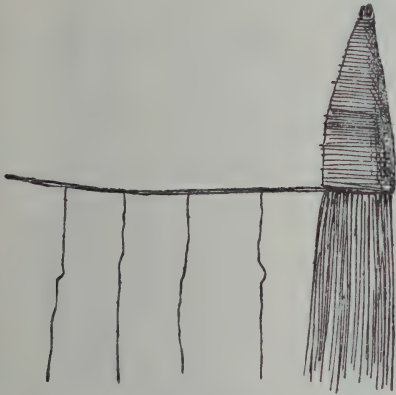


FIG. 484

At New Year's time it is a constant source of pleasure to roam through the streets and study the great variety of decorations. The taste displayed, the sentiments conveyed by the use of symbolic

material, such as pine, bamboo, etc., make an interesting study. On New Year's in my round of calls I noticed that many of the shops were closed. The streets presented a

lively sight of action and color — the older people, finely dressed, making their New Year's calls, the younger ones

FIG. 485

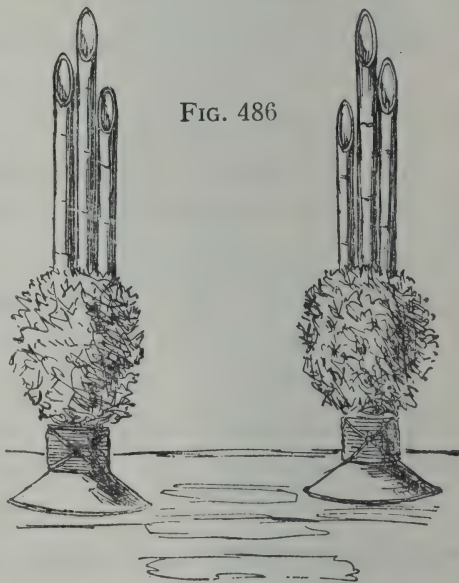


brilliantly dressed, playing battledore and shuttlecock, the boys flying highly colored kites of all sizes and at all heights. In gardens of the higher classes the girls were gayly dressed, and such flashes of color as their long sleeves streamed in the air

• in striking the shuttlecock!

A great many officers and soldiers were on the streets, flags were flying everywhere, and nearly every house was decorated with the quaint straw devices. It was an inspiring sight to see the streets thronging with children, to hear the sound of musical instruments, and here and there to catch a glimpse of convivial parties sitting around their food and wine. At every place where I called food and saké were offered me as one of the customs of the New Year, for even the food con-

FIG. 486





veys some sentiment as well as satisfaction. A sweet saké is always served at New Year's, and this is offered in a special vessel with a spout like a teapot, and the bail, or handle of porcelain, or pottery, is in one piece with the body. One often sees these objects mixed with a collection of teapots.

As the service is essentially the same as to dishes and food a sketch of one will answer for all. Figure 487 represents a

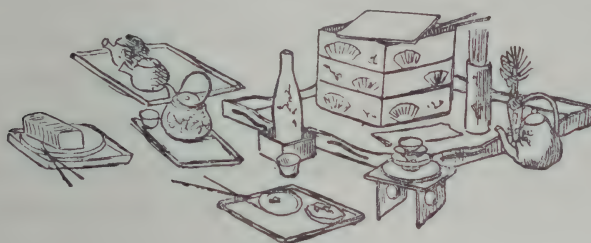


FIG. 487

typical service of wine, cake, etc., at the house of one of the Japanese professors where I felt well enough acquainted to pull out my sketch book. The drawings show the objects just as they were upon the mats. The pot of sweet saké is seen to the right with a sprig of pine and the *noshi* which always accompanies a present secured to the handle; the ordinary saké is served in a bottle which rests in a low square box. The three square lacquer boxes one above another contain the food, which consisted of the following articles: fish eggs in masses, just as they are taken from the fish; a bean pickle in sugar syrup and Japanese sauce; a little dried fish as hard as a stick; lotus root, cut in oblique slices and very palatable; a water chestnut, cut in sharp scallops; a fish tied up in a

bundle with green seaweed; cold omelette, cut in slices; cake, tea, and saké (fig. 488).

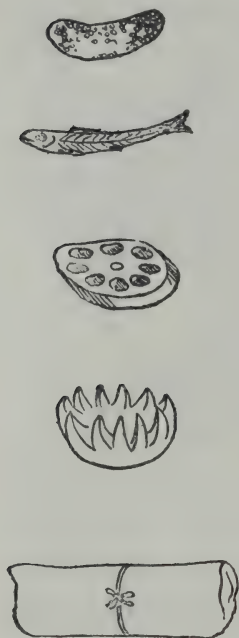


FIG. 488

The Japanese are very formal in their observances of New Year's calls. The gentlemen call and leave their cards in boxes or baskets at the door, or walk in and drink a little tea or saké. After a few days the ladies call. On New Year's day the Japanese officials call on the heads of departments, and one sees many officers on their way to the palace, and a funny sight it is to see those who affected foreign costumes. The New Year's celebrations continue for a week, and during this time it is impossible to get any work done. How staid and sober our New England method of celebration of New Year's appears in contrast to all this gayety — a few wreaths hung up in the window, but nothing more. In New York City the savagery of horn-blowing finds its parallel only in the racket made by the Chinese.

A present came to our house of two large, fat teal (fig. 489). These were in a square, shallow basket standing on four short bamboo legs.

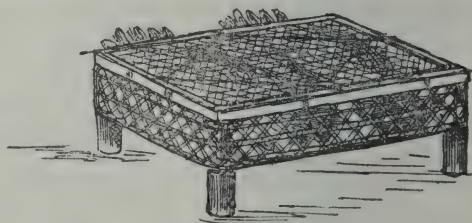


FIG. 489

The teal rested on vegetables, greens and three round lemons.

The birds are made into soup and the lemons are squeezed upon it, but notice the neatness of the whole device and the complete way a present is given in Japan. A present means a great deal here, and no matter how humble, the *noshi* is always affixed to it.

*Mochi* is a favorite article of food at New Year's time, and just as the New Englander makes up a lot of mince and pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving and Christmas so the Japanese prepare *mochi*. It is made of a glutinous kind of rice, which after proper boiling is placed in a huge wooden mortar and stirred vigorously with long sticks. It is a common sight at this season to see the preparations going on in the street. Figure 490 shows men stirring the dough. After this it is dusted with rice flour and pounded with a large wooden mallet. It is very sticky and the mallet often gets stuck in the mixture. Hokusai has made a comical drawing of a man who is endeavoring to draw his mallet out of the adher-



FIG. 490



FIG. 491

ing mass. After it is properly kneaded in this way, it is made up into flattened round loaves, some of them two feet in diameter and resembling huge puddings; it is also rolled into thick sheets (fig. 491). It is sold in many shops and is much liked by the Japanese. It is very sticky to eat, and reminds one of heavy bread, but it is nice when toasted in thin sheets with burned or browned meal and a little sugar sprinkled on it,

a common way of eating it. Figure 492 shows one form of offering. This is a little bamboo table, or stand with two big loaves of mochi on the lower shelf; wreaths of rice straw, ever-



FIG. 492

green leaves, white paper cut into strips, and a few fern leaves surround them

At this time of the year (January) every boy in the city has a kite, and the wind being favorable the air is literally full of kites of all sizes, shapes, and colors. Some of them are of so large a size that a small rope is necessary to fly them with. Some have large dragons painted on them in bright colors. These may be eight feet square, with eyes made like tambourines hung in circular frames, so that as the wind revolves them, the eye being painted black on one side and covered with silver leaf on the other, the monster appears to be winking at you. I saw a most frantic scattering of a flock of hens as a kite of hideous aspect darted down among them. Some of the kites are in the shape of a boy with long sleeves fluttering in the wind; others like birds with outstretched wings; some in the form of centipedes, fans, and other quaint designs. The kite, though frail-looking, darts with great force to the ground, and is dragged over it without injury. The frame of the kite is made of light strips of bamboo bent slightly backward by strings running across from the ends of the transverse pieces of the framework; the paper, of that tough kind peculiar to



Japan, is thus stretched like a drum-head and is convex in front. The kites have all manners of flying. Some without the long tail, or bob, are as steady in the air as are others with two exceedingly long tails hung from the lower corners of the kite. It is a pretty sight to see these two long bobs hanging parallel, and as the kite sways back and forth the graceful curves of the bobs run along in perfect unison. Some kites dart back and forth in vigorous fashion; others are made to fly directly overhead in strong winds, and the string is almost vertical. The boys not only enjoy the mere flight of the kite, but often fight

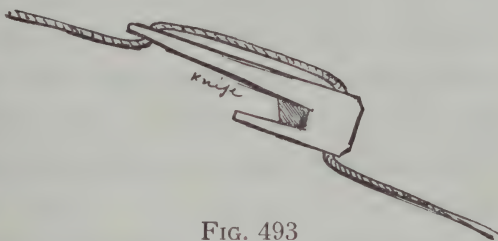


FIG. 493

them; and, I may add, it is the only way I ever saw boys fight among themselves. At the kite shop can be bought a simple device of wood which is strung upon the kite string; in a deep notch of this device is a sharp blade as shown in figure 493. By manœuvring the kite the string can be brought over the string of an opponent, and by dragging it along, the string slides into the notch and is cut. Boys in different blocks and out of sight of one another may engage in these contests. It was a new thing to me to see the adroit way in which a boy would make his kite go sideways almost at right angles to another kite flying by its side. The kites often have attached to them a "singer" consisting of a thin ribbon of whalebone kept taut by a bamboo bow. This is secured to the top of the kite and the wind vibrates

the whalebone ribbon, producing a loud, humming sound which reminds one of a planing machine or a sawmill. It is a great annoyance at times when writing to have this incessant hum directly over your house with the boy flying the

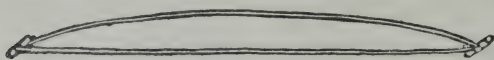


FIG. 494

kite a thousand feet away. Besides this æolian-harp-like device I

have seen a cord simply stretched across the bow-like piece, to which was attached short flaps of paper, and these would flutter so rapidly in the wind as to make a peculiar humming sound different from the whalebone, or sometimes bamboo, ribbon. Figure 494 is a sketch of the musical contrivance attached to the top of the kite.

A curious device to indicate the months which have thirty-one days and those which have thirty or a less number of days is shown in figure 495. The object consisted of an irregular piece of wood charred brown, the characters painted in white. The first column is headed with the character for "small," or "little," and then follow the numbers, 2, 4, 6, 9, and 11, these months having thirty days or less; the second column with the months containing thirty-one days is headed by the character for "great." The mushrooms at the bottom were made out of paper slightly browned by heat, looking precisely like the real objects, and held in a little straw device as they are seen in the markets. My daughter paid one and one half cents for it.

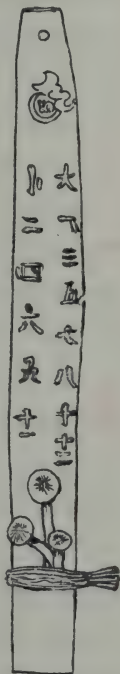


FIG. 495

We went to the theatre the other day at twelve o'clock noon, carrying our lunch with us, and never left the place till half-past eleven at night. The actors, the scenery, the music, and the audience held the attention at every moment, and intermissions of ten or fifteen minutes left one time to enjoy the family gatherings in their two-mat bins, servants from outside tea-houses bringing in attractive-looking lunches. The concealed orchestra had two drums of widely different pitch, one not unlike an ordinary drum, the other sounding like a person suddenly choking. The illusion of distance on the stage was ingeniously accomplished by making the buildings and sides of the stage taper to the rear as in exaggerated perspective; the stage was not over fifty feet in depth, but by this method it looked ten times as deep. In one scene a *ronin* is leaving the gate of his *yashiki* uttering sad words of regret and waving his hand. Suddenly the gate appears more distant, and again it apparently recedes. The illusion is conveyed that the man is fast leaving it. The effect is produced by a big gate painted on thin board which drops forward disclosing a smaller gate painted precisely like the first and this in turn drops, disclosing another gate still smaller. The classical plays of the Japanese enable one to get an idea of court dress and, in a slight way, perhaps, of court etiquette and ceremony. Figure 496 shows hasty sketches of an actor in various attitudes, and is interesting as illustrating the old costumes. To see a two-sworded dignitary walking across the stage in nether garments four feet too long, trailing back under his feet as he walked, was very odd.

An interesting sight it was to see throngs of beautifully

dressed children leave the audience and rush to the stage as the curtain came down and find their way behind the cur-



FIG. 496

tain on each side to watch the stage carpenter at work erecting new scenery. When the wooden blocks clacked together as a signal for the

curtain to be raised, the children swarmed out again and hurried to their respective bins in the audience. What greater evidence could be offered to illustrate the universal good behavior of the Japanese boy and girl! Of course such an invasion of children on our stage would not be permitted for a moment; but think of the tacks spilled, paint

upset, and other deviltries which would instantly develop if our sweet children were allowed behind the curtain! In Japan, however, the children are allowed to go everywhere and see everything because they never seem to abuse the privilege.<sup>1</sup>

Early in December the fire companies of the city come together for a review. The fire bells ring and the companies gather on a large square where all kinds of acrobatic feats take place. They climb ladders, have races, and perform a number of feats, and appear very skillful, but in actual service, while showing the greatest bravery, they do not impress the for-

<sup>1</sup> And the way these same children become brave fighting soldiers as shown in the Formosan, Chinese, and Russian wars, proves that courtesy, gentle ways, and good manners are not disassociated with consummate bravery and endurance on the battle-field.



eigner as very efficient. Their problems, however, are so different from those of our firemen that it may be hardly fair to pass judgment. The Japanese firemen are called upon to destroy buildings in the path of a conflagration and to wet down the men who are thus engaged, and to do all this work with the greatest possible dispatch.

Occasional snowstorms have occurred this winter, but the jinrikisha men do not seem to mind the snow and run in it barefooted, and when standing the steam is seen rising from their bare feet. Curiously enough, the houses appear as open as in the summer. The children are barelegged just as in the summer, and play in the snow without minding the cold. After a snow-storm the people turn out with scoops, boards, and a peculiar kind of wooden shovel and clear the en-

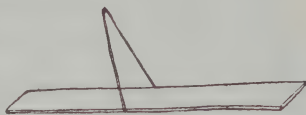


FIG. 497

tire street in front of their respective shops and houses, the snow being put into the gutter which runs along the side of the street and which is usually covered with boards. Figure 497 is an extemporized snow shovel made out of a board with a loop of rope near the end for a handle. The snow being moist, the children roll big balls of it as do our children at home, and have contests as to which one will make the biggest ball, in the following manner: a small stick is tied cross-ways to the end of a string, and this is swung back and forth in the damp snow to see how big an accumulation can be made before the snow drops off of its own weight.

The construction of ladders is interesting. The sides are made of stout bamboo, and from the centre to the ends the

bamboo is bent outward, thus giving a wider base upon which it rests and a flare at the top (fig. 498). By this method the ladder is greatly strengthened. The slats are firmly tied to the supports, while with us holes are bored in the sides of the ladder which naturally weakens it.



FIG. 498

In a recent visit to the Omori shell mounds I discovered a large fragment of a human tibia laterally flattened with an index of 60, as indicated in Broca's platycnemic tibia; the index of the tibia of a modern Japanese is 76, as is ours. This suggests a considerable antiquity to the deposit.

I was told by one of my students that in former times, if any person fell into the castle moat and was drowned, it was not allowable for any one to recover the body, as the depth of the water might be discovered, and this was kept a secret. This statement has not been verified, but may be true, though I doubt it.

For several weeks I have taken my lunch at the laboratory *à la japonaise*. Trying it once I found that the lunch was



FIG. 499

good, and though I have to eat it on the corner of a big table laden with snakes, worms, and skulls, I find my appetite is not affected by the surroundings. The wooden bucket contains boiled rice (fig. 499) and the wooden shovel is to scoop it out with. There is also a large piece of broiled fish, — horse mackerel, — tender and delicious; another dish contains a slice of salted ginger, radish, and a bunch of green leaves of something. Having acquired the use of the chopsticks, I shall recommend them to the world as the most simple and economical device ever invented by man.

One marvels at the dwarf plum trees that one sees at this season (January). You are invited to a garden to see in various sizes of flower pots what appear to be dead stumps, literally black chunks of wood without the sign of a bud or sprout; then weeks after you again visit the garden and find that these same black stumps have produced long, delicate twigs bearing the most beautiful blossoms without the sign of a green leaf. The contrast between these exquisitely tinted blossoms, and the black and apparently dead stumps from which they spring, leaves you amazed at the skill of the gardener who can produce such anomalies. The



FIG. 500

one shown in figure 500 was forty years old. It is trained to grow in this way. It is kept under cover where it is warm



FIG. 501

and the blossoms appear much earlier than on the out-of-door trees. Pine trees are also trained to leaf out from thick logs of pine, as shown in figure 501, though the usual form of dwarf pine is a veritable tree, branches and all, three feet high and a hundred years old.

February 28, the plum trees are in full blossom. The flowers are usually of a deep pink or rose color and emit a delicious fragrance. Peddlers wander from house to house carrying twigs and branches of plum blossoms for sale.

It is curious how slowly and unconsciously one grows to the appreciation of the quaint and odd in Japanese art hand-work. Of course the artist instantly sees the beauty of it, and no one could fail to admire the beautiful work of the sword-guards and other objects. But when one sees their pottery, for example, irregular in shape, purposely dented in, with sketchy designs, so unlike any pottery an Occidental is accustomed to, he wonders what there is to admire about the work. Let him begin to collect, however, and if he is a natural-born collector he will become wild over the tea-jars and other forms of pottery. I have started a little collection and have lately added two



FIG. 502



pieces (figs. 502 and 503). One is a vessel for sauce. The pottery is Akatsu, Oribe; the other a Satsuma teapot. They are at least one hundred and fifty years old, perhaps older. They are really fascinating to handle, and the fun of finding such nuggets in the simplest little bric-à-brac shops is only appreciated by those imbued with the collectors' spirit. The collector of bric-à-brac finds Japan a veritable paradise, for wherever he goes he finds second-hand shops, known as *furui doguya*, displaying old objects of every



FIG. 503

description: pottery, metal and lacquer work, basketry, swords and sword furniture, pictures, etc. In the smallest villages through which one rides one finds some shop of this description with a modest assortment of old things. One cannot help recalling the fact that in our country the second-hand shops in our towns are limited to the sale of second-hand furniture, second-hand books, and second-hand clothing, and only a few of the larger cities will have shops containing bric-à-brac, etc. Furthermore, it may be observed that in the Japanese shop the objects with few exceptions are native products, the exceptions being from China and Korea, while in our country the objects are invariably from Europe or Asia, Dutch delft, Italian majolica, German ironwork, etc. It is a significant fact that one looks in vain for any art object worth preserving from our own country.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This will not always be so, for within thirty years the arts and crafts movement and the numerous kilns throughout the country have been producing artistic pottery, and the future bric-à-brac shops will have artistic objects "made in America."

I have lately become acquainted with a celebrated antiquarian, Ninagawa Noritani, and have visited him at his house. He is the author of a book on the various kinds of pottery in Japan, illustrated by lithographic plates. These plates, though rather roughly done and colored by hand, are far more characteristic of the pottery than the most perfect chromolithographs one sees in French and English publications on similar subjects. The objects figured in the first five parts were sold



FIG. 504

to some European before I came to Japan, but I am trying to get representative pieces similar to those already figured, and Ninagawa will identify them for me. If I can only get the same kind of pottery he describes and figures, it will be nearly as good as the original collection from which the figures were made.

Through Ninagawa, I have learned many interesting things about collectors and

collections. It was interesting to find that for hundreds of years these people have had their collections and crazes for collecting. He said that the Japanese have never specialized so much in their collecting as foreigners, and, I judge from what I have learned, were never so systematic or scientific and generally not so curious nor so exact as to the age and

locality of the objects. Among Ninagawa's friends he specified the following as the kinds of objects they collected: pottery, porcelain, coins, swords, kakemono (pictures), pieces of brocade, stone implements, and roofing tiles. The collections of brocade are mounted in books like postage stamps, the pieces three or four inches square; he had seen specimens four or five hundred years old. Bits from the robes of famous men were highly esteemed. The tiles

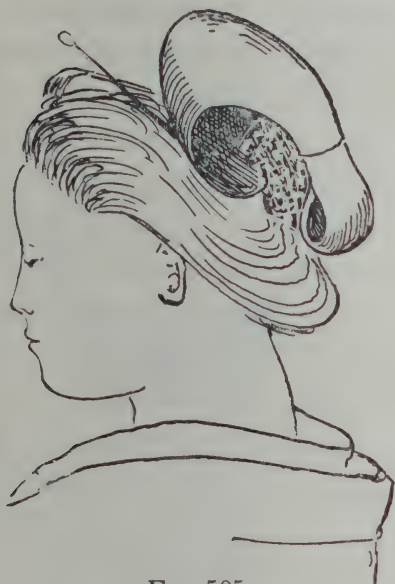


FIG. 505



FIG. 506

are considered very interesting objects; he had seen roofing tiles a thousand years old. He did not know of any one collecting armor. A few collect shells, corals, and the like. There are many books treating of all the kinds of objects above mentioned. Dr. Ito, the famous botanist, whom I have already mentioned in the early pages of the journal, has a large collection of plants.

Figure 504 shows a little girl of the higher class in warm

winter garments. The method of dressing the hair from infancy to old age is a source of interest and wonderment to a foreigner. How a child can manage to preserve her elaborate coiffure for an hour, not to say three days, is past comprehension. An opportunity occurred to sketch various types of hair-dressing. Mrs. T. and her daughter, and little Miss I.

made a call on the family, and they amiably submitted to my making a sketch of their coiffure which had been



FIG. 507



FIG. 508

made expressly for the visit and was consequently in the most perfect state. There are twenty to thirty ways of doing up each one of these types, and though very likely we should observe no difference the Japanese detect it at once. It is said that the first thing young ladies do when they meet is to discuss these various styles. The very method of making these graceful bows and knots necessitates the employment of a hair-dresser, and women barbers go from house to house to perform this service, which is inexpensive. The



country people do their own hair or perform reciprocal services. For a hair-dressing a vegetable wax preparation is used, and the hair has quite a polish when properly dressed. A form made of stiff black crape is used which keeps the graceful loops of the bow rigidly in shape. Figures 505 and 506 show the side and back views of Mrs. K. In the back view the hair forms a sharp keel which is kept in place by a whalebone, or iron clip. Figure 507 is of Mrs. T.; a lacquer comb stands transversely on the slender queue turned back from the front. Figure 508 is the back view of figure 507; the square-ended object passing through the bow is a stone, probably jade, after Chinese style. Figure 509 is of the daughter of Mrs. T. Figures 510 and 511 are of Miss I., who is about twelve years old.



FIG. 509

In these a flower hairpin is shown; red crape is fastened inside the loops. It is a very common form for girls of that age. In the street one sees the most poorly dressed girls with their hair beautifully arranged; even little children, four or five years old, will often show that more care is taken with their hair than with their dress, which may even be ragged. A tousled head is not a common sight. In these various styles of hair-dressing a Japanese recognizes different ranks of people: the handmaid (fig. 512), the country girl, the young lady, and certain forms that are considered very

“dressy”; and finally, the very highest classes and royalty; while entirely different forms may be seen in pictures and possibly on the stage.

I visited a Japanese newspaper office in order to see how the composition room was arranged. I had expected to see an immense room, knowing the number of characters used to set

up a piece of printed matter, and was astonished to find a room not over thirty feet square. The number of Chinese characters possessed by



FIG. 510

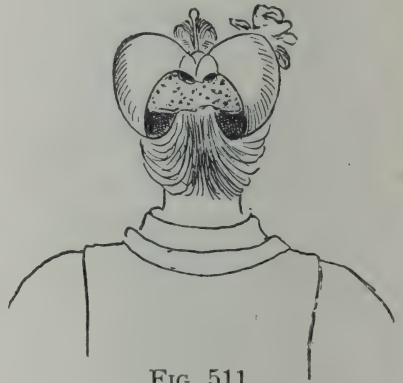


FIG. 511

the office may be counted by thousands. The number of different characters in common use for the newspaper is twelve or thirteen hundred, and there are many hundred more which are rarely used. Besides these there are the type for the Japanese alphabet of forty-eight phonetic signs, and these are often set up beside the Chinese character to spell out the Japanese word in case the reader may not know the meaning of the Chinese character.

Figure 513 represents a portion of a Japanese newspaper, showing the use of the Japanese alphabet. The reader will

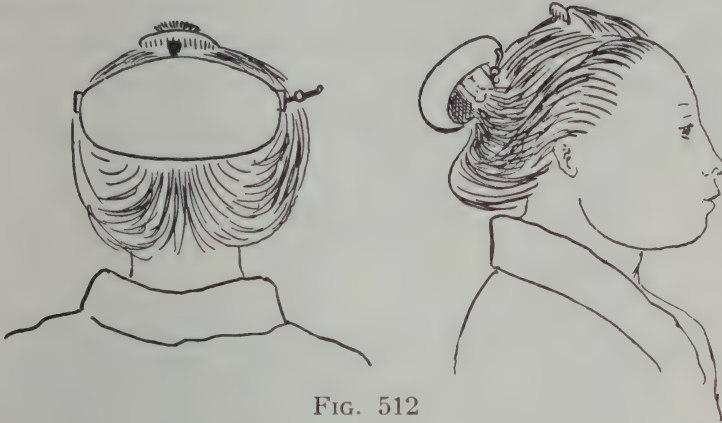


FIG. 512

observe the simple letters running alongside the vertical columns of Chinese type. The cases are different from those of our printers; the boxes are two feet long and eight inches in height divided by vertical partitions. There are sixty-six partitions in each box and the width of the space between the partitions is the width of the type. The types are placed in the partitions with their faces out, so that the compositor may see at a glance the character he wants. A description of the Chinese character is necessary here, but one must refer to a student of Chinese to understand the subject. It may be

○下谷龍泉寺村の田中金之助の女房お兼の妹お勘(三ノ)ハ  
一寸愛くるしく見えるので去年の八月頃から新宿町の貸  
座敷の亭主永田辰次郎のお摩り雇をして居たのが暇も  
つて後の牛込若宮町の町中兼次郎方へ止宿も行って居ると  
不斗氣が狂つた物と見え先月廿七日の夜の十一時頃出刃  
庖丁で咽喉を突たうら此家でも駭いて直に療治にたけ  
れど藥を吞でも水を吞でも疵口うらダラ／＼流れ出るや

FIG. 513

said, however, that the Chinese character is composite; that is, in the character there is a radical which classifies it in a way. Thus, every character referring to money, such words as buy, sell, debt, loan, dicker, etc., will have the money radical in it; words referring to feeling, such as passion, hate, love, etc., will have the heart radical in it; and so on; and the characters are

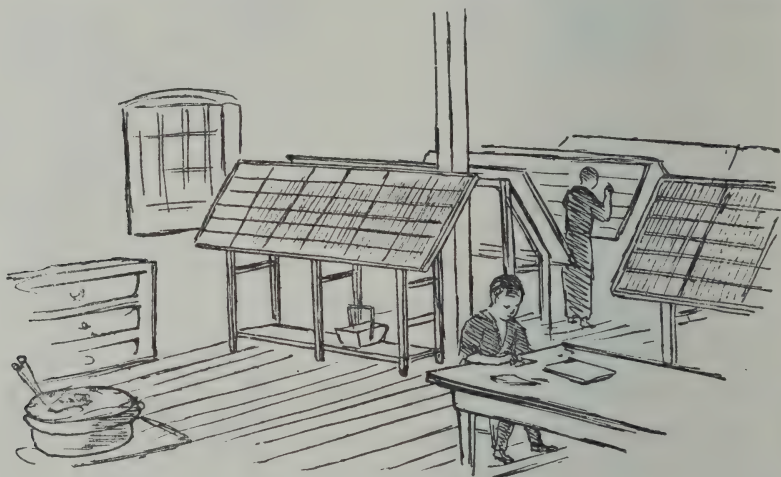


FIG. 514

arranged in these partitions by their radicals. It is a queer sight to see a compositor running from one part of the room to another, holding his "stick" and manuscript in his left hand and with his right hand picking out the character he wants; so different from our printing-office where a man stands at his case with all the letters, a few figures, and punctuation marks in front of him, and never moves from the spot. Here the Japanese compositors, eight of them, are racing back and forth across the room for the proper character. Dressed in dark blue as they were, the appearance of the room reminded one of an



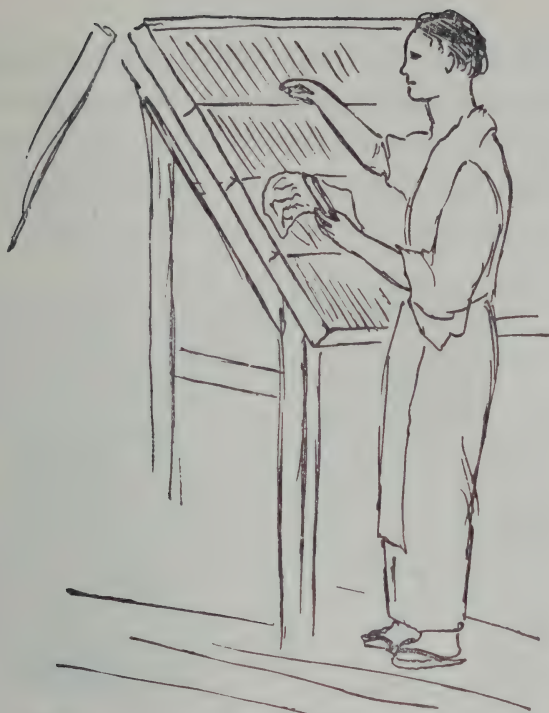


FIG. 515

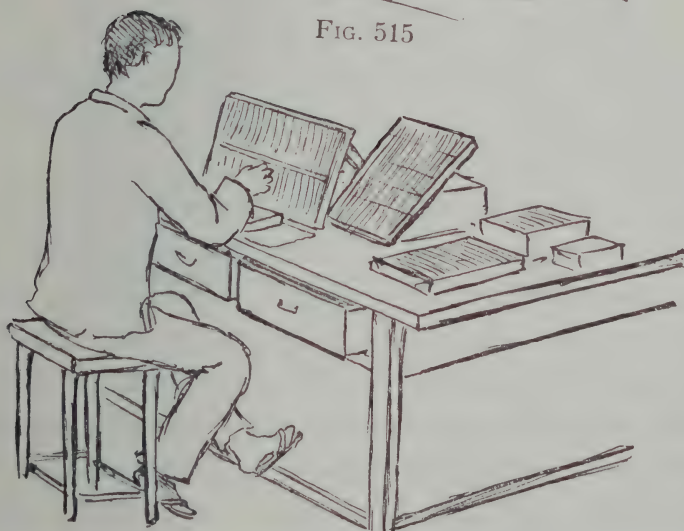


FIG. 516



character is rubbed out and afterwards it is desired to retain it, the word *iki*, which means “alive,” is written in *katakana*. It is curious that in a printing-office they speak of “live” and “dead matter” as with us. In viewing this intricate system

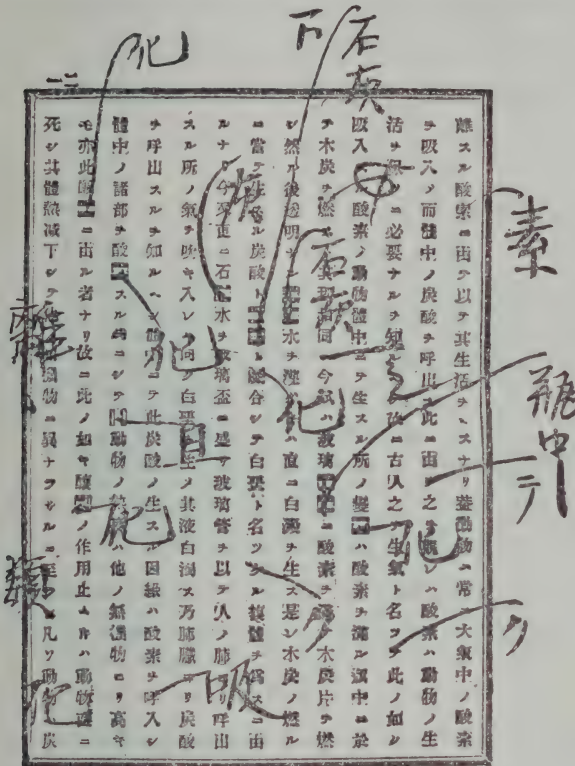


FIG. 518

of printing it would seem that ultimately the Japanese must establish a phonetic system. In this way only can they use the modern type-setting machine. The Chinese character language is a burden to them, and if, at this moment, they could all speak English it would add greatly to their development

along our lines. Those who learn to write English prefer it to their own method. They all say it is much more exact, and the little boys who go to the preparatory school for the University, where they study English, preferably write to one another in English because they can do it more easily. A dear little boy friend of mine always writes to his brother in English, and his brother, who is thirteen years old, is studying



FIG. 519

English and at the same time is studying German in a foreign language school, so that he may enter the Medical School which is conducted in German. He comes to my house every Sunday, and already speaks English very well.

A visit to Mitsui's famous silk store is well worth making, for it is the largest dry-goods store in the city and an immense business is done. To see a big shop without counters or seats is curious. The clerks and salesmen sit in the usual way on



the straw matting, the customers likewise. Entering from the street the customer steps from his sandals on to the raised floor, the sandals being left behind. A cup of tea is immediately served on a tray to every one, whether a purchase is made or not. Figure 519 gives a faint idea of the appearance of this store. To the right is the street and to the left the clerks have access to the huge fireproof buildings from which the goods are brought as wanted. All the attendants

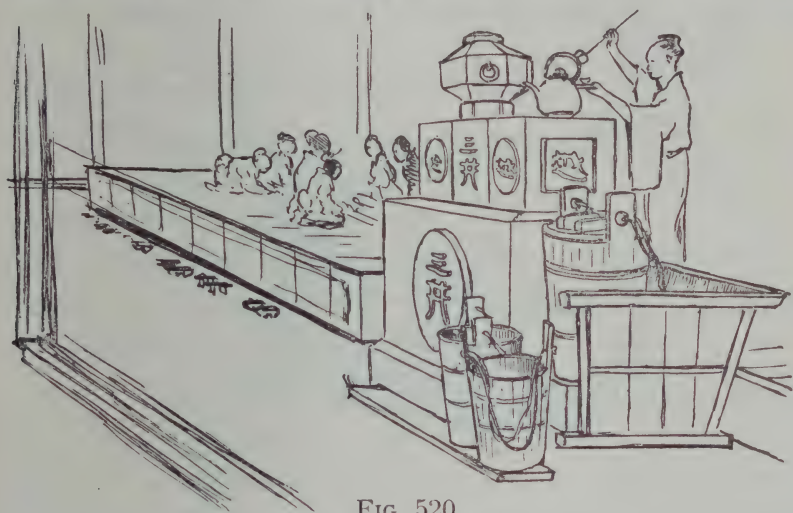


FIG. 520

had their hair dressed in true Japanese style, and running about were little boys, probably cash boys, who at times emitted a curious, prolonged call. The extreme slowness, gravity, and politeness the attendants showed in all their movements contrasted strangely with the crowds and activity in similar places at home. At the farther end of the store was an artistic device of copper. This was the water-boiler, or heater for tea. A man was in constant attendance

making tea and pouring it into cups, and little boys were coming with trays to carry the tea to the customers (fig. 520). Hibachis containing coals of fire were conveniently placed for the smokers, both men and women, though the customers were mostly women. The place was a very interesting sight. All the massive beams above and the woodwork were in natural wood. The brilliant colored silks, brocades, and crape, and the handsomely dressed ladies and children with flowered hairpins, added greatly to the beauty of the scene. In my

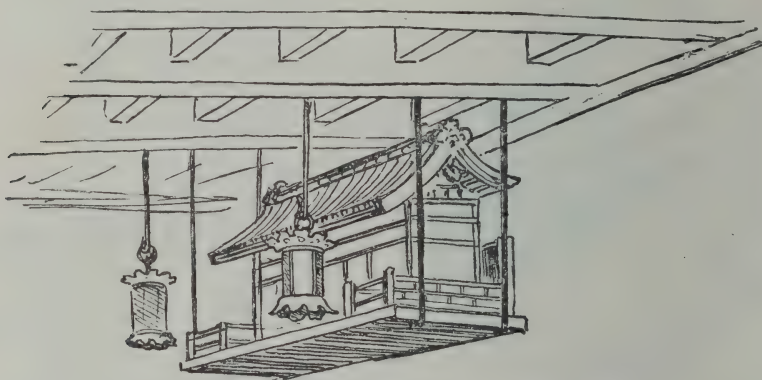


FIG. 521

sketch of the store there should be many more people, but there was no time to make an elaborate drawing. Almost the first object one notices is the unusually large and handsome shrine (fig. 521) hanging from the ceiling, made in the form of a Shinto temple. Every house and every shop has a shrine of some kind exposed in this way before which the inmates pray in the morning. A light, or several lights, are placed in the shrine at night. It was odd to see this sanctuary hanging up in a large store and the proprietors and all

hands praying before it in the morning, whether customers are present or not. I cannot imagine a religious shrine in our large stores with like devotion shown by the proprietors.

Figure 522 represents the latest style of doing up the hair. My daughter noticed the braid, which is entirely new to the Japanese in hair-dressing. It is adopted from the foreigners, particularly from the children with their long braids behind. The face has no resemblance to the pretty woman I had for a subject. I think it is annoying to them to



FIG. 522

have the face sketched; at all events, I never attempt it, but put the features in afterwards.

Many of the firemen of the city are house-builders and carpenters, and after extinguishing a fire they hang up the names of those who have helped in the matter, either fire company or individual firemen; then they claim a present from the owners of the building, or the chance of getting the job of rebuilding. Figure 523 is a sketch of a fire-ruined house showing the labels suspended from bamboo poles.

In the bric-à-brac shops, of which there are a great many, one often notices among the lacquers, inlaid work, basketry, and the like, a pottery jar (fig. 524) enclosed in a faded brocade bag (fig. 525). The jar has an ivory cover, and is often exceedingly plain in form and appearance. You are amazed

at the prices asked for some of these jars until you learn that they are among the oldest of pottery. These are known as

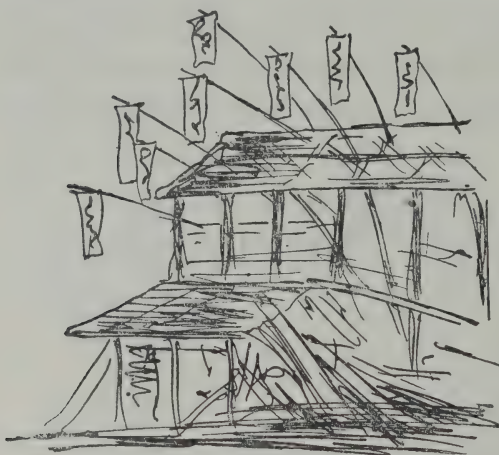


FIG. 523

*chaire*, and are made to hold powdered tea for a certain form of tea-drinking. They are kept in boxes (fig. 526) on the covers of which the names of the object and potter are written. There are many that are comparatively new and low-priced. It requires some time to get

familiar with even the common kinds, but the more one studies them the more attractive they appear.

The Japanese show their artistic ingenuity in tying a great variety of knots to which they

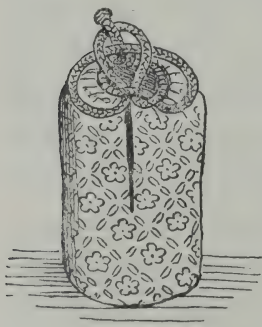


FIG. 525

give separate names. Many of these knots are ornamental. They are used in tying up presents, bags, scrolls,



FIG. 524

dressess, and for other purposes. The little pottery jars for holding powdered tea are kept in brocade bags. I learned to tie the knot which closes the mouth of the bag and always awakened the in-

terest and sympathy of the dealer when, having replaced the



tea-jar in its bag, I carefully tied the proper knot. I greatly enhanced my opportunities among the dealers of pottery by observing these simple courtesies.

The other evening we were invited to dinner by Dr. Benjamin Smith Lyman, who has made a geological survey of Yezo for the Government.

He lives in a Japanese house filled with beautiful screens, bronzes, porcelains, and the like. There were a number of guests present, and we were entertained by Japanese dancing and music, consisting of six *koto*, or harp, players, and a *biwa* player. The *biwa* is almost out of date, and there are but two or three good players left in Japan, the one we had being one of the great players. Figure

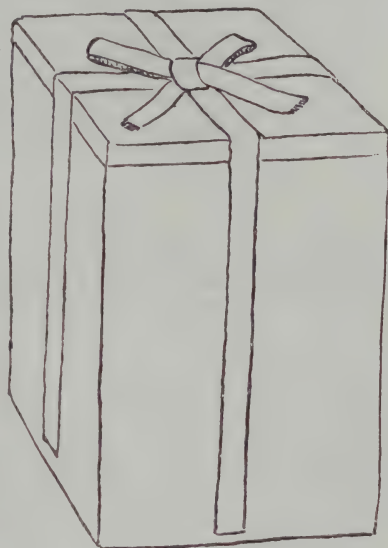


FIG. 526

527 is a sketch of this player who was blind. He strikes the strings with a broad ivory plectrum. The *samisen* players use a device that is similar, but not so wide. The *koto* players, of whom there were six, men and women, three of whom were blind, were arranged as in figure 528. Their music, which is extremely interesting and pleasing, was indescribable, all playing in unison with a peculiar rhythm, but with no break or pause. Figure 529 represents three playing together. There was on the finger a horn device like an enlarged finger nail.

The various musical instruments figured have all been derived from China originally, coming through Korea. The group



FIG. 527

of dancing children we had seen before at a tea-house some months ago, and when we came into another room from dinner they looked surprised and delighted and rushed to us, and we were pleased to see them. Their ages were three, four, five, and six. There were two attendants. Figure 530 gives an idea of them. The samisen player is shown in figure 531.

The boys' dress, with its obi and long sleeves, resembles a girl's dress, and it takes some time to distinguish the sexes, though, of course, the hair instantly betrays the difference. The hakama is a kind of divided skirt with a stiffened appen-



FIG. 528

dage behind like a short inverted unsplit coat tail, from the edges of which a band extends and is tied in front. This

only the samurai class was permitted to wear, but, curiously enough, school-girls could wear this garment if they were the



FIG. 529

daughters of samurai, and when wearing it to school, as they sometimes do, it is indeed hard to distinguish them from boys. It is in every way a graceful and an easy garment to wear. Figure 532 represents a boy fourteen years old wearing the hakama.

The other night I ran and walked nearly three miles to a fire on the outskirts of Tokyo toward the west and arrived there in time to see the last house catch fire and burn up. It was a remarkable and brilliant sight. The fire burned a row of large houses with heavy thatched roofs of straw, and as the wind was blowing a gale great



FIG. 530

masses of the thatched roof floated away in the air, resembling clouds of golden threads, and when the roof finally fell

in the shower of sparks that drifted away was like a storm of golden snow. It was amazing to see how rapidly the houses melted away as soon as the fire got inside. I again witnessed the bravery and heat endurance of the firemen. At a distance of at least three hundred feet from one building the



FIG. 531

heat was so intense that it was impossible to look at the fire except through the openings between my fingers; yet the firemen were within ten feet of the blaze, and only retreated when their clothing was actually in flames, and even this condition they did not seem to notice until streams of water were directed on them. When I

started to the fire, running through the dark streets, I asked a man where the fire was, and my Japanese was promptly understood, for he answered "Sukoshi mate" (Wait a little). I ran along with him until we came to a police station, and there posted up outside was a notice stating the place of the fire and what was burning, and this was certainly not more than ten or fifteen minutes after the alarm. I observed the same notice at other police stations which we passed.



Of course I could not read it, but the details were given to me by the man whom I had encountered. On inquiry about it the next day I heard it was customary to post a message on the bulletin boards at all police stations, and at the earliest possible moment, the position and character of the fire.

One often notices the city workmen repairing the streets, but in this work attending only to the middle third of the street. On inquiry it was learned that the city looks after the middle

third of the road, the abutters on either side taking care of the other thirds. In a similar way we are compelled to clear our sidewalk. It is amazing to see how honestly this work is performed by all, in contrast to the way our people often neglect clearing the snow.

This morning (April 8) at five o'clock the fire-alarm bell rang, and as there was a gale blowing I dressed immediately and ran a distance of two miles, arriving too late to witness the struggle of the firemen. There were, however, interesting things to see. The extent of the conflagration showed how rapidly it had spread, and the wooden buildings partly



FIG. 532

burned indicated that the work of the firemen was not so trivial as foreigners supposed it to be; at least to check the fire in a high gale must have required great effort and skill.



FIG. 533

The fact is that their houses are so frail that as soon as a fire starts it spreads with the greatest rapidity, and the main work of the firemen, aided by citizens, is in denuding a house of everything that can be stripped from it: partition-screens, floor mats, and the ceiling, which is of thin cedar board. It

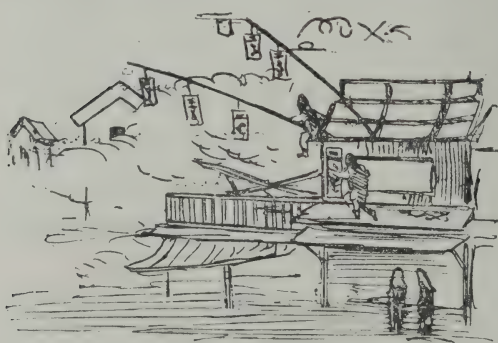


FIG. 534

seems ridiculous to see them shoveling off the thick roofing tiles, the only fireproof covering the house has; but this is to enable them to tear off the roofing boards, and one observes that the fire then does not spring from

rafter to rafter. The more one studies the subject the more one realizes that the first impressions of the fireman's work are wrong, and a respect for his skill rapidly increases. I

saw for the first time a new type of fire engine belonging to the police department mounted on a two-wheeled cart with hose attached and coiled on the engine. It draws water and plays a good stream. The engine is taken from the cart and manned by six or seven men. It is a recent adaptation from a foreign model. Figure 533 represents one going to a fire,



FIG. 535

and as the firemen run along the streets they howl like cats. Figure 534 represents firemen hanging out the names of engine companies who saved the building as it stands.

Shortly after this fire another one occurred and as the wind was blowing with violence I ran to it. I made another attempt at a sketch, but with such a moving crowd of people jostling each other and me, and with other interruptions, a poor drawing was made (fig. 535). The quiet way in which the sufferers of these calamities take their misfortunes is interesting; not a face that is not amiable and smiling. It is curious to see women cry at the theatres and yet be so stoical

at the complete destruction of their dwellings in a conflagration. With their belongings they erect a sort of wall made out of partition-screens, a bureau, and mats standing up, and behind these the family are gathered; fire is in the hibachi and water is being warmed for tea, and a little bonfire enables them to broil a fish or to make a little soup, and in the open air, which is not cold except in winter, they seem just as happy as ever.



## CHAPTER XVI

### TO NAGASAKI AND KAGOSHIMA

FOR some time I have been getting dredges, jars, and other things together for a trip south. The University allows me to go earlier than the summer vacation and will pay all expenses of the expedition. We are to dredge in Kagoshima Gulf, Nagasaki, and Kobe, and as the fauna is semi-tropical much new material will be obtained for the University Museum. We left Yokohama for Kobe on May 9, 1879. The discomforts of the voyage in a rough sea and a head wind may be left unchronicled. We were in sight of land during the whole trip, though I saw little of it. Leaving on Wednesday night we reached Kobe at three o'clock Friday afternoon. As soon as the steps were lowered, I landed in a little boat and rushed to a hotel for something to eat, and after that I took a stroll about the town. The town is backed by high hills; the streets are rather narrow, and the shops differ in no respect from those of Tokyo. The women seemed to dress their hair a little differently from those farther north, but I could carry away no idea of its arrangement and I was too tired to attempt a sketch. The children are certainly much prettier than the Tokyo children; a more refined cut of features, a clearer olive complexion. They all bang their hair in the most pronounced style, and this is an old Japanese custom and not adopted from the foreigner. The jinrikishas were a little more clumsy-looking than those in Tokyo, and the

men seemed stouter and better-looking. The lantern is hung at the base of the shaft and not carried in the hand as in the north. A few beggars were seen, but they are not insistent; a mild type, so to speak. The drays in the streets have two

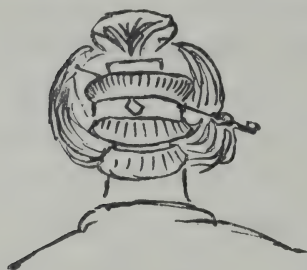


FIG. 536

solid wheels and are dragged by long ropes, one or two men balancing the load behind. I did not hear a man grunt or sing in pulling the loads, as they do so energetically in Yokohama. The ox-teams are odd-looking affairs; one wheel in front and two wheels behind, and the ox has a saddle to

which the shafts are attached. It seems strange in a distance of three hundred miles to see so many differences in habits and customs.

I managed to run behind a jinrikisha and get the style of hair of a grown woman; the bows are much smaller than in Tokyo and are flattened against the head (fig. 536). The dressing of the children's hair is markedly different from the style in Tokyo. Figure 537 shows the style for little girls eight to ten years old. These were hastily sketched on the street, a difficult matter as you walk along, because they watch you so persistently that you get no chance, and if they find that they are the subject of the sketch, instead of some object down the street, they hastily run away.

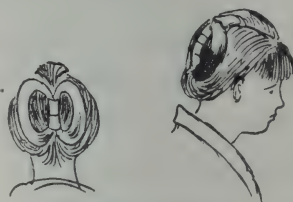


FIG. 537

At Kobe the hotel stands near the water, and from my

window I managed to get a sketch of a Japanese junk unloading (fig. 538). These vessels will rapidly disappear, as the Japanese are now building after foreign models. A fifteen-minute walk from the hotel brought me to a glen remarkable for its beautiful cascades, reminding one of certain spots in the White Mountains. It was impossible to sketch the



FIG. 538

scenery, but what impressed me was the exquisite rustic bridges, the charming little tea-houses perched upon the edges of precipitous points, and the gayly dressed girls inviting you to a cup of tea.

My party consisted of my assistant, Mr. Tanada, the servant also, and Professor Yatabe's servant, Tomi, who is very skillful in collecting plants and neatly pressing them. My servant is as good in collecting shells, and Mr. Tanada looks after everything and acts as interpreter and translator besides being a good collector. On our way back from the falls

we collected a number of shells, among them a species of *Pupa*, the first I have seen in Japan, which reminds me of a Philippine species. As we entered Kobe again by an obscure street, the poorest quarter, we passed a row of houses, and by looking through the gloom of these dark hovels I could see the little sunlit gardens beyond, indicating that even among the poorest classes a taste for such things is universal.



FIG. 539

In the afternoon we went aboard the steamer bound for Nagasaki. From the deck I made a hasty sketch of Kobe (fig. 539) with the hills back of the town. These hills are said to be not over nine hundred feet high, but the captain of the steamer thought they were much higher. The sail was very beautiful, but we were to pass through the Inland Sea at night, and this is considered one of the most beautiful sails in the world. In the night I went on deck at a time when the steamer was passing by a great number of Japanese fishing boats. The fishermen blew their shell horns as the fishermen at home blow their tin horns; having no lights they burned shavings of wood which made fitful glares here and there over



the water. The darkness was impenetrable, and the blasts of the horns and the flashes of light kept up till the steamer was abreast of the boats, when one after the other the lights went out and the noise ceased. So in front was this curious racket of many horns with lights flaring here and there, while astern not a sound was heard, nor a light seen. It was as if the steamer had engulfed them all. The approach of our steamer must have been alarming to the fishermen, with the dash of the paddle wheels heard afar off and the danger of collision approaching nearer and nearer. As it dashed by with whistle blowing, with the splash of the wheels, with the steam, the smoke, the lights, and the tremendous waves marching in echelon from the bow, and the thoughts of the dire results of a collision with such a monster, — the very passing of it was an alarming experience.

The next morning it rained hard and everything was obscured. At two o'clock in the afternoon we passed through the Straits of Shimonoseki, and the thought of the great wrong inflicted on these people by the four great nations in the bombardment of the forts and town and the subsequent robbery of \$3,000,000 exacted as an indemnity made me ashamed of the so-called civilized races.<sup>1</sup> Figure 540 is a hasty sketch of the town of Shimonoseki. It rained so hard and was so thick during our short stop in the Straits that I could get only hasty outlines looking toward the Inland Sea (fig. 541).

At seven o'clock in the evening we started again and

<sup>1</sup> Years after, the United States alone returned its portion of the indemnity, as an act of justice which the Japanese fully appreciated.

passed out of the Straits and into the ocean once more. Densely foggy and with some sea on, we were to sail all night along a coast studded with rocks and islands. Among the



FIG. 540

passengers was a Catholic bishop with whom I had an interesting talk. He was a Franciscan priest when he came from Paris nineteen years ago; since then he has been made a bishop and had attended the great encyclical council at Rome. He had a fine-looking head and great, sympathetic eyes. I asked him how many Catholic converts there were in Japan after his nineteen years' work with so many other priests laboring in the same field, and he thought there might be 20,000. Reducing this number a few thousand on account



FIG. 541

of his enthusiasm, I tried to compute how long it would take to convert the 33,000,000, and on the whole how much better the efforts of conversion would be among the sinners of his

own people in whose language he could appeal, and to those who may have remembered a mother's prayer. Moreover, in this way the manners and behavior of foreigners who came in contact with the Japanese might leave a more favorable impression in the treaty ports. The bishop was a trained scholar; he was fluent in English, French, and Japanese, and of course Latin was like a mother's tongue to him. I asked him the amount he received, and he said twenty dollars a month. The priests are paid ten dollars a month. They get contributions from France for their schools and Sisters of Charity, and are very saving, even walking instead of riding. It is true they are unmarried and have only themselves to support. The Protestant missionaries get a thousand dollars a year, and if married fifty dollars extra for every child born to them. I told the bishop I was in irreconcilable antagonism to his church, but he nevertheless smoked with me and did not break into tears out of simple kindness of heart at my awful doom when he bade me good-bye. But what a wonder and a force is this great Church, and how united and powerful it is when a Catholic can find his Church with identical service and belief in every part of the world! How much more effective the Protestant churches would be if all the various branches could unite in a few simple acts of devotion, dropping all the petty dogmas that now separate them!

Up early the next morning to see our approach to Nagasaki. How strange were the headlands and the little islands off the coast rising out of the water in grotesque shapes. The shores are all mountainous, and most of the hills and mountains are terraced to their very summits. Crops of corn, wheat, and

rice in horizontal patches are seen in every direction. The novelty and beauty of it all are indescribable. Figure 542



FIG. 542

is of one of the odd projections sixteen miles from Nagasaki; it is one hundred and fifty feet high. A narrow opening is seen through the centre and the fissure springing from it extends to the top. That shown in

figure 543 is farther off, but is marked on the chart as two hundred and fifty feet high.

For the first time I saw the flying fish. The first two were flying near together, and I mistook them for birds trying to fly out of the water, as ducks appear when they first rise.

I could hear their fins strike the water, or possibly it was the caudal fin which was rapidly swinging back and forth and appeared like a peculiar



FIG. 543

tail feather. I did not realize that they were flying fish until they disappeared. The actual flight of the animal was unquestionable. Eagerly I watched for the next one, and fortunately it arose directly under the bow and flew a distance of at least five hundred feet, first in a straight line, then just before dropping into the water curving gracefully. It flew very rapidly at precisely the same height above the water, about a foot and a half, and with the most exquisite grace. The steadiness of the flight reminded me of that of a dragonfly. I had no idea from the descriptions that it was such a beautiful sight.

We anchored in the harbor of Nagasaki at eight in the



morning, and I hastened ashore to make an official call on the Governor and to explain the object of our mission, which was to dredge in the harbor and surrounding waters and to collect material for the museum of the Imperial University. To facilitate our work it was necessary to secure a good room for a laboratory. In less than an hour a large room was found for us in the custom house.<sup>1</sup> We got our dredges, ropes, cans, bottles, and other material unpacked and I found time to visit a local exhibition.

*May 13.* We did some great dredging. Our boat's crew consisted of two men and a woman who sculled as vigorously as the men. Hereabouts the women work at all the things the men do — lugging coal, loading vessels, and rowing boats. It was difficult to concentrate on the work at hand, as my eyes continually turned away from the dredging to the magnificent views — the long bay hemmed in by high hills, green with foliage from the water to the summits, and the little houses, temples, shrines, hidden in the trees, with flights of stone steps leading up to them. I was pulling up with my dredge tropical shells, echinoderms, crustaceans, and forms unfamiliar to me, yet it was hard to turn away from the contemplation of such beautiful vistas to bury my head in the mud of the dredge.

In the afternoon we went down the harbor shore collecting at low tide, turning over large stones and getting many interesting species of shells. We had a boat's crew of three men, who joined in our efforts as if they had always been collectors.

<sup>1</sup> I mention this incident to show the prompt and businesslike way of the Japanese official, for everywhere I have had the same experience.

No one who is not a collector can realize the delight of picking up rare tropical shells of species entirely new to him. We worked till dark and came back with a strong wind astern. To-morrow we are to have a larger boat with four men to scull and are to go down the harbor several miles.

Let me record here briefly that Nagasaki has narrow streets, most of them paved with long rectangular stones over which jinrikisha wheels roll very smoothly. The oxen have long strings of bells hanging down on their flanks, and as they walk along the sound reminds one of the jingling sleighbells of New England; ten times louder, however. The people of Nagasaki by their long association with foreigners are not so polite as are the inhabitants farther north. They are not rude, but there is no "thank you," and but little bowing, and when I thank them in a shop for showing me anything they look astonished as if they had never been treated civilly by a foreigner. The little experience I have had here shows me that the foreigners are sharp and severe with their Japanese servants, speaking sternly to them and scolding them for the slightest fault. The



FIG. 544

jinrikishas are of a new type, the covering resembling an old-fashioned sunbonnet. The boys call after you "Horanda san!" "Horanda san!" It means "Hollander Mr."

The children's heads are shaved in a peculiar style, as may be seen in figure 544. They have the appearance of being influenced by the Chinese.

Figure 545 shows a farmer going to his work carrying a plough on his shoulder. It is dragged by a

single bull. The point is tipped with iron and the plough is typical of the region, for there are many types of ploughs in different parts of the country.

Figure 546 illustrates a stone wall peculiar to Nagasaki. It is made of round worn stones brought up from the beach and laid in white mortar, smoothed carefully, and a coping of roofing tiles completes it. The smooth stones make a wall difficult to climb. The kinds of walls and fences in Japan are innumerable and one could make an interesting study of fences alone.

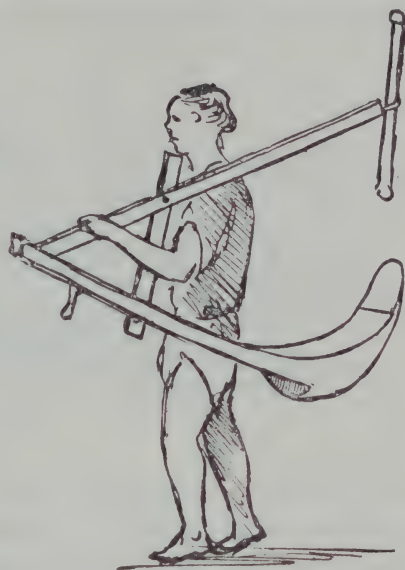


FIG. 545

May 17 we walked across the peninsula to Mogi, a distance of seven miles, taking the dredge, ropes, seines, etc., on a

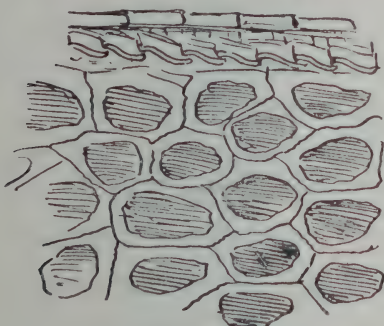


FIG. 546

horse's back. The road was paved the entire distance with rocks and stones, smooth enough in some places and in other places very rough. We first climbed a very steep hill. Most of the narrow path was of rough stone steps, and it was interesting to see how the horse walked up these steps, and we met bulls coming

down. We overtook a bull with his cumbersome pack, a man as usual leading the creature. The path was narrow and muddy and the bull with his burden filled the entire path.



FIG. 547

At one place the bushes on the side were not so thick, and I managed to get ahead by jumping rapidly and darting along the gutter, but the suddenness of my approach and my big white sun hat frightened the bull, and the creature began to dance and kick, and the driver was scared out of his wits; he jumped as if the mountain was falling on him. It was amusing



FIG. 548

to hear his amazed utterances and protestations long after we had passed him.

Most interesting features are the terraces held up by huge stone walls and marking the landscape everywhere. These walls sustain level patches of land for cultivation, the irrigation coming from a mountain stream and the water running from terrace to terrace. The sides of these otherwise barren hills resembled a garden, a city park in fact.



We at last reached the village of Mogi and found our way to the principal inn. Figure 547 is a sketch of a few houses opposite the inn close to the water's edge. The tide being out we rushed to the shore to collect.

Figure 548 shows a stone-arched bridge on the road to Mogi. In the village the road is bordered by a high stone wall, and as I followed along this wall to find



FIG. 549

an open space to the shore, I passed through a school yard where the boys were out at recess and were all flying kites from the wall. They all looked at me intently, and when I got by they began shouting in unison, "Horanda san," "Horanda san." The village of Mogi is hemmed in by high hills as shown in figure 549. The bluffs along the shore beyond Mogi are so curiously shaped that one wonders if these

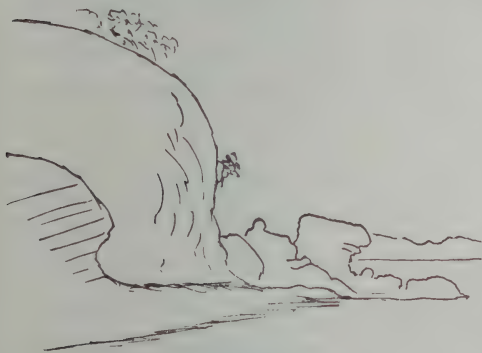


FIG. 550

strange features are due to volcanic agencies. Certainly denudation has left mountain outlines of the most extraordinary shapes (fig. 550).

As in Catholic countries one sees symbols of the Church along the road, so in Japan one sees Buddhistic symbols and shrines everywhere. Along the shore at Mogi were stone

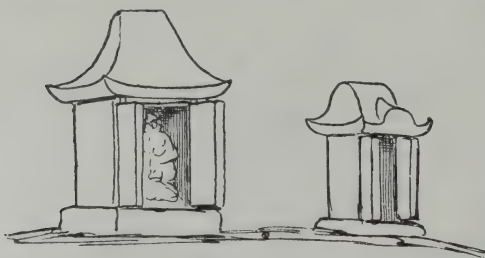


FIG. 551

shrines, the doors being of stone, and before these the fishermen pray. Figure 551 represents two of these, the tallest being three feet high.

On a bridge crossing a creek in the village a number of boys were flying kites, in some cases from the ends of long bamboo poles. By such means a breeze could be reached, and an easier hold on the kite was secured (fig. 552). The bridge looked very unsafe, as there were no side rails.

We returned to Nagasaki, and after packing up the results of our day's collecting, we flung ourselves on the mats, tired out. The steamer was to sail for Higo and Satsuma Sunday



FIG. 552

night, so all day we were ashore collecting and packing up dredges and other material. The mail did not get in from Yokohama when expected and we had to go without it. We left the shore at midnight in a small boat to board the steamer which lay out in the harbor. It rained torrents and it was darkness impenetrable, and it seemed impossible that our little Japanese boatman could find his way. As soon as we

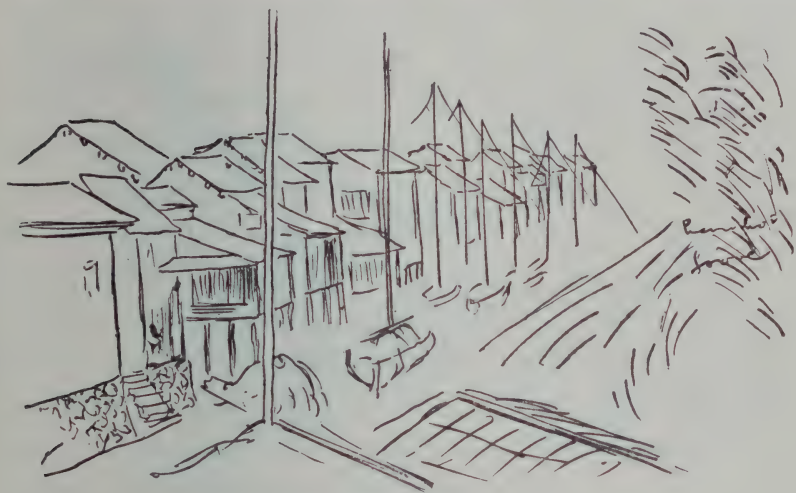


FIG. 553

boarded the steamer we got to our berths completely exhausted. The next day it rained. We were off the shores of Higo at noon and anchored at a distance of five miles from the shore, as the water was so shallow. As the vessel was to stay all the next day to take on a cargo of rice, we all landed in a heavy rain and collected along the rocks lining the shore, getting drenched to the skin. We had to walk six miles along a narrow river in a narrow and very muddy path to the village of Takahashi, where we were to spend the night. The river

boatmen stared at me as I passed, and even discovered us long before they reached us. They continued to look till we were out of sight, though they were all very civil and polite.

Figure 553 is a rough sketch of Takahashi from our inn. The houses border the river and there is a grove of bamboo on the opposite bank. Figure 554 shows a street in Takahashi,



FIG. 554

narrow and muddy. We took a boat down the river to the sea, and as the tide was up collected from the piles of shells near the fishermen's huts, getting many fine specimens in perfect condition. Imagine my amazement upon finding on one of the refuse piles a large number of the shells of the large green *Lingula anatina*! The animal had been used for food, and I ran around like a maniac to find somebody who could tell me where they were dug. I soon learned that they were dug at low tide and were a common article of food. Here was the



creature that alone had brought me first to Japan, and for the moment I felt like abandoning everything to devote my whole attention to this ancient worm. However, that would not do, but I shall come back to this place after the Satsuma work is over.

When we left the Higo coast a fisherman came alongside, and in the boat, among other crabs and shrimps, I got a hundred specimens of a curious crab with the two posterior pairs of legs apparently out of place and turning upward from the thoracic region. At last I found one covered by a circular bivalve shell (*Docinia*), the function of the two little claws being to hold it on the back (fig. 555). The back of the crab has a grotesque resemblance to a human face, and there is a legend connected with this, which the fisherman endeavored to tell me.<sup>1</sup>



FIG. 555

As has been mentioned, the foreign traveler in Japan never fails to notice the innumerable ways in which the bamboo is utilized, not only in the most delicate devices, such as the sticks of a fan, but in water conductors for a house. Figure 556 shows a dipper made entirely of bamboo and composed of three pieces, the water-holder, the handle, and the pin, solid, durable, and light, and probably costing a cent.

<sup>1</sup> This crab is known as *Heike gani*, and in the valuable work of Joly entitled *Legends in Japanese Art*, it is recorded that Heike gani are tiny crabs to which attaches a curious legend verging on superstition: they are popularly credited with being the ghostly remains of the Heike warriors killed at the battle of Dan-no-ura by the Minamoto (Genji) in 1185. For additional details see the above work, p. 115.

The steamer was all day getting the cargo of rice aboard, which came out in lighters in the peculiar bags of matting so characteristic of Japan. This delay gave me an opportunity to sketch the distant mountains. The entire coast of Higo is extremely mountainous, as will be seen by a few sketches here given. It is volcanic and is considered very dangerous

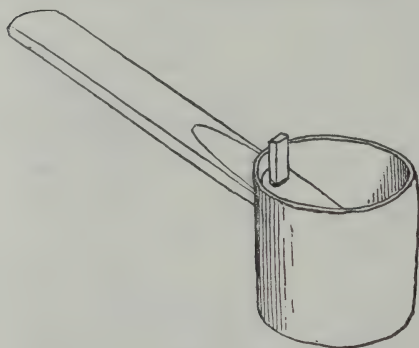


FIG. 556

ous to navigation, as hidden rocks and sharp peaks are met with. The mountains are not over four thousand or five thousand feet high, those near the coastline being perhaps fifteen hundred to two thousand feet. I managed to draw a fairly accurate outline of the

mountains as seen from the steamer.

As we sailed along the coast there was a grand panorama of mountain scenery. As we got farther south many mountains seemed to rise directly from the water's edge, nearly all of them volcanic, many of them having smoking craters or steaming sulphur springs. In figure 557 an idea of the mountain ranges is given. As we reached the coast of Satsuma the mountain scenery still continued, but the mountains seemed more precipitous and the rocks near the shore more jagged than those farther north. Figure 558 gives an idea of the character of these mountains and crags along the Satsuma coast. Figure 559 shows the appearance of Nomagasaki as we approached it going south — a remarkable series of craggy peaks.

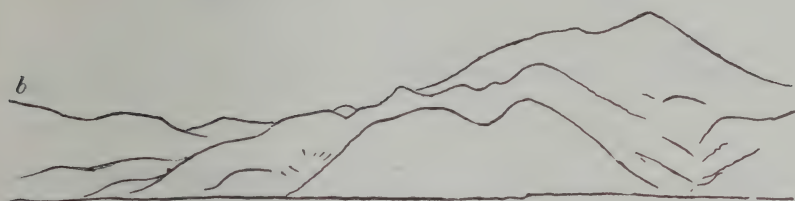


FIG. 557<sup>1</sup>



FIG. 558

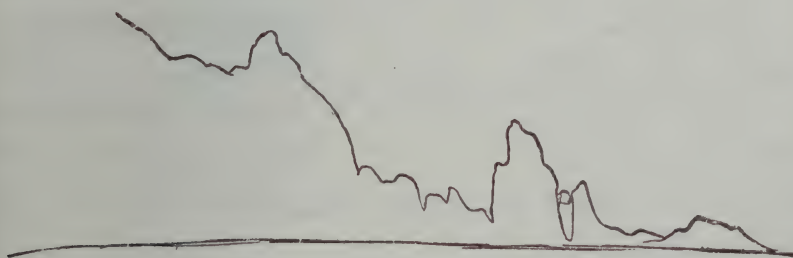


FIG. 559

<sup>1</sup> Figure 557 (a, b, c) represents a continuous range of hills.

This promontory we rounded as we approached the entrance of Kagoshima Bay. Figure 560 represents an isolated peak rising from the water at the southern end of Satsuma.



FIG. 560

While our steamer was taking in its cargo of rice yesterday a Japanese junk was lying alongside and I had a good opportunity to sketch her. The curious stern with a deep recess, in which the huge rudder plays, the square rail behind,

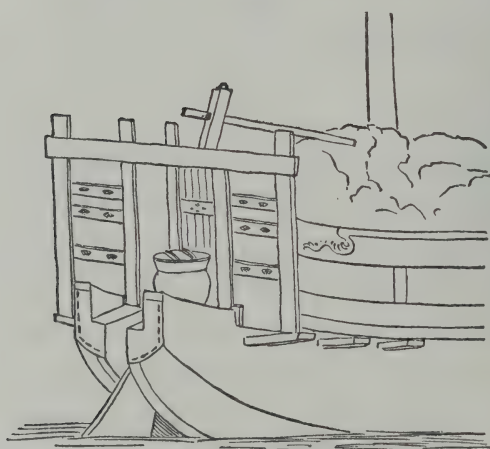


FIG. 561

and other details make the vessel unique in its way. Figure 561 is a stern view of the vessel, and figure 562 is a view looking at the stern from inside, showing how the place is utilized; the tiller has been removed. Among the details is a little charcoal stove or hi-bachi for cooking, and

a little cupboard with sliding doors which represents the cook's galley.

Some of the junks are ornamented with delicate carving. Figure 563 shows the design on the bow, cut into the wood,



the lines wide and deeply cut and colored green, but beyond this there is not a touch of paint or stain on the whole vessel.

The woodwork is of immaculate cleanliness and one always sees some of the crew scrubbing. Many of the passenger junks are prettily ornamented with a variety of diaper in geometric patterns. Some of the old junks appear quite grand after



FIG. 562

you get used to their odd appearance. They are said to be very unseaworthy and having no keel they cannot keep up

to the wind; as a consequence these vessels sail near the shore and rush to cover on the approach of a storm.

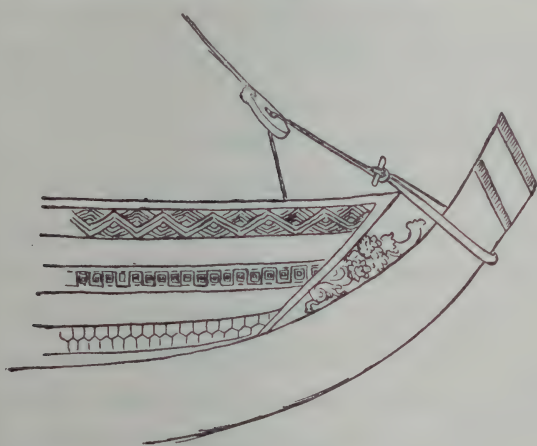


FIG. 563

The Satsuma fishing boats, which are said to sail very fast, are odd-looking craft with their sails of varying

height from bow to stern. Figure 564 is the roughest suggestion of their appearance. The sides of the vessel are

lumbered with oars, nets, poles, etc., and as they sailed rapidly past us I could get only the hastiest idea of them. There are three masts, the middle one being held up by the other two in some mysterious way. The primitive and even flimsy way in which the sails are rigged is remarkable, and yet they never seem to come down unless they are pulled down.

At dark I went to bed, but lay awake to see our entrance into the Bay of Kagoshima, lat.  $31^{\circ}$ . At midnight, I was on



FIG. 564

deck again, but a far more interesting sight than the entrance to the Bay was the phosphorescence of the sea. It was startling in its brilliancy, and what was very remarkable, the dim and ghostly outline of every fish, big and little, was clearly de-

fined by the phosphorescent material they stirred up. I hung over the bow to see better this wonderful exhibition. A shark, like a ghost, went beneath the vessel, a skeleton fish with a spectre-lit path, every turn and dodge dimly outlined. Some fish darted away from the vessel's side like a rocket, leaving a straight shaft of light; other fish would get confused and return. So clearly were the fish depicted and illuminated that an ichthyologist would have been able to identify every one. At a distance I noticed a sharp line of light in the water which I supposed was the shore, but the shore-line was far beyond. As we neared the line I saw that it was a dense mass of the phosphorescent material bordering some current in the sea and consisting of the embryos of marine worms, jelly fish, and

the like. As the boat surged through it the effect was indescribably beautiful. It illuminated our faces as we looked over the side of the vessel. The light was literally dazzling, and yet the color was a light sea green. It reminded one of the brilliancy of a Geissler's tube, and after we passed it, as the successive waves of the steamer's track reached it, brilliant flashes of light came out from the dark waters. This is the first time I have seen the tropical phosphorescence, and it seems impossible that it has ever been described with exaggeration.



FIG. 565

It was soon daylight and the scenery was so beautiful that it was impossible to go down to our hot, close cabins. We landed in a small boat from the steamer at six o'clock. The scenery about Kagoshima is magnificent. Directly in front of the town, and not far away, there rises from the waters of the Bay a grand mountain with its peak shrouded in mist. This is the famous Sakurajima, or Cherry-tree Island (fig. 565). Figure 566 is an outline of Sakurajima yama, opposite Kagoshima, sketched from Tarumizu on the west coast of the Bay, eight miles south of Kagoshima. Looking across the Bay to the west a very high volcanic peak, known as

Kaimondake, having the symmetry of Fujiyama, forms an imposing feature in the landscape. The slope as represented is no doubt too steep, but that is the way it appeared to me (fig. 567). Back of the city low hills arise.

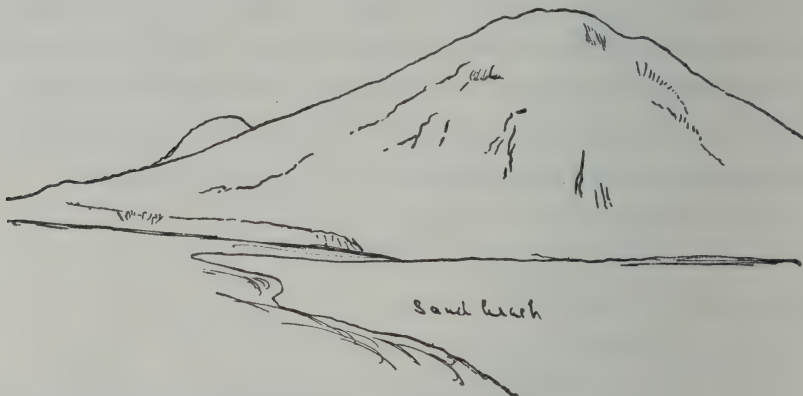


FIG. 566

In the midst of these charming surroundings it was exasperating that our itinerary allowed us but this one day, as the steamer returned to Nagasaki early the next morning. The city itself, newly built, is bounded along the water by



FIG. 567

an immense stone wall. The houses are poor and very cheap. The entire city was reduced to ashes in the Satsuma rebellion two years ago, and the people are poor, the streets muddy and treeless, and many of the houses were still temporary



shelters. It was bombarded by the English ten or twelve years ago to avenge the killing of a bumptious Englishman, who, despite the warning of his friends, insisted upon intruding himself upon a procession of the Daimyo of Satsuma on its way to the Capital. That foreigners were naturally disliked could be plainly seen by the hostile looks of the men; that foreigners were great strangers I could see by the way in which the women and children stared at me. In fact, I felt uncomfortable during my stay there, as I was the only foreigner within two hundred miles of the place. This proud town was also suffering from an epidemic of Asiatic cholera, but we did not learn it till some hours after. We were directed to a wretched tea-house where the food was so poor that I could eat only the rice. How I longed for a cup of coffee!

After this depressing meal I took my assistant and went collecting along the shores and sea wall of the town, sending the two boys into the hills back of the town for land snails. It was hot and sultry, and in our collecting we came across piles of garbage and refuse of the town, a most unusual sight. We got many fine specimens of a peculiar bivalve and also some carrion-eating snails. We got a great many *Auricula*, *Melampus*, and one *Truncatella* in the refuse piles. The stench was dreadful, and I wondered at it, as Japanese towns are generally so clean. On our way back we went to the telegraph office, and there saw posted up in Japanese a warning notice which read, "Cholera is now prevalent; be careful"! I must confess I felt uncomfortable the whole day knowing how I had exposed myself overhauling garbage heaps on a nearly empty stomach, compelled to live on Japanese food of the

poorest quality, and so thirsty all the time that I had to drink water once in a while.

I called on the Governor of the Ken and told him the object of my visit, and he detailed a very pleasant Japanese officer as an assistant for me during our brief stay. He also

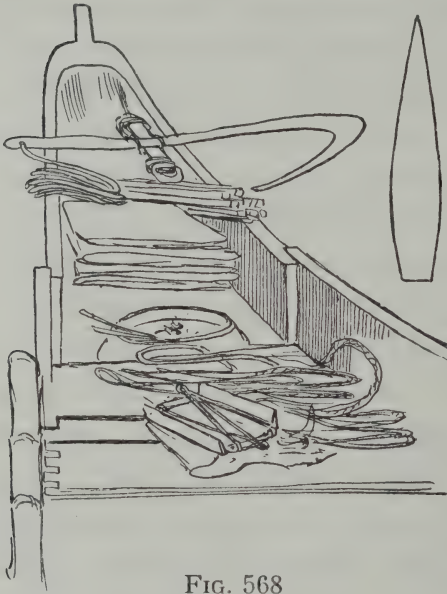


FIG. 568

found us a clean, pleasant place to spend the night. At noon he had a boat engaged, with a crew of four naked men, who not only sculled vigorously, but took an interest in the dredging and helped pick over the dredging material. The Satsuma boat is the most efficient boat of its kind, — one of the fastest I have yet seen, and as clean as a kitchen floor when that is clean

and dry. The forward end is wrought out of a single block of wood, as shown in figure 568; a plan of the boat is shown to the right in outline. We dredged till dark and got many good things.

The next morning we were to go down the Bay ten or twelve miles to dredge and collect along the shore. The officer selected by the Governor to accompany us described to me a deposit of shells high up on the land which the people were burning for lime, and from his description I decided it

must be an ancient shell heap. We were up at four o'clock, and after getting things together we started down the Bay. A long row — for there was no wind — brought us to a very picturesque place, Mototarumizu, on the eastern side of the Bay. The government officer landed with me, while Mr. Tanada and the servant started off dredging. Foreigners never come here, and the inhabitants turned out *en masse* to see me as I passed through the little fishing villages bordering the shore. I recall a delicious drink of water from a mountain stream. We walked nearly three miles round the shores of the Bay to the supposed shell heap. It was indeed a shell heap, but not an artificial one, for it was a huge deposit of beach-worn shells. An upheaval of the coast within comparatively recent times had placed them at a considerable elevation above the water-level. Darwin, in his "Voyage of a Naturalist," describes similar upraised beaches at Coquimbo, in Chile. It was a further indication of the volcanic character of the country as shown by the mountain contours. The walk had been of the greatest interest, for all the old-time customs prevailed; children stopped their play and bowed to me politely; men and women suspended their work to bow as I passed; and these bows were as politely returned, for practice had made me an adept in the Japanese form. We met men on horseback with saddles and stirrups in the Japanese style; everything purely Japanese. In passing a back yard I noticed the typical well-sweep of New England (fig. 569).<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Though the sketch has been reproduced in *Japanese Homes*, I cannot refrain from again presenting it.

A rude sort of stable is shown in figure 570. In Japan the horse, instead of going into the stall head first, is always backed in.

On our return to the landing-place we stopped at a gentleman's house to examine some old pottery. The officer had

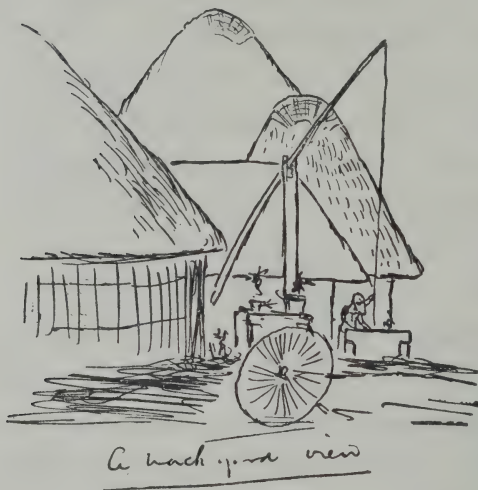


FIG. 569

told the people that I was greatly interested in old pottery, and so I had a chance to see many curious objects. Figure 571 represents an old Korean cup, six inches in diameter, the design inside so odd that I sketched it. I have never seen the peculiar rake or bench in Japan. I was given for the University Museum

a curious oviform jar, fourteen inches high, with a fillet of clay around the biggest diameter; it was of coarse, red clay, thick and heavy, and unlike any of the pottery found farther north.

After a charming time over the old Korean and Japanese pottery we started off again along the shore, as the tide was out, and I had the delight of seeing alive for the first time a number of tropical species of shells, *Cypræa*, *Conus*, *Murex*, and an exquisite little *Bulla*. During the day the breeze died out, and we were delayed for hours. The Governor had in-



vited me to dinner at six o'clock, but it was nine o'clock before we got back to the landing-place, and had it not been for a spanking breeze which came up it might have been midnight. I jumped from the boat and ran to the inn for dry stockings and a clean shirt, and hurried to the Governor's house with the officer who had accompanied us, and



FIG. 570

my assistant. We were shown into a beautiful room, large and spacious. I was in my stocking feet, of course. As I walked into the room the Governor came forward and greeted

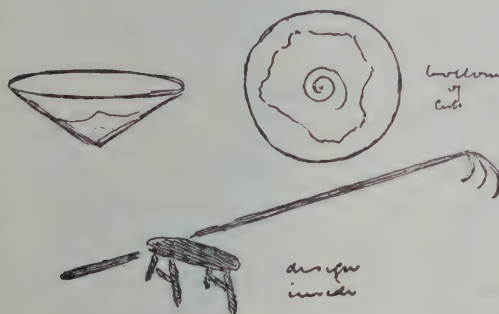


FIG. 571

me cordially, and I did not detect the slightest impatience in his manner at my lateness, though it was nearly ten o'clock. He had a wonderful collection of chrysanthemums in his garden, and these were

illuminated by hundreds of lanterns. He then showed me a number of old Satsuma and other pieces and expressed his amazement several times that a foreigner, whose inter-

ests were supposed to be in other directions, had learned to distinguish so quickly the Chinese, Korean, and Japanese pottery. At ten o'clock we were invited upstairs to dinner.



FIG. 572

There were six in all, and the dinner was in foreign style in compliment to me, though, as I had got used to Japanese food, I should have enjoyed it more if it had been Japanese; as it was, I showed my appreciation by eating heartily. The only mouthful I had had since four o'clock in the morning was two sweet potatoes with a little coarse and dirty salt.

One of the gentlemen was full of fun, and before we were half through dinner began to play some odd tricks with his hands. I managed to do all of the things that he did except bend my fingers back to my arms. I then showed them the trick of making the hands go round in opposite directions, and finally the right hand going faster than the left hand. It was laughable to see the desperate attempts they all made to accomplish the trick, and not one was able to do it.

I then asked permission to borrow a sword for a moment. This was brought to me wrapped in silk.

Knowing the dignity and ceremony involved in unsheathing the sword I apologized, turned slightly away, and drew the sword with the cutting edge toward me. The trick consisted in grasping the handle with one hand and the scabbard near

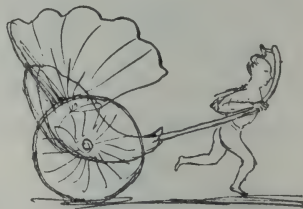


FIG. 573

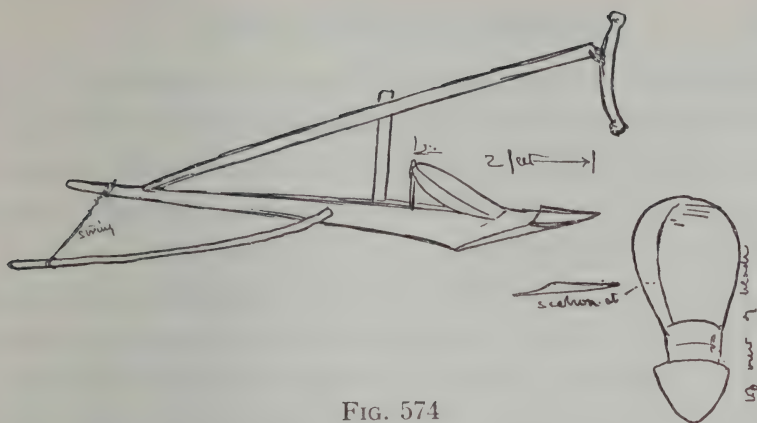


FIG. 574

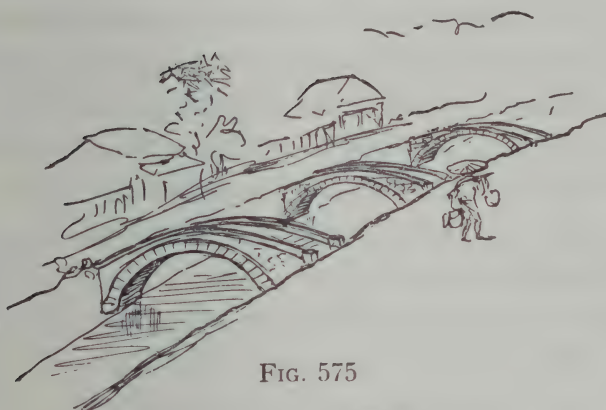


FIG. 575

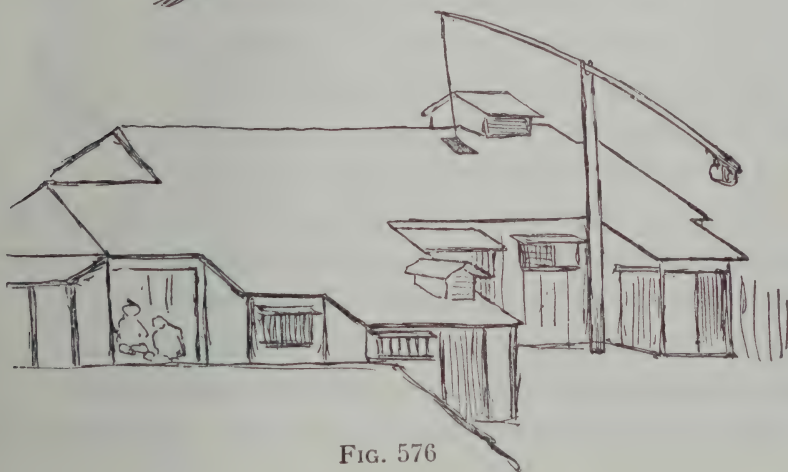


FIG. 576

the handle with the other, the backs of the hands down, and then withdrawing the blade, turning both hands completely over, and sheathing the sword to the hilt. Not one could get

the sword parallel to the sheath; it was generally at right angles.



FIG. 577

I showed them a number of tricks on the floor that I had learned as a boy in a country academy, and what with the saké and the games we had a delightful time. The Governor gave me the Satsuma bottle he drank from. It was made especially for him many years before, but he said it did not hold enough. Figure 572 is a sketch of it with the deep, box-like tray that accompanies it. It will be observed that the deep wooden tray has openings on opposite sides through which to draw the cloth in cleaning it.

At two o'clock in the morning we had to say good-bye and all expressed the pleasure they had enjoyed. We hurried to the tea-house in the dark, packed up the results of our day's collecting, and started for the steamer just as day was dawning. We heard the anchor being weighed and clambered aboard with the steamer just starting. I had been on my feet for twenty-four hours, had dredged, had walked eight miles in a broiling sun with almost nothing to eat, and now found myself so tired out that I dropped on the hard deck and fell sound asleep.

I learned in some way that my mail from America, which



FIG. 578



I had missed at Nagasaki, had been forwarded overland to Kagoshima, but it was impossible to wait for it, as the steamer had to sail on schedule time, and so I was missing it again. Orders, however, had been left at the Post-Office to return it to Nagasaki, where I was to be for a week or more.

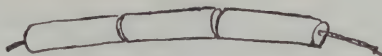


FIG. 579

Before entering another region of Japan there are a few observations to record. Every place seemed to have its peculiar type of jinrikisha, and Kagoshima is no exception. Here the shafts are bent in a curve over the head of the man so that the transverse piece is over the man's head, and one wonders why it does not bump him. The sketch (fig. 573) gives a faint idea of this jinrikisha. The back and sides are gaudily painted and lacquered and pictures of dragons and other mythological subjects and heroes also embellish the back of the vehicle. A peculiar type of plough is used in the

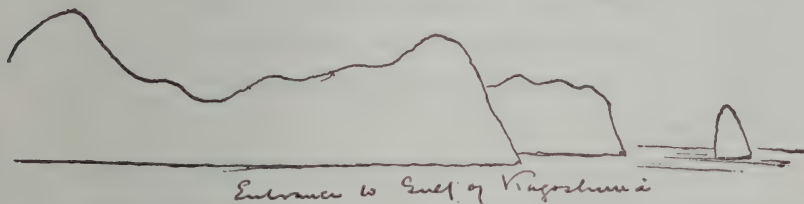
*Entrance to Gulf of Kagoshima*

FIG. 580

grain-fields of Satsuma and Higo (fig. 574). The iron shoe and shearing piece seem light and feeble, but the plough encounters no boulders in the ground. It is drawn by a single horse, and though primitive in construction seems to do its work well.

The country abounds in stone-arched bridges, many of them old, some of them of considerable size, and all picturesque. It seems curious to see so many arched bridges



FIG. 581

and not one of the arches having a keystone, such an important element in a bridge as we consider it, yet the Japanese have never seen the

necessity of it. To us their arch looks imperfect and insecure. However, I have never seen one showing weakness and there is no reason why it should. It forms a pretty feature in the landscape — rivers and even little brooks spanned by stone arches, lichen-covered with age. A little narrow creek in Kagoshima was spanned in one place by three stone-arched bridges connecting with as many little footpaths (fig. 575).

Not only are well-sweeps of the old New England type seen in Satsuma, but in some cases the well is inside the house and the well-sweep stands outside, as in figure 576, which represents a bathhouse in Kagoshima.



FIG. 582

It is interesting to see how promptly the Japanese turn to bamboo for little devices. For instance, the other day, while dredging, I found that a pair of long iron forceps had been left behind, but my boy immediately took down a slender bamboo flagstaff from the boat, cut off one joint, and soon made a fine long pair of forceps which I found not only very serviceable, but light to handle (fig. 577).

There are several types of anchors. An iron form with four

recurved hooks is shown in one of the sketches of junks. Figure 578 shows another type. It is made of wood, and the weight consists of two pieces of stone lashed to a transverse piece.

In Iligo and Satsuma, and probably in other portions of Kyushu, they use pottery beads, or cylinders, two inches long, on the breeching-band of the harness, this device permitting the rope to rub up and down without friction. These are strung alternately on the rope which goes over the flank of the horse and are glazed yellow and green (fig. 579). In Yezo round wooden beads are used in the same way.

A few sketches of headlands are given: in figure 580 the entrance to the Bay of Kagoshima; figure 581, off the Higo coast, with stratified rocks dipping to the south; and figure 582, rocks on the west coast of Satsuma, known as "fifty-foot rocks," as they are said to be fifty feet in height. The stratified rock I had not seen so well defined before.

## CHAPTER XVII

### TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH

THE sail from Kagoshima to Shimabara Gulf was delightful. The sea was as smooth as a millpond, with not the slightest swell even, and I was able to write a good deal in my journal. The next morning the vessel anchored off the mouth of Takahashi River; not nearer than five miles, however. In the mean time a strong breeze had sprung up and a heavy sea was smashing against the side of the vessel. I knew how safe the little Japanese sampan was, for I had dredged from them many times, yet I felt somewhat anxious as I saw the boat dancing up and down by the side of the steamer. We had great difficulty in getting our luggage aboard, and then had to make a flying leap from the steamer's steps which had been lowered for us. However, we landed safely, and having ascertained all about the position where *Lingula* might be dug I left my boy and Tomi, as we call him, to give their whole attention to collecting all the *Lingula* they could find and all the seaweeds, and I pushed on with my assistant to Kumamoto, nearly four miles inland.

We called on the Governor at the castle, a fine-looking old gentleman who had provided for us a good Japanese dinner, which we greatly enjoyed. The Governor showed us about the castle and told us about the siege two years before, when for six weeks the castle was besieged, many of the buildings



burned down, many citizens and soldiers killed, and the city of Kumamoto laid in ashes. The Governor was in his castle and the rebels made special efforts to destroy the building in which he was supposed to be. The buildings were battered and in many places were the marks of bullet holes. It was interesting to see the animation of the old man as he described his experience.

And here, before I forget it, I must record the fact that nearly ninety-nine out of a hundred intelligent people I have met in our country confound the phases of the moon with eclipses. The captain of our steamer, an Englishman, had no conception of the matter till I explained it to him, and in the discussion I found that he knew nothing about the laws of gravitation and had an idea that we were held to the earth by the pressure of the atmosphere! I cannot spend the time recounting our discussion, but here was an English captain navigating a steamer, and knowing thoroughly the coast with its hidden rocks and sandbars, yet utterly ignorant of the simplest facts in astronomy. He asked me, though in an abashed way, if Darwin lived in the days of Aristotle (for he seemed to know that name and that he lived centuries ago), or was of the present time!

To return now to the Governor I told him the objects of our work, and he offered to send an officer to accompany us, as I intended going to Yatsushiro, thirty-four miles south. By this time it was late in the afternoon and we were very tired, yet we took a long walk around the outskirts of the city. Here, as at Kagoshima, and at other places, the absorbed

way in which every one looked at me showed how rare was the sight of a foreigner.

That evening the officer sent by the Governor came to our inn and a delightful gentleman he proved to be. Such profound bows as he made, and I could not help laughing at myself to find how natural it seemed to me to be kneeling on the floor and bowing again and again till my head repeatedly touched the mat, and I had even acquired the curious sipping sound in drawing the air into my mouth.

The next morning we were off at five o'clock, and after a long, tiresome jinrikisha ride of twenty-four miles over the roughest of roads came to Onomura, where I found the shell heaps I had been looking for. The road passes through them and they are at least five miles from the sea. The deposits may prove to be equal in depth to the shell heaps of Florida, at least thirty feet. The solid mass of shells consisted of *Arca granosa*, though many other species of shells were found.

We examined and dug until nearly dark, and then pushed on to Yatsushiro, arriving there at nine o'clock at night, when we reported to the Governor of the Ken and met a most courteous gentleman; every movement, every action was that of grace and refinement. In the Shogunate his rank was very high, but with all his charm of manner there was not the slightest trace of affectation. He ordered a merchant to find accommodations for us, and this my assistant informed me was customary when they wished to do special honor to a visitor; instead of letting him go to a public house they open a private house for him. What unfathomable lies my assistant told him about me I did not learn, but in my somewhat

fatigued condition the hospitality was indeed gratefully received. The house where we spent the night was large and ample; the rooms were much higher-studded than in the usual house, and spacious. The space between the sliding partitions and the ceiling had a remarkable carving representing long gutters of wood conveying water, for irrigation probably; the grasses, supports for the gutters, and other details were beautifully made.<sup>1</sup>

The next morning the Governor brought to me as a present four Koda teacups which he said had been made by the order of his father thirty-five years before. Figure 583 is a sketch of one of them. I was delighted to possess them, as I have developed a passion for Japanese pottery, old and new. He told me he had a large collection of tea-jars, and that he would bring them to Kumamoto for me to examine. He expressed a desire to examine the Onomura shell heaps with us.



FIG. 583

We started for Onomura in a driving rain; we were soon wet through and were in that condition all day. We made as thorough an examination as possible of the shell heaps in the limited time we had. We got many bones, among them fragments of human bones as in the Omori deposit showing evidences of cannibalism. One human tibia was unusually flattened, an index of 50.2, one of the lowest ever recorded. Some extraordinary forms of pottery were found; one shallow bowl with unique arrow design (fig. 584).

Professor Lyman, the geologist, who first told me about

<sup>1</sup> The sketch of this *ramma* has been reproduced in *Japanese Homes*, fig. 149.

the Onomura shell heaps, also described a curious stone coffin near the shell heaps. We easily found it. It was a huge stone sarcophagus. The end of the cover had been broken and was face down, and it was hard to get the villagers to assist us in

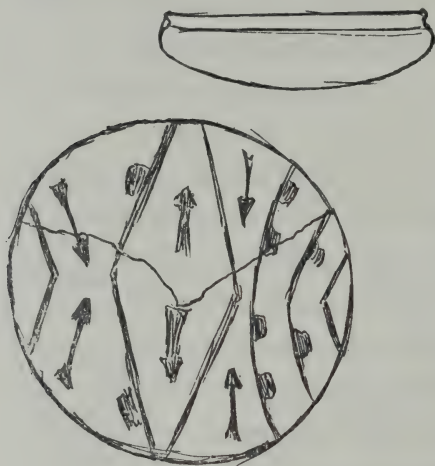


FIG. 584

turning it over on account of superstitions connected with burial. Our jinrikisha man, however, had no scruples, and by digging around the stone with a beam for a lever we got it turned. Figure 585 is a rough sketch of its appearance; the inside was cut in panels. It is believed to date back a thousand or twelve hundred years. The Governor of Ya-

tushiro knew nothing about it, and regarded it with the greatest interest.

The rain continued all day and we were wet and muddy. At noon we stopped to take a hasty lunch. The jinrikisha men had brought their lunch with them: cold rice, a pickled plum, and possibly a little raw fish with the customary shoyu. We found a fisherman's hut, a rather poverty-stricken place, and humbly asked for rice, and the fisherman and his wife politely, and without a sign of being flustered, set about the task of getting us something to eat — a dark-colored rice and some small dried fish as hard as a bone. There was no servile apology for the meagreness of the fare, though they



realized the august presence of the Governor, and had never before had an "outside barbarian" beneath their roof; yet with simple dignity they did what hospitality required. The manners of the Governor were simply exquisite; he ate the poor food with an apparent relish and returned bow for bow. I cannot find words to describe the way he charmed those

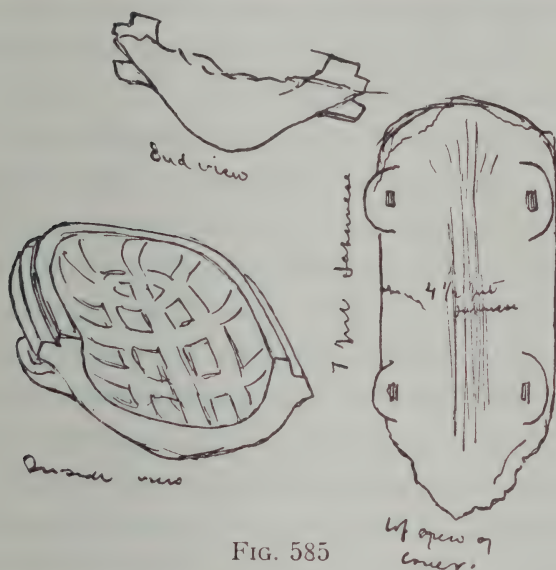


FIG. 585

poor people by his apparent enjoyment of the simple food. Had he been entertained by the Emperor with a sumptuous feast he could not have shown his appreciation and gratitude more strongly.

While we were eating, some villagers looked in to wonder and admire. One of the men told us there was a cave in the side of the hill in which were a few pottery vessels. Knowing the peculiar form of cave pottery farther north and that the caves were burial-places, and that the vessels were placed

there for offerings of rice, wine, etc., I asked for a brush and paper and ventured to draw the outlines of the vessels which were in the cave. The Governor showed the drawings to the men, and asked them if they were correct. With curious embarrassment they told us they had never seen the pottery, nor had their fathers, but their grandfathers had handed down the story that when a narrow road had been built on the side of the hill the workmen had broken through the roof of the cave and had seen the vessels.

After lunch we had the men guide us to the place. Though it was raining in torrents we waded through the mud up a steep incline for nearly half a mile, when we came to a place where they stopped and pointed over the precipitous side of the road where ten feet below was an opening out of which the muddy water was pouring like a sluice, and that was the entrance! Only a muskrat or a beaver could stem a current like that. In looking around for the source of the water I found that a flooded gutter beside the road was losing much of its water at the place where we were standing. The Governor got permission to dig up the gutter at this point, and we came to a number of logs which covered the hole in the roof of the cave. Farther up the road the gutter was dammed in such a way as to divert the stream over the steep embankment. The hole was certainly not over two feet in diameter.

A dozen or more villagers had collected, and generous payment was offered to any one who would allow himself to be lowered into the cave, but superstitious fear at entering a sepulchral vault was so great that not one of them was willing to go down. Our jinrikisha men from Yatsushiro shook their

heads also, and as my assistant did not volunteer there was nothing to do but go myself. The Governor endeavored to restrain me, saying that mines had been dug there; but if so I knew the water must be on a level with the stream outside. I got two jinrikisha men to grab my hands and lower me. It was as dark as a pocket, and the little light from a rainy sky was cut off by the curious and awe-stricken crowd that shaded the hole. I stretched out my legs in vain to find something to touch, and finally jerked my hands from the grasp of the men and dropped into the water nearly up to my middle. There was a momentary silence and then shouts of horror came echoing down from the opening. I called back to my assistant that I was all right, when in agitated tones he told me that great poisonous centipedes were crawling out of the opening! I had on my wide-brimmed hat and a slippery rubber coat, and what I had supposed to be crumbs of earth and pebbles tumbling from the sides of the ragged hole were huge centipedes dropping on me! I stood literally in a cascade of the venomous creatures. They were scampering around the walls of the cave and dropping off from the ceiling as frightened spiders will. As I got accustomed to the dim light I saw them by hundreds floating in the water, and after waiting till the current had drained them off I groped around in the sand for the pottery. The sand and mud had been accumulating and a deposit two feet or more in depth covered the whole floor. It was a hideous experience, but my slippery raincoat and broad-brimmed hat saved me, for the creatures could not retain a hold and tumbled into the water as fast as they struck me. Had I not been so

excited over the pottery, my loathsome position in this dark and noisome cave, crouching in a cascade of centipedes, would have horrified me. I got three specimens of the creatures for the Museum, made a sketch of the wall of the cave toward the opening, and then had a rope lowered to me and was pulled up. The ground around the hole outside was marked with the mangled remains of many centipedes that had been crushed as they crawled out.

With the water dammed above and drained away from the cave, I finally induced two jinrikisha men to go down, and with hoes they carefully scratched away the sand, and after an hour's hard digging discovered four specimens of pottery, one perfect, another slightly broken, and large fragments of two others. The Governor drew out the sketch, and I heard him speak to the natives in wonder that I, a foreigner, who had come ten thousand *li* across the seas, should describe precisely the shape of the vessels to be found, which they had never seen. The natives looked at me as a foreign devil, indeed, and showed much discontent when I took the pottery away. The Governor explained that it was to be placed in the Museum of the University. Figure 586 shows the appearance of the cave looking toward the entrance. The centre arch shows the opening into the cave; from the outside, where the opening is small, the entrance enlarges to the cave and the alleyway is curved as well; on each side within were two blind arches.

At five o'clock in the afternoon we started for a twenty-four mile ride to Kumamoto, and a more dismal and wearisome ride I never had — raining all the time and the roads in



frightful condition. I was tired out, and so cold that I shivered, so sleepy that it was a struggle to keep awake; and yet if I dozed for a moment my head would be nearly wrenched off by the jolts of the jinrikisha. I had left Mr. Tanada behind to pack the pottery and other specimens we had got at the shell heaps, and my only companion was the Governor, who did not understand a word of English, and my Tokyo-



FIG. 586

Japanese — almost a dialect — was nearly unintelligible to him. At eight o'clock we hired extra jinrikisha men, and they sang the entire way, each one in turn giving a grunt or a note uttered at every step. The novelty of jinrikisha men singing kept me awake for a while, but even this attraction wore away, and when I got to Kumamoto I was more dead than alive. The Governor of Kumamoto had ordered a private house for our abode, but I was too cold and even sick to appreciate the accommodation, and having taken off my shoes, crept into the house and lay down on the floor in my wet clothes and slept like a log.

The next morning I called on the Governor of Kumamoto to thank him for his courtesies and to tell him of the discoveries we had made and of the curious cave at Onomura. He

then told me that in the castle rocks were some caves. He smiled at my impatience to see them, but amiably got up and guided me to them. My limited time permitted only the briefest examination of them. The openings appeared on the side of the cliff; foliage hung down so as to obscure many of them, and some were difficult to reach. I entered a few of the caves, which were square in shape. In one there was a transverse partition and in others there were recessed portions in the farther end about four feet up from the floor, making a ledge on which probably offerings of food were placed. An interesting field of study would be an examination of the caves of Japan; they are found widespread throughout the Empire, and, so far as I know, are mortuary caves.

In the afternoon I returned to Takahashi and found that the boys had done wonders in collecting. I feasted my eyes on tubfuls of the big green *Lingula*, and ate a few of them as the natives do. The peduncle only is eaten and I found them rather tasteless.

After reaching the little fishing village at the mouth of the Takahashi River, I learned with disgust that the steamer would not sail until the next day on account of the threatening storm and I therefore spent the rest of the day studying *Lingula*. On the mud flats were a number of creatures hopping about which I first mistook for small toads or frogs. Catching one with difficulty I found they were little fish with an extraordinary development of the pectoral fin. These little animals gamboled about as if playing with one another. It was not difficult to see how Lamarck got his ideas of the result of effort in modifying parts, etc.

The kites at Takahashi were of enormous proportions — eight or ten feet square with a stout rope for a string. One kite had the same flashing eyes already mentioned.

On our way from Onomura yesterday we passed a fine old tree beyond which was a shrine. It is interesting that everywhere in Japan, where there is a picturesque view or some natural object of interest, a shrine is erected. Figure 587 is an illustration of this custom.

The tree being quaint and of interest the shrine is erected back of it. Here they utilize nature to call attention to their religious duties; in our country beautiful scenery is either hidden by huge signs for liver



FIG. 587

troubles, or the landscape is ruined by other vulgar advertisements. At Takahashi is a camphor tree, magnificent in form and size and greatly treasured by the people; its trunk ten feet from the ground is eight feet in diameter (fig. 588).

Looking west from Takahashi across the Shimabara Gulf is seen a noble mountain mass known as Osendake. The tops of these volcanic mountains are obscured by clouds most of the time, but now and then glimpses can be had and the outlines shown in figure 589 are fairly correct. The steamer that carried us to Nagasaki made a hasty trip to the island and town of Shimabara, reaching there at five in the afternoon.

It is one of the most picturesque places in Japan. You sail in and out among little rugged islands and finally reach the town, at the water's edge, and just back of the town rise the rocky slopes of Onsendake. We rode through the town a mile and a



FIG. 588

half to a famous inn and ordered a fine dinner consisting of a large gasteropod, *Rapana bezoar*, served in its beautiful shell, boiled cuttlefish, fried eel, and rice,—all delicious. On our way back to the boat, which was to stop only two hours, we hunted for shells, the natives eyeing us with reluctant and unfriendly gaze. Here is where the people opposed to the last the landing



of foreigners, and every look and action betrayed their aversion to the barbarian.

I managed to get one little hasty sketch of a stone bridge. Everywhere one sees stone bridges, many of them constructed



FIG. 589

precisely like a wooden one, but its beams, supports, and rails are hewn out of stone, as shown in figure 590.

At seven in the evening we started for Nagasaki and such beautiful little islands as we passed! It seemed like going home after the somewhat fatiguing dash we had made in Satsuma and Higo. Our steamer was the smallest one I have yet traveled in. It was so small and cranky that when I walked to one side it would tip in that direction. No wonder the captain waited for a few days on account of the stormy weather.

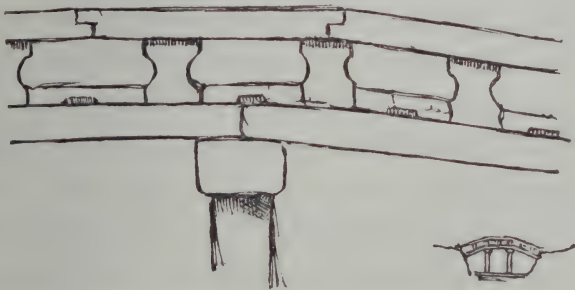


FIG. 590

The next morning we reached Nagasaki, where I was again to find European food, a chair to sit in, and a table with a kerosene lamp at which to write. Living in Japan, I notice the absence of a table more than I do the food, to which I am gradually becoming accustomed. To go without coffee, milk, and bread-and-butter is indeed a deprivation; but it is awkward and painful to sit on the floor to write and draw, and when one is tired it is almost impossible. At Nagasaki I remained



FIG. 591

several days studying the living *Lingula* I had brought from Higo and also a minute *Descina* which I had dredged in the harbor. Mr. Mangum, the American consul, and his wife were very kind to me. They gave me the use of a fine room in their house for my microscope, and furthermore insisted that I should come to dinner every day while in Nagasaki. As the hotel was poor, it was enjoyable to get one good meal a day.

A river runs through the town spanned by a number of stone-arched bridges, some of them very old. Figure 591 shows the type of these bridges. A form of kite which the boys fly from the bridges is shown in figure 592; it is unlike the northern kite and the two circles are entirely black. There are

other forms and designs, but the form figured seems the most common.

Many of the measures — wet as well as dry — are made in the form of a square instead of round. In the dry measures for grain a piece extends from one corner diagonally to the other corner flush with the edge of the measure (fig. 593). Figure 594 shows the saké measures with convenient handles and a tub of saké near by.

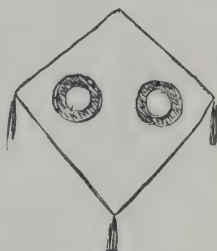


FIG. 592

Nagasaki is famous for its tortoise-shell work. It was interesting to visit the place where they made objects of tortoise shell. The workmen in every trade sit on the ground, and in this place they sat cross-legged, like Turks, and not in the usual way already described (fig. 595). It seemed wonderful that they could apparently mould and melt together the thin plates of tortoise shell. They use ponderous iron pincers which they heat in a furnace (fig. 596), and squeeze the sheets of tortoise shell together or make curved or other forms.

On our way back from Nagasaki to Kobe we again passed through Shimonoseki Straits, and came to anchor off the village of Shimonoseki consisting of a long stretch of low buildings. I was told that the people were very unfriendly to foreigners, and no wonder when one recalls the cruel bombardment years ago by the warships of four Christian nations. We desired to land, but were told by the Japanese purser that foreigners rarely landed at the village. Relying on the uniform courtesy of the Japanese, I was



FIG. 593

bound to land, though my passport did not cover the place or even the province. I told the purser that it was important to get a glance of the shore at low tide in the interests of the University. He then permitted me to go ashore in his



FIG. 594

boat. A glance at the shore was made, and then I walked through the main streets of the town and peered into every shop. I could readily see that a foreigner was *persona non grata*. I was not treated rudely, but was simply ignored. The children ran from me as if I were the Devil, and one sweet little boy, whom I could not resist patting, held his breath as if it required the

greatest courage to endure the caresses of the hated foreigner.

At Kobe we stopped for dredging for a few days and I made various excursions into the country. At the hotel I met the surgeon of the British gunboat, who had brought to me at Nagasaki a big package of mail. We dined together, and he told me some particulars regarding the incident of my mail. He said that when the gunboat left Nagasaki for Kagoshima Gulf, the commander left word to have mail forwarded to Kagoshima. When they reached Kagoshima, they heard that a large bundle of mail had arrived and had been sent back to Nagasaki overland. They concluded, naturally, that the mail was for them, as they knew of no foreigners within two hundred miles of the place. They had had no letters from home for a long time and were all hungry for their mail. On their



way back from Kagoshima, they put in at one place to intercept the mail, but it had gone by. The next day, farther up the coast, while the commander and officers were in the cabin, a



FIG. 595

bundle of mail was sent aboard and they all gathered about the table in great glee and tore open the bundle; the surgeon told me that I would not have been edified if I had heard the comments upon my name as the commander read over the addresses. It ranged all the way from damning me, to inquiries as to who in h—I I was.

Every piece of mail to the last scrap was for me!

While in Osaka we were told that there were certain ancient mounds in the villages of Hattorigawa, and Korigawa, about twelve

miles from Osaka. Our ride carried us across a large plain under complete cultivation. As far as the eye could reach were innumerable well-sweeps after the typical New Eng-

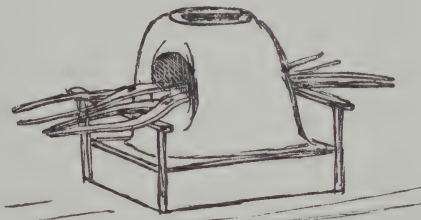


FIG. 596

land style, which were used in bringing up water from shallow wells for irrigating purposes. The mounds were typical dolmens such as have been described in Brittany and Scandinavia: a huge mound of earth covered a long, narrow entrance-way leading to a square chamber, ten or twelve feet across. We examined them with great interest, and wondered how these people, twelve hundred years or more ago, could have raised the immense blocks of stone that form the roofs of these chambers.<sup>1</sup>

A hasty trip from Kyoto to Nara was through delightful woods and charming scenery. It is beyond me to add any words to the many descriptions of the charms of Nara. Certain memories of the place will last forever: the quiet roads, the deep shadows, the deer from the forests tranquilly walking through the village street, with the inhabitants, young and old, equally inoffensive. Ruskin has somewhere said that he hoped the time would come when man would make as much effort to make wild animals tame as he now does to make tame animals wild; and it is a fact that wild birds and mammals in Japan are in many instances tamer than are our domestic birds and mammals at home. Nara is the ancient capital of Japan, and a spirit of a hallowed antiquity broods over the place. One may spend weeks in a study of the grand old temples. A marvelous old wooden storehouse perched on high posts was built a thousand years ago to preserve the objects belonging to an emperor of that time. It is certainly one of the marvels of Japan. In this building are preserved the

<sup>1</sup> These structures were described and figured by me in an article, entitled "Dolmens in Japan," in the *Popular Science Monthly*, March, 1880, p. 593.

household objects and utensils actually owned by the emperor, from the simplest hairpin to the finest musical instrument, some inlaid with gold; objects of the kitchen, decorative pieces, pictures, books, pottery, furniture, clothing, weapons, walking-canes, ink-stones and sticks of ink, fans; indeed, the entire contents of the palace. To appreciate the marvelous character of the collection one must imagine a similar storehouse in England which should contain the household objects belonging to King Alfred. Once a year Government officials open the single entrance and examine all the objects to see that none have been injured by dampness or other influences. I was fortunate in being in Nara during this annual examination, and knowing one of the officials was permitted to enter the building with them and allowed to make sketches of the old pottery. It was interesting to watch the reverent behavior of the grave officials. All wore white cloth gloves and all spoke in a low tone.<sup>1</sup>

The jinrikisha ride from Nara to Kyoto was most delightful. The road led through dark forests and out again into charming, open scenery, and the purest of Japanese life was seen. There is no better way of absorbing the beauties of the country than in jinrikisha riding. To ride in one is like sitting back in an easy-chair, and the speed is just fast enough to fan you and yet sufficiently rapid to make you realize that progress is being made toward your destination. At one place we crossed a river ford, not by going down a deep and sandy embankment, but by climbing up a gentle incline to ford the river

<sup>1</sup> Within a few years the Japanese Government has published an account of these treasures with beautiful illustrations of many of the objects.

far above the general level of the plains, the river literally running on a ridge! For centuries it has been confined to its channels, not by digging out the detritus swept down from the mountains, but by piling up embankments on the sides, with the result that the river-bed is conspicuously above the surrounding country, resembling a railroad embankment. On both sides of the road, as one enters the ford, are stone posts

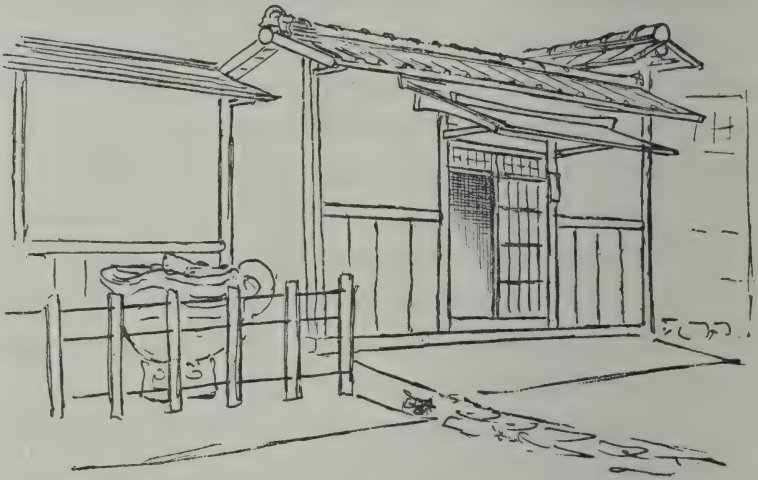


FIG. 597

with deep vertical grooves, and at times of freshets planks are fitted into these grooves to keep the water from washing away the road.

Kyoto was approached through interesting surroundings, a proper frame for a city of art and refinement, prominent because of its varied points of interest. The cleanliness, the sobriety, and the artistic atmosphere impress you. A visit to the pottery districts—for there are a number: Kiyomizu, Gojiosaka, Awata—was most interesting. Instead of finding a



rough neighborhood and coarse surroundings and acres disfigured by broken pottery, it was like visiting some of the famous studios near Paris. The children in the region, prettily dressed, bowed politely to us as we walked along. The entrance of the potteries was reserved and modest (fig. 597), and within we were greeted by the head of the family, and tea



FIG. 593

and cake were immediately offered us. It seems that the members of the family alone are engaged in the work, from the little boy or girl to the old grandfather, whose feeble strength is utilized in some simple process of the work. The output is small except in those potteries given up to making stuff for the foreign trade (fig. 598), known to the Japanese as *Yokohama muke*, meaning "Yokohama direction"; that is, for export, a

contemptuous expression. In these cases many outsiders are employed, boys ten years old splashing on the decorations of flowers, butterflies, and the like, motives derived from their mythology, but in sickening profusion, so contrary to the ex-

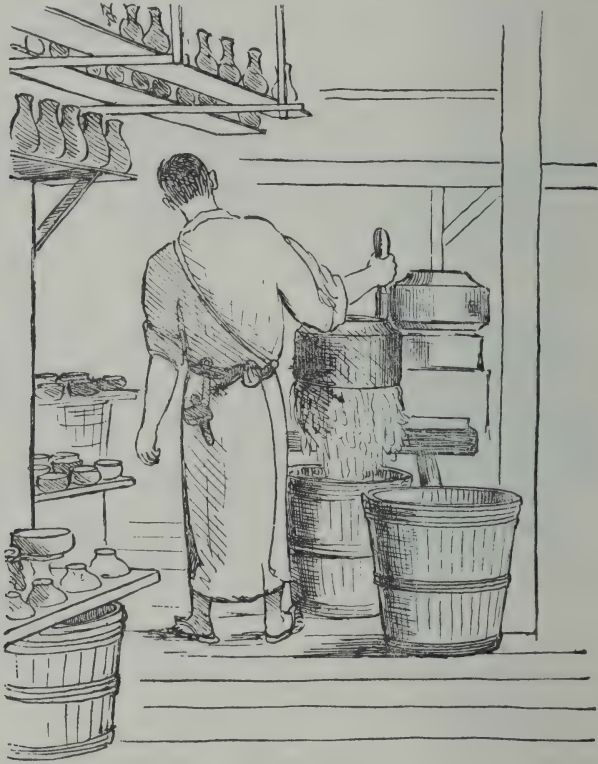


FIG. 599

quisite reserve of the Japanese in the decoration of objects for their own use. Previous to the demands of the foreigner, the members of the immediate family were leisurely engaged in producing pottery refined in form and decoration. Now the whole compound is given up to a feverish activity of work,

with Tom, Dick, and Harry and their children slapping it out by the gross. An order is given by the foreign agent for a hundred thousand cups and saucers. "Put on all the red and gold you can" is the order, as told to me by one agent, and the haste and roughness of the work, which is exported to America and Europe, confirms the Japanese that they are dealing with people whose tastes are barbaric.<sup>1</sup> And yet these Japanese products are regarded as attractive in our country.

As before remarked, one sees but few potters at work, and every member of the family is utilized, from the young child, who carries the pieces from the thrower to the shelves for drying, to the



FIG. 600

old man, who may be blind, yet able to grind the clay (fig. 599), or to knead clay with his feet (fig. 600). I had to ask a good many questions regarding the work and history of the Kyoto potteries, and was told that in order to get

<sup>1</sup> A year afterward I noticed a parallel case in this country. At Minneapolis I was invited to inspect a large department store. On one of its floors was a vast array of tables crowded with objects made of hard rubber: combs, bracelets, breastpins, cheap jewelry of such atrocious vulgarity that I was forced to inquire as to the people who bought such stuff, as I had never seen such shocking things worn by the poorest creature. The answer was that they were made for the Northwest trade—probably mongrels and half-breeds, as no true savage would endure them. But where were they made? I inquired. In Attleboro, thirty miles from Boston!

these interviews a little money present in advance would facilitate matters. It seemed odd enough and rather mercenary to send in advance a dollar or more to secure the desired information, and yet what right has one to intrude on a busy man without offering some compensation for the

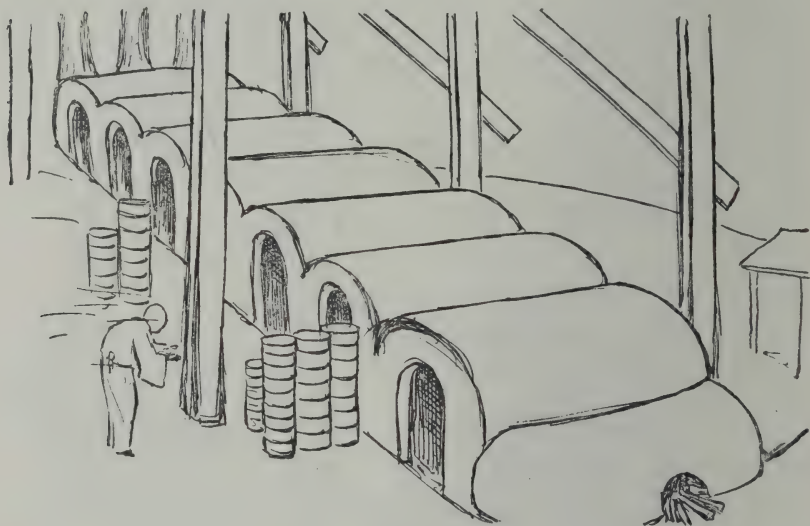


FIG. 601

time demanded? I realized, furthermore, that in our country men, even millionaires, were too busy to attend directors' meetings unless a ten or a twenty dollar bait were held out as a proper compensation. The results of all these interviews, which inquired into the history and origin of the potters, the number of generations, impressions of the various stamps used by the different families and generations, were got by patient and laborious inquiries through an interpreter.

I made many hasty sketches of the ovens, which are built



after Chinese models.<sup>1</sup> The ovens are built on a hillside, each oven eight to ten feet in length, six feet high, and three feet in width, and they are placed side by side, one behind the other. Figure 601 will illustrate the arrangement. They are one compact mass of brick and mortar. The ovens open at the end and communicate with each other by openings.



FIG. 602. OVENS OF ROKUBEI

Fire is kindled in the lowest oven and the heat from this passes through each oven in turn till it issues through rude chimneys in the upper one. By this device all the heat is utilized as the current of heat rises to the last oven. After the first oven has been heated sufficiently, fuel in the shape of long slender sticks is thrust into the second oven through a little hole in the bottom, and then into the third, and so on, till all have been sufficiently heated and the pottery com-

<sup>1</sup> These were not so strongly and compactly constructed as those I afterwards saw some forty or fifty miles back of Canton.

pletely fired. This is ascertained by test objects which may be observed through an opening in the upper end of each oven.

Every Sunday Ninagawa has come to my house to identify the pottery I have collected during the week. One day I actually abducted him, carrying him in my jinrikisha, against his protestations, to a photographer, and had his picture made, the first and only one he ever had. Ninagawa was a Kyoto man, and his sister still lived in the old homestead in Kyoto, which was over three hundred years old. He gave me a letter of introduction to her, and with a copy of his photograph I visited her, and her delight at the picture of Ninagawa enabled me to make a study of the house, inside and out.<sup>1</sup>

Most of my time in Kyoto was spent at the various potteries and from the more famous ones, Dohachi, Kichizaemon, Yeiraku, Rokubei, and Kitei, I made a large addition to my pottery studies, getting from them a history of the families of the past generations, impressions of their pottery signatures, etc.<sup>2</sup>

From Kyoto we went to Osaka again. Here a Japanese student, Mr. Ogawa, whose acquaintance I had made in Tokyo, desirous of entertaining me, and not realizing that I had become accustomed to Japanese food and enjoyed it, invited me to a Japanese restaurant to have what was supposed to be food cooked and served in foreign style. The Japanese make excellent cooks when properly taught. I had had experience in a Japanese foreign restaurant before, but of all abominable stuff the Osaka attempt was the climax.

<sup>1</sup> Sketches of the house and garden are given in *Japanese Homes*.

<sup>2</sup> This information is given in my *Catalogue of Japanese Pottery*, published by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

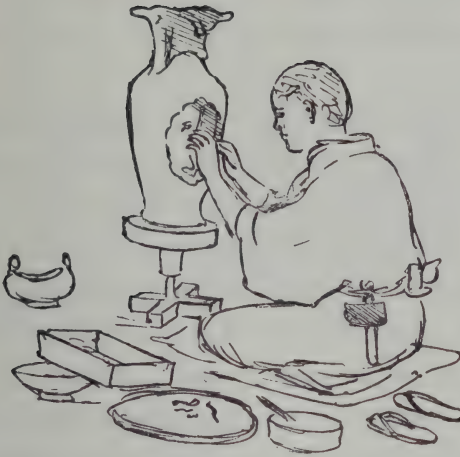


FIG. 603. A POTTER MAKING FLOWERS IN RELIEF IN A  
RECESSED PANEL ON VASE



Kangas Kuto

FIG. 604. AN ARTIST DECORATING POTTERY

Observe the kerosene oil lamp

Every dish was a travesty, and I wondered how the Japanese were impressed when, out of curiosity, they attempted our food.

Cholera was very prevalent, and one had to resist the temptation to eat of everything raw, such as grapes and other fruit, and green things of various kinds. Moreover, not a swallow of cold water could be drunk. Tea, tea, tea, morning, noon, and night, and on every possible occasion. Speaking of tea, however, it is one of the pleasant features of Japan that wherever you go, friend's house or shop, tea is offered you. No matter how poor and humble the place, this courtesy is never omitted. But we must realize that preparing tea as they do is a very simple act, and it is drunk without cream or sugar. Along the road are little resting-places at intervals where a tray with tea and a few rice cakes are offered you, for which it is customary to drop in the tray a coin the value of a cent. You give a public lecture, and instead of the customary pitcher of cold water and a glass, a tray with a teapot and cup is placed upon your desk. At the University one man's whole duty is to prepare tea for the teachers, and at intervals throughout the day he brings to your laboratory a teapot of hot tea. The tea is very mild, but always refreshing. For centuries the Japanese have realized the danger of drinking water in a country where the sewage is saved and utilized on the farms and rice-fields.

A very attractive feature seen in the paper shops are the envelopes and writing-paper. The envelopes are of comparatively recent origin, having been adopted from abroad. Formerly there was, as with us before the invention of the





FIG. 605. POTTER MAKING TOY HOUSES

The potter rolls the clay into thin sheets, cuts the sheets into desired shapes and unites them with wet clay



FIG. 606. POTTER APPLYING LIQUID GLAZE TO POTTERY

envelope, a definite and formal way of folding a letter. The writing-paper is in long rolls, six inches or more in width. The writing is in vertical lines and the lines begin at the right. The writing is done with a brush, the India ink being rubbed for the occasion. The roll forms the support upon which one writes, beginning at the free end. As line after line is written the paper is unrolled, and when the letter is finished the strip may be five or six feet in length. It is then torn off and loosely rolled up again, flattened by the fingers, and slipped into the end of the envelope, which is a little longer than the roll and two inches or more in width. The envelopes, and often the paper, are made attractive by pretty designs in color, the paper with the lightest suggestions of cherry blossoms, petals, pine needles, and even entire landscapes, all subdued in color so that the writing is not interfered with. The envelopes have more pronounced designs, generally around the margin so as not to interfere with the address. One is amazed at the infinite variety of designs. Many subjects are derived from foreign objects, some of them prosaic to the last degree, yet rendered attractive by these facile artists. Many of the designs are enigmatical unless one is familiar with the folklore or mythology of the Japanese. Others reveal their meaning at once, as a steaming teapot in the foreground, and in the distance a railroad train or a shaft of lightning and a telegraph pole, indications that the origin of the discoveries of steam and electricity is understood.

My colleague, Professor Mendenhall, has lately been interested in the speed of movements made by insects and snails. By carefully measuring the time made by a large

species of snail, he found that it covers a mile in fourteen days and eighteen minutes. He also estimated the speed of a common species of ant, and found that in ordinary walking the creature moved at the rate of one mile in one day and seven hours. These estimates are rough approximations.

The Japanese remember sacredly the anniversary of a parent's death and observe it with appropriate ceremonies. Even the anniversary of a grandparent's death is remembered and observed, fresh flowers and fruit offerings being placed before the gravestone. The Buddhists also have a stated festival for the dead. A curious form of lantern' (fig. 607) is made for the occasion, and pictures over two hundred years old show the same form of lantern.

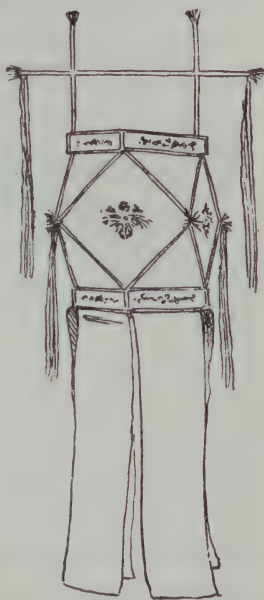


FIG. 607

A brief visit again to Osaka gave me an opportunity of visiting a few of the many places of interest. In this great city is one of the largest bronze bells in the world; and an ancient Buddhist temple containing a gilded Buddha, said to have been brought from Korea a thousand years ago, and many other features of interest. Alluring as all these places were I realized that they had already been described in guidebooks or special memoirs, and throughout the keeping of this journal I have endeavored to sketch and record only those trifling matters so often overlooked by the student and traveler.

No one should visit Osaka without inspecting the ruins of a famous castle built by Hideyoshi in 1583. These ruins stand on a high elevation, and in its time the castle must have been well-nigh impregnable. In its second siege in 1615 it was overthrown and burned, and the rounded edges of the huge blocks of stone of which the walls are built attest to the intense heat of the conflagration. I was permitted to roam about at pleas-

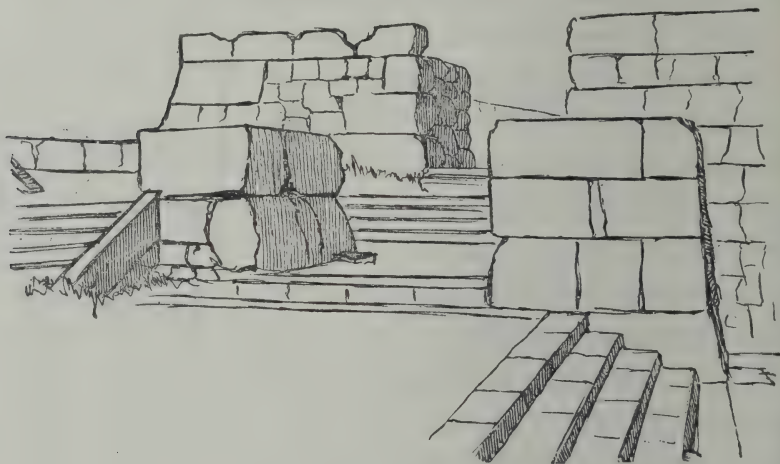


FIG. 608

ure, and no one objected to the sketches I freely made. Figure 608 represents the highest portion of the castle; figure 609, the outer wall. The large block in the centre is thirty-five feet in length and ten or more feet in thickness and height. The stones were brought from distances of fifty to a hundred miles in vessels, and the gigantic size of some of them baffles the imagination as to how they were quarried, and it is still more inexplicable as to how they were transported and dragged up to the high plateau on which the ruins stand.



These enormous stones were put in place without steam derricks, hydraulic devices, or other of the appliances of to-day, and yet the ancient Egyptians were performing similar miracles twenty-five hundred years before. One hardly associates colossal structures with the Japanese after becoming familiar with their diminutive houses and gardens, the dainty dishes, and the delicate and tiny objects associated with their life, and

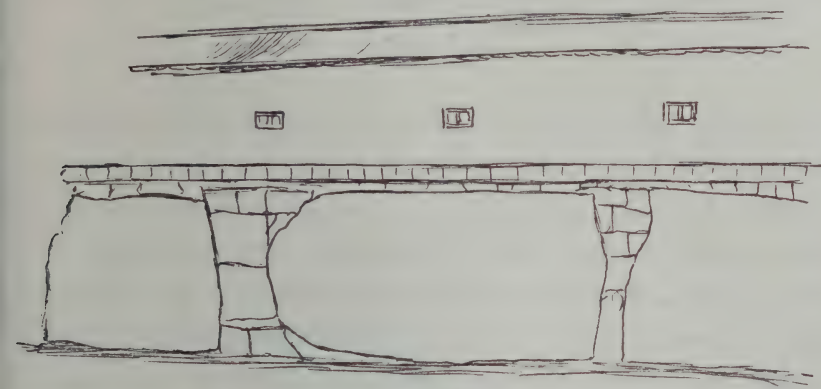


FIG. 609

yet the Osaka castle is a marvel in the gigantic structure of its walls. There are many instances of huge and ponderous structures, as the giant bells in Kyoto and Osaka, the Dai Butsu in Kamakura and Nara, and the great stone tori-i, but with the exception of the old castles and castle walls and the great temples, which tower above the dwellings as the cathedrals dominate everything in Europe, the structures are usually diminutive and delicate.

An exhibition of natural products and manufactures was going on at Osaka, and it was filled with objects of various kinds. The remarkable character of the people was seen in the

great number of devices which they have adopted from America and Europe. The ability of a nation not only to recognize immediately the convenience and usefulness of a device, but to proceed to its adoption and manufacture, is an indication

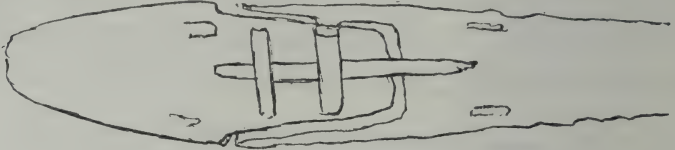


FIG. 610

of the long civilization of the people. Only a high civilization is capable of doing this; the savage and the barbarian are incapable of it. At the exhibition were the remains of a boat dug up near Osaka. The portion preserved was thirty-five feet in length, four and a half feet in width, and two feet in depth. It was made in two parts interlocking, with the wood wrought into the bottom in such a manner as to leave transverse loops through which a bar passed to hold the two parts together. It was very much decayed and the details of its structure were hard to make out (figs. 610, 611, 612). It was

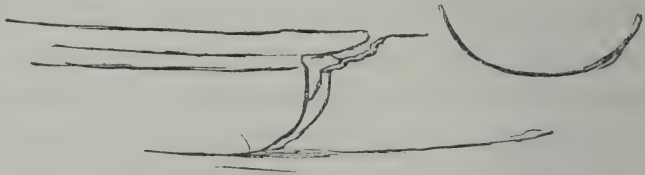


FIG. 611

supposed to be over a thousand years old. It is curious that a boat divided into two portions may be seen to-day in Kago-shima Bay. (Fig. 568, p. 154, vol. II.)

The mosquitoes are a great scourge in Japan. The big, square, box-like netting, already described, enables one to sit inside with table and lamp, and in this way in summer and fall I have been able to write.



FIG. 612

My children early adopted Japanese dress as being much cooler in summer than their own form of dress. Many of the Japanese teachers in the University, while adopting our form of dress, as more convenient than theirs with the flowing sleeves and skirts, nevertheless find their own dress much cooler in summer and warmer in winter, and always wear their native costume during hot and cold spells.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### LECTURES AND SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

I HAVE been hard at work preparing examination papers for my class in zoölogy. This forenoon, I spent four solid hours in examination, and I pitied the students, for during the whole week they have stood examinations in chemistry, geology, paleontology, and botany. These examinations are all in English, a language they have fully to acquire before entering the University.

General Grant, on his way around the world, is now in Japan with his wife, son, and Mr. Young the writer. The Americans in Tokyo and Yokohama gave a dinner and reception to him at Uyenô Park. I paid my subscription, but had no special desire to go, having no time for such affairs. My friends, however, urged me to do the proper thing, and so reluctantly I attended the dinner. I was presented to General Grant in turn with a long string of others, and despite my prejudice admired the quiet, dignified, yet easy tone of his voice. My daughter, who was with me, greatly enjoyed the affair. General Grant spoke to her while she was standing near a doorway, took hold of her hand, and introduced his son to her with some witty remarks about his little boy, who was a six-footer, big and robust. My prejudices, due to the infernal slanders of our newspapers, were promptly swept away when I watched the man. As others had brought their boys to the reception, I got away quietly and hurried to Kaga Yashiki in



a jinrikisha, and had my boy, nine years old, awakened from a sound sleep, dressed, and hurried to the reception, that he might remember in after years that he had seen the great General.<sup>1</sup> At the dinner General Grant did not touch a drop of wine of any kind, and the stories of his intemperate habits, I was told, were gross exaggerations. His reception at the Collège of Engineering was of the greatest interest. The royal princesses in their archaic, yet beautiful court costumes; members of the Chinese Legation in their curious and rich clothing, with their white, conical hats with red horsetail plumes pendent; the Koreans in their quaint garments, ceremonial belts, and unique head-dresses; European officials wearing their decorations — were all new and interesting to me. A number of teachers from the Nobles' School, with a class of forty young girls, were very attractive. They were all beautifully dressed and excited much admiration from the foreigners, of whom there were many. In the Japanese dress as seen in masses the soft, harmonious colors and graceful folds form a striking contrast to the dress of foreign ladies. I know of no more perfect illustration of the artistic character of the people than the grace and beauty of their clothing in strict harmony with their short stature, and their jet-black hair wonderfully arranged and ornamented. The contrast is immediately recognized when they attempt our costume; their appearance is sometimes shocking. The charming group of little girls and their teachers stood near the centre of the hall in an innocent, bewildered sort of way, somewhat abashed by the admiration

<sup>1</sup> Later by a fortunate coincidence, we returned to San Francisco on the same steamer with General Grant and he taught my son how to play chess.

they excited. I got a Japanese to guide them to where General Grant stood with others in receiving. Later I noticed that no one helped them to the ice-cream and cake, so I got a Japanese to assist me in bringing them refreshments. They were all sitting in a row on the mats against the wall, and it was difficult for them to hold the plate of ice-cream and cake in their hands, and crumbs of cake naturally fell on the floor. A drop of the melting cream would drip on their beautiful crape dresses, and they would laugh and carefully remove the drop with paper they carried with them. This paper was crumpled up and stowed away in their pocket-like sleeves, and when they finally got up to go the mats were carefully scrutinized and every crumb gathered and wrapped in paper to be thrown away later. It was a revelation to me to realize that children of nobles were taught such behavior.

I was invited to give a course of four lectures at the Nobles' School, which only the children of nobles attend. Count Tachibana, the Director, was a most charming man, and patiently answered a hundred inquiries I made. Among other questions I asked him if the Japanese were ever demonstrative in meeting after a long absence. I was led to ask this by observing that the Japanese greeting seemed cold and formal, no hearty handshake or hearty embrace. He told me that it was not uncommon for Japanese nobles after a long absence to greet each other with an embrace, and he, putting his arms about my shoulder to illustrate, gave me an affectionate hug. I may add that later I asked a dear little boy (now a distinguished lawyer and at one time Councillor of the Japanese Embassy in Germany and in the United States), who called

me his "American papa," if his father never took him in his arms on meeting him after an absence. "Never," he said. "But how does he show his affection?" "He shows it in his eyes." And afterwards I was present when his father, from a distant town, came to my house and greeted the boy, his eyes showing parental love in the tenderest manner.

The Nobles' School is a huge, two-storied, wooden building with a front of two hundred feet or more, as barny and inartistic as many of the structures the Japanese have erected after foreign models. At the ends are wings running backward a hundred feet or more, and the enclosed ground space between these wings is utilized in making a great map of Japan: the ground built up like a relief map with mountain chains, rivers, lakes, etc., the lakes filling with water and the water running in the rivers when it rained; the top of Fuji painted white to represent snow; short green grass for the levels and actual rock for the mountains; and towns and villages indicated by little tablets bearing the names of the places. The ocean is represented by little gray pebbles which, reflecting the rays of the sun, glisten like water. Across this beautiful and instructive area black wires are stretched to indicate the degrees of latitude and longitude. It was a pretty sight to see little girls daintily walking across the pebbles to point out the town or village in which they lived. The main island of Japan ran across the area diagonally, and was over a hundred feet in length. It was designed with the delicacy and precision which characterize all Japanese work and was in a perfect state of preservation despite the fact that it was in a school yard of hundreds of pupils. Again I could not help surmising in

what condition a similar device would be in a school yard at home!

It was in this school that I learned for the first time that even the children of nobles dressed in the simplest and plainest of clothing. They were no better dressed than the school-children of the public schools from the primary to the high schools, though this plainness of garb was in no way a school uniform. My attention has slowly been drawn to this simplicity of clothing of school-children no matter of what grade or class, and here at the Nobles' School I got an answer to my query. Asking of Count Tachibana an explanation of this method of simple dressing, he said it had always been the custom in Japan for wealthy families to dress their children plainly when they attended school so that the poor children would not be ashamed of their own clothing! The same inquiry was afterwards made in the great commercial city of Osaka, with the same reply.

My last lecture at the Nobles' School was attended by members of the Imperial family as well as by many nobles and their families. Nobles indeed they were in their simplicity and courtesy. The unaffected charm of manner was beyond expression. It was an interesting experience, and though awkward at first, in that I had to lecture through an interpreter, I finally got used to uttering a sentence at a time which my interpreter, Professor Yatabe, repeated in Japanese. After this last lecture a regular course dinner was given in our style, and it was excellent. There were three hundred and fifty at the dinner, and I quietly observed their movements and behavior. The subdued conversation, the modest acknowledg-



ments, the bows and concessions, were all marked by extreme simplicity and exquisite refinement.

I received an invitation to lecture before Mr. Fukuzawa's famous school. Among the many distinguished men I have met in Japan, Mr. Fukuzawa impressed me as one of the sturdiest in activity and intellect. I illustrated my lecture with objects and drawings on the blackboard and endeavored to explain to the students the simple factors of natural selection. In every experience of this kind I have noticed how quickly the Japanese grasp the points, and I soon realized the reason. The Japanese are more familiar with the animals and plants of their country than are we with ours; indeed, the familiarity of the country boy with flowers, fungi, and insects and the like is akin to that of those who collect and study these objects in our country. The country boy has common names for hundreds of species of insects where our country boy has ten. I have often been amazed at his knowledge of structural detail. An experience I had with a little country boy will illustrate this. I was showing him, with the aid of a pocket magnifier, a peculiar feature of an elater beetle which when placed on its back jumps into the air. One has to examine the structure with a lens. It consists of a projection on the last thoracic ring below, and this fits into a socket on the first abdominal segment. The insect bends the thorax and the abdomen dorsally while resting on its back; the projection comes out of the socket and rests on the edge; and then, by bending the body ventrally, the projection rests for a moment on the edge of the socket and finally snaps in with a violent jerk causing the beetle to jump into the air several inches. Now, I am sure that with us only

entomologists are familiar with this structure; yet this Japanese country boy knew all about it, and told me it was called a rice-pounder, the spur or projection representing the pestle and the cavity the mortar. The boy was delighted, however, to see this structure magnified with a fine lens.

After the lecture Mr. Fukuzawa gave me a remarkable exhibition of fencing by the students. They were all dressed in fencing armor. This consisted of a thickly wadded headpiece, with lappets protecting the neck and heavy bars of iron in front to protect the face, and a stiff jacket with arms and shoulders additionally protected by polished pieces of bamboo. The jacket had a skirt of several wadded lappets. The foil was made up of slats of bamboo tied together with a handle long enough for the two hands to grasp as in the long Japanese sword. The great blow is directly down upon the head, and, with the hands holding the foil vertically, the pushing of one hand forward at the same time the lower hand is drawn backward brings the sword down with lightning-like rapidity.

The class was divided into two groups of fifty, the leader of each class standing back with his retainers protecting him. The leaders had tied on top of the hood a disk of soft pottery, two and one half inches in diameter, with two holes for the string, and the object was to smash the disk of the opponent. The noise of the clash was terrific; the slats of bamboo made a resounding whack, though the blows did no damage. Mr. Fukuzawa called my attention to one of the boys who was the son of a famous fencing-master. It was wonderful to see the dash with which he penetrated the crowd and smashed the

pottery disk on the head of his opponent. The disk flew into many fragments, and one could instantly see the result of the combat. Though the boys wore long-sleeved gauntlets, many came out of the fray with bruises and bleeding scratches on their wrists.

## CHAPTER XIX

### JAPAN IN 1882

AFTER an absence from Japan of two years and eight months I arrived for the third time in Yokohama on June 5, 1882, and again experienced the novelties of sounds, odors, and sights which invariably impress the traveler. Doctor William Sturgis Bigelow, an ardent admirer and collector of Japanese art, was my companion. It was ten o'clock at night when we landed, but nevertheless, we ate a hearty meal after having nearly starved to death on the steamer, and despite the rain which was falling, started off for a brief walk. Crossing the creek near the hotel we sauntered along the narrow road known as Homura, bordered on both sides by little shops, most of them closed. The people clattering along on their wooden clogs, the flickering of lanterns, the curious hum of voices within the houses, the odors of tea and cooked food, all were as interesting to me as if I were experiencing them for the first time.

We went the next morning to Tokyo and by jinrikisha to Kaga Yashiki. As the Ginza and Nihonbashi were torn up for the construction of a horse railway, we rode through the castle grounds, passing over the moat and along its side for a while. As we rode through the Hongo it was delightful to see that no changes had taken place. The watch-repairer on the corner; the curious little dwarf with no chin; the fish-chopper with his rap-a-tap; the gold-beater with his monoton-



ous pounding; the cooper and the straw-hat maker, — they were all at work as I had left them nearly three years ago. Great changes have taken place in Kaga Yashiki. Large sheds are erected back of the house Dr. Murray used to occupy, in preparation for laying the foundation of the University building. Dr. Murray's house has had a large ell added to it, and the building is to be a school for foreign music. An old teacher of music in the Boston public schools, Dr. Mason, has been employed as instructor, and the work he has already accomplished is little short of marvelous. He has worked with devotion with his young pupils and the progress already made is incredible. Foreigners find the greatest difficulty in learning Japanese music, but apparently the Japanese children find no difficulty in learning ours.

On the steamer coming over I had given three lectures on Evolution, raising over fifty dollars for the benefit of thirteen shipwrecked Japanese fishermen who had been rescued by the United States steamer Pensacola and brought to San Francisco. The officers had raised fifty dollars for them and provided them with clothing. Dressed in blue, with hats bearing the name Pensacola, they were an odd-looking lot. With Mr. Tashiro, a Japanese merchant, who came on the same steamer, we went to the money exchange and I converted my money into Japanese paper currency, getting nearly ninety yen. We then went to a Japanese inn where the shipwrecked men were waiting to be transported to their native provinces. Mr. Tashiro ascertained how many had families. By a tremendous feat of mathematics I found that each man could be given three yen, each wife two yen, and each child one yen. It was

delightful to witness the pleasure and gratitude they showed. Though the amount was small, it was for each a month's earnings, or more.

A quest for pottery showed unexpected conditions, for where formerly the bric-à-brac shops were filled with interesting pieces, now they are scarce; tea-jars, particularly, as the cult of the tea ceremony has been revived, and tea-bowls, tea-jars, and other utensils have come into use again. Furthermore, in England and France, the collecting of Japanese pottery has become a craze, and a few in the United States have begun to see the charm of Japanese pottery and even art museums are beginning to appreciate these objects.

The dear little boy, Miyaoka, who bade me good-bye nearly three years ago, came to see me to-night and I hardly knew him. He was dressed in foreign clothes and had grown to manhood. He had lost a little of his English and stuttered slightly when embarrassed. When I visited the Museum the next morning I found gathered in Director Kato's room a number of the Japanese professors expecting me; Professors Kikuchi, Mitsukuri, Yatabe, Toyama and Vice-Director Hattori. Soon after, Dr. Kato came in. If warmth of hand-shaking and hearty voices betoken anything, it was evident that they were as glad to greet me as I was to greet them. The finest tea in Kutani cups and the best cigars were passed around and we had a delightful time comparing notes. All the clerks bowed profoundly, the servants smiled a glad welcome, and I felt that I had not been forgotten. With Professor Mitsukuri, who is Professor of Zoölogy, I entered the old laboratory. My old servant, Matsu, fairly beamed with joy. Mr.

Ishikawa was working away at some exquisite drawings; Mr. Tanada, my former assistant, was on hand looking a little older, but was the same faithful fellow. He has charge of the Museum, and Matsu has become one of the officers of the college with higher pay.

After looking about for a while we crossed the street to a large two-storied building erected since I was here before. This was the Zoölogical Museum. The last work I did before I went home was to draw the plans of a two-storied building. My plans had been carried out to the letter. Many new cases had been built similar to the first ones I made, and I must confess to a feeling of gratification when I entered the main hall to see a full-sized portrait of myself, neatly framed, hanging on one side of the main entrance, with the Director's portrait on the other side. The artist who drew the pottery for my Omori shell mound memoir had made a full-sized portrait from a small photograph, and had certainly got a good likeness. The Museum was in far better condition than I had expected to find it, though I can see that my help will brighten it a little.

In the afternoon Dr. Bigelow and I were invited by Mr. Takamine to dinner at his house at Koishikawa, Mr. Miyaoka and his brother, Mr. Takenaka, coming for us to show us the way. The house and garden were in pure Japanese style. One room only was furnished with bed, high desk, tables, chairs, and the like, as Mr. Takamine, a graduate of the Oswego Normal School, found our ways more convenient. Among other features of interest he had an archery range. I tried shooting, but found the bow very awkward, as their method

of release with the arrow on the right of the bow is so different from our method of shooting. He had also a croquet ground, and his mother, a sweet old lady, and Takamine's brother played. Young Mrs. Takamine is charming and very intelligent, speaking English fluently. About six o'clock dinner was brought in for three, the ladies and boys acting as waiters. It was a most delicious dinner in pure Japanese style, and it was interesting to see how promptly Dr. Bigelow ate every course with a genuine relish. Before we had finished our dinner two beautiful kotos (Japanese harps) were brought in and placed on the mats. One belonged to young Mrs. Takamine, the other to her blind teacher, one of the most famous koto players in Tokyo. Mrs. Takamine revealed herself as a skillful player. She then brought out a violin, and the blind teacher tuned his koto to the scale of our music, the bridges supporting the strings being moved up and down the instrument to bring it in tune with the violin. I wondered what kind of an ear-destroying performance was coming, for it seemed incredible that Mrs. Takamine should be able to make a true note on so difficult an instrument as a violin. I was not prepared for the surprise that followed, for she played with great strength and accuracy "Auld Lang Syne," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Glorious Apollo," while the blind teacher played an elaborate accompaniment on the koto, such as one might play on the harp. Mrs. Takamine played without her notes, and the blind player, of course, had never been able to see a note! The music was simple enough, but the perfect harmony in the performance was what amazed me. Her violin instruction covered only forty-seven days. I hardly knew which



most to admire, Mrs. Takamine playing on a foreign and difficult instrument or the koto player changing his instrument and playing in a key and scale entirely foreign to him and playing in a very elaborate manner. We stayed very late and the experience was delightful.

*June 10.* At the dry-goods shop and at other places where my children used to go I was immediately recognized, and inquiries were made for O baa san, John san, and O Edie san. Tatsu, my old jinrikisha man, with his little girl, called on me, and the next day his wife came with a present of a box of cake from Tatsu.



*June 15.* Attended the parting dinner given to Professors Netto, Chaplin, and Houghton. The dinner was given in a new building at Shiba Park known as the Koyokwan, belonging to a club of Japanese. The rooms are very beautiful; wonderful bits of old wood-carving have been worked into the rooms in a very effective manner. The dinner was excellent as all good Japanese dinners are. Before we were through some old Japanese comic acting was introduced, one act being a man fighting the spirit of a mosquito. Koto players gave some curious music. (I was told by a Japanese that their word for music, literally translated, meant "tone pleasure.") After dinner the geisha girls danced and sang and the same old juggler that I saw here three years ago performed his tricks. When I came away a box was given me which contained cake and candy. The box, eight inches square, was made of thin white wood and a little handle to the cover was cut out of green

bamboo (fig. 613). (I was told by Takamine that the bamboo attained its growth in one year.)

I called on Ninagawa and it seemed to give him a melancholy pleasure to see me. He appeared not a day older than when I last saw him. I bought of him one hundred and twenty-seven

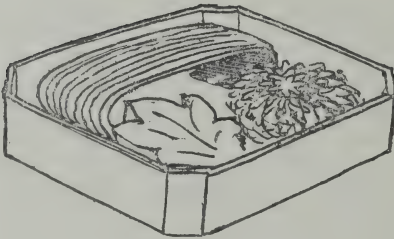
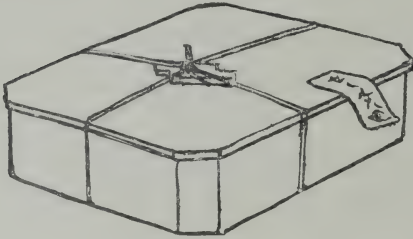


FIG. 613

pieces of pottery, many very rare. I attended a meeting of the Biological Society at the University. The society has now thirty-eight members. I gave them a little talk on changes of fauna. Mr. Ishikawa communicated some facts regarding protective coloring in crustacea. It was interesting to see the society which I had established not only in existence, but holding its regular monthly meetings.

The University authorities have given me a little house just back of the astronomical observatory. The house has two rooms, one of which Dr. Bigelow has, and a large closet, and accommodations for a Japanese servant and his wife. Back of the house is the insane hospital, and we are lulled to sleep by the songs of the maniacs, enlivened now and then by the shrieks of some cases of acute mania.

By appointment my old jinrikisha man came for me to take me to his home. He was neatly dressed, and though I sug-

gested going in my own jinrikisha, he leading the way, he would not listen to it, but insisted upon taking me off in triumph for a ride of three miles. He has a nice house, given to him by his father, who lives in Owari. His wife and child were dressed in their best, and cake, candy, and tea were offered me, and I endeavored to show my appreciation of their welcome. Conversation is difficult between persons who do not speak each other's language, and so we had to converse with bows and smiles. I was asked to remain to dinner, but excused myself on account of other appointments.

This evening I attended a dinner in foreign style given by the Japanese professors at the Seiyoken. Dr. Bigelow was also invited. Imagine my surprise and delight when I found that they had invited a number of my old friends. There were thirty-two present, all Japanese, and as I passed round the room, greeting each one in turn, I was glad to find that not a single name had I forgotten. One Japanese said that he had been associated with his English professor for a year or more and the Englishman could not call him by his right name yet! It was gratifying to find that all my old special students were professors in the University, or in other colleges, while my old assistant



FIG. 614

is now permanently engaged as an officer of the Museum. Professor Toyama made the address of welcome in English; Mr. Fujita, of the *Hochi Shinbun* (newspaper), made a speech in Japanese. Mr. Kaneko, in his speech, directed part of it to Dr. Bigelow, and the Doctor made his first after-dinner speech in return. He urged the importance and necessity of

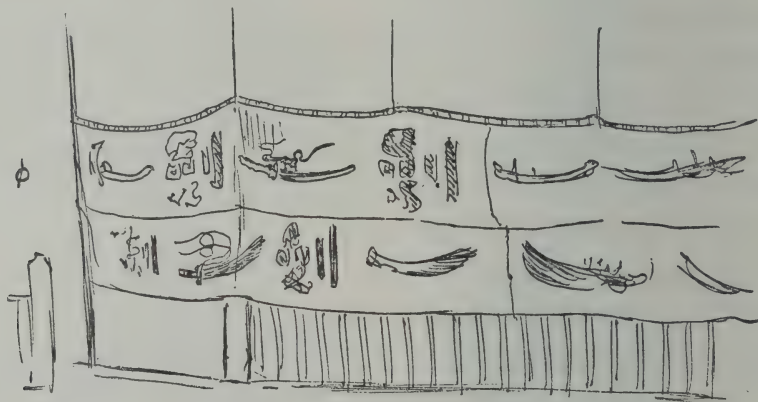


FIG. 615

the Japanese adhering to their own methods of drawing and painting. It was certainly the most delightful experience I ever had.

The construction of a house near by gives me the opportunity to watch every detail of the work. Mr. Greenough, a Boston architect, on his way to India, tells me that the Japanese way of mortising beams, curious as it is, is no better than the method practiced by our carpenters. Certainly the Japanese mortising is very complex in design. Mr. Greenough admired the way the Japanese use the adze and would like to see more of that kind of work in America. The Japanese tools seem sharper than ours, and the planed surfaces of the woods are



delightful to smooth with the hands. Dr. Bigelow called my attention to the fact that in a Japanese saw the teeth are small near the hand, but increase in size toward the end.<sup>1</sup> The roofing tiles are bedded in dark, sticky mud which is kneaded into balls and is passed up from one man to another till it reaches the roof (fig. 614).

A few days ago a Japanese sword dealer, of whom Dr. Bigelow had bought a good many swords and sword-guards, offered to bring his friends to the yashiki and show the Japanese style of fencing.



(Character reversed on screen)

FIG. 616

He came accompanied by a number of famous fencers and wrestlers. It was an interesting sight to see them grouped on the grass in front of the house. A long white curtain, decorated in black with swords and Chinese characters, was hung up as an awning, making a protection from the oblique rays of the sun (fig. 615). The characters and sketch (fig. 616) were repeated on the screen. They fenced with foils of bamboo, with spear and sword, and with a weapon known as the "chain scythe." This weapon was used in feudal times, and their

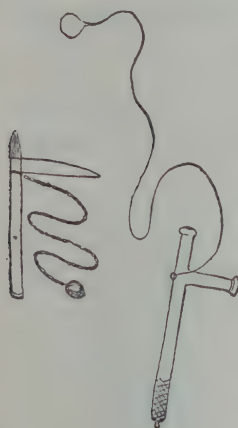


FIG. 617

<sup>1</sup> Details of house construction are given in *Japanese Homes*.

handling of it was very interesting to watch. A peculiar kind of wrestling called *jujitsu* was demonstrated, in which one was



FIG. 618

taught how to kill a man in combat without the use of weapons. In this method of wrestling, a weaker man is taught how to take advantage of the efforts of a stronger man. It was impossible to get any sketches of the

fencers so rapid were their movements, but a few outlines were made of their weapons (fig. 617). The fencers stooped opposite one another with their masks on the ground. When their names were announced they tied on their masks (fig. 618) and banged away at one another in lusty fashion, keeping up a most infernal yelling at the same time. These men had come to the *ya-shiki* expressly to demonstrate to foreigners their various arts of fencing, and their services were given gratuitously.

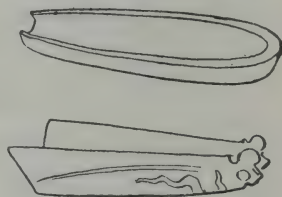


FIG. 619

In making tea, if the tea is choice, the teapot is first filled with water hot from the kettle. The water is then poured away, and the tea is immediately put in, and at the same time the cups are

filled with water. The tea becomes slightly moist in the teapot from the steam which remains, and the water in the cups is then poured into the teapot, and though lukewarm a fine flavor is produced. Care is taken not to pour the tea from the canister directly into the teapot, as the steam would affect the tea in the canister. It must be taken out with a scoop. Even the tea-scoops are dainty bits of art. Figure 619 represents a few forms. Miyaoka while illustrating this process told me that if a man had drunk too much saké the night before, the tea grounds of tea made in this way, eaten with a little sauce, was an excellent antidote.

On June 30 I gave a public lecture under the auspices of the Biological Society in a large hall recently built in foreign style and having a capacity for seating fifteen hundred persons. It was densely crowded when

I got there. Mr. Ariga acted as my interpreter, and my subject was the antiquity of man with a sketch of the evidences of his lowly origin. In my audience were several Buddhist priests and one Korean. I saw many familiar faces, and it seemed like getting back among old friends as they watched me with kindly eyes. Many Japanese ladies were present, Viscount Tanada and his wife, Ninagawa, and other antiquarians and scholars. Figure 620 represents the ticket of admission.

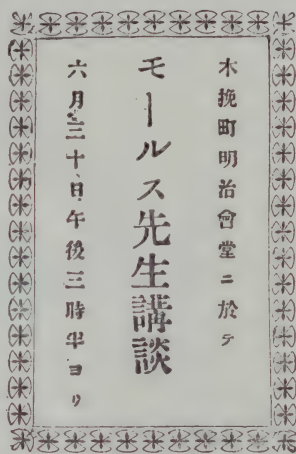


FIG. 620

The other night a number of Koreans came to the observatory with Mr. Dan, who had them in charge. I was presented to them collectively, and they immediately bowed and presented their cards and we exchanged. The Koreans seemed much interested in what they saw and were a fine-looking body of men. Their dress was of silk and more like the Chinese than the Japanese dress. Their hats, which were tied on with ribbon behind the ears, terminating in a long pendant in front, appeared to be made of mosquito netting, but were made of

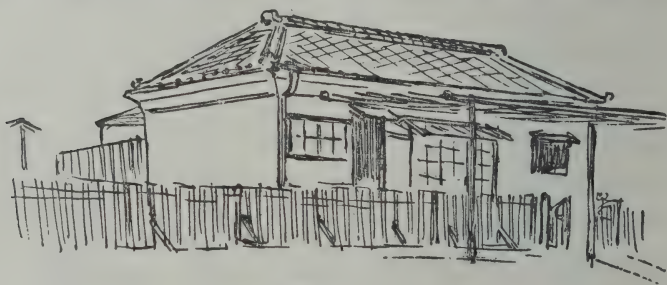


FIG. 621

horsehair, and within could be seen their hair tied in a knot. Their language sounded like a cross between that of the Japanese and Chinese. I talked with them through a Japanese interpreter who could not speak English, so I had first to converse with Mr. Dan in English and he translated my words into Japanese, and the interpreter converted them into Korean. I also talked to them directly with my limited knowledge of Japanese, for in their residence here they had picked up about as much Japanese as I had. They shook hands cordially on going away.

Figure 621 is a rough sketch of the house in which the janitor of the observatory and his wife reside. My room (fig. 622)



is about twelve feet square, and in it I have a double bed, two trunks, a desk, two bureaus, two chairs, and a washstand. The bureaus are entirely covered with pottery, books, papers, etc. One may imagine how I am crowded, and yet I enjoy having things where I can literally lay my hands upon them.

Mr. Takenaka, who is a student in the Medical College, which is carried on by German doctors, and where the instruc-

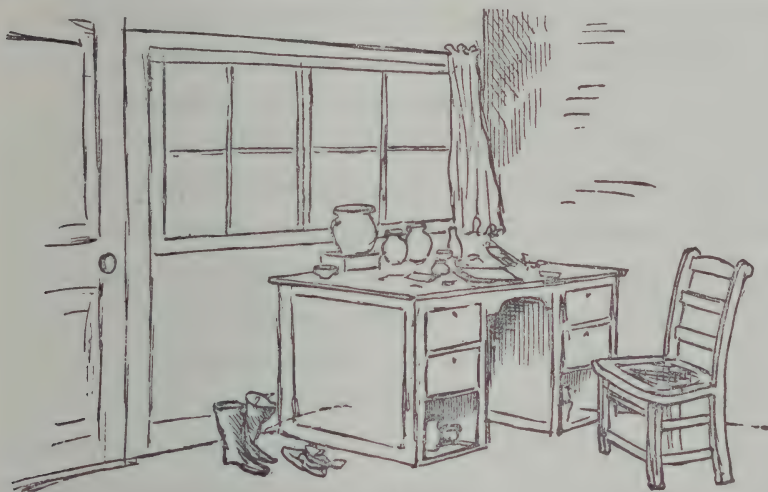


FIG. 622

tion is in German, is, of course, a good German scholar, but he has learned English from his younger brother, Miyaoka. He has given me many items of interest. The Medical College that he attends has for this year (1882) 1457 students, of whom 397 are in the preparatory school; 159 are studying medicine and surgery in German; 818 are studying medicine and surgery in Japanese; and 83 are studying pharmacy. It is really wonderful that the Japanese are so promptly giving up the ancient practice of Chinese medicine and adopting what

their common sense teaches them is based on reason and science — remarkable in the fact that next to one's religious belief one clings to one's methods of medical practice, no matter how absurd they may be.

Dr. Bigelow and I were invited to the house of Mr. Kikkawa, whose family runs back thirty generations. Mr. Kikkawa was formerly Daimyo of the Province of Suo. He has a large estate and five houses near the Meganebashi. A large gate was swung open on our arrival and an attendant escorted us ceremoniously through certain passages to rooms where we were introduced to Mr. Kikkawa and to several officers of the household. Then we were led upstairs to a beautiful room having that simplicity of detail and absolute cleanliness that characterize their house interiors. Mr. Nakawara acted as interpreter. In the recesses of the room were most superb specimens of gold lacquer and rare old kakemono. The guardian of the family — I suppose one might say the steward — was a delightful spirit of the past. Compliments were exchanged, and then, on our expressing a wish to see examples of ancient swords, one after another was brought out, each sword in a silk bag contained in a fine lacquer box on which was the crest of the family in gold. The first one shown was seven hundred years old and had been used by an ancient Kikkawa in beheading some famous opponent. The scabbard was of leather as was also the cord which bound the handle. Portions of this were reduced to powder by age and this powder was wrapped in paper. This scabbard, handle, guard, and other parts were laid out on the mats with great formality and dignity, and we were invited to examine the blade.

Other swords were shown us, and such magnificent blades I never saw before. The Doctor went wild over them, but this enthusiasm on both our parts was suppressed to the last degree. It was very interesting to see Mr. Kikkawa kneeling in an immovable attitude and all the attendants, never for a moment forgetting their dignity, speaking in low, measured tones with that interrupted and hesitating manner betokening the utmost humility and awe.

We expressed a wish to see a beautiful piece of lacquer in one of the recesses. The attendant who brought it rose from his knees in one movement, reverently approached the piece, knelt down before it, gently took it in his hands, rose again in the same manner and with measured step approached us, again knelt down, and deposited the box where we could examine it. These attendants were all high samurai and have their own attendants in Suo, where the Kikkawa family have a residence, and at which place they have fine old pottery, lacquer, and pictures which will be brought to Tokyo as soon as the brick fireproof building is finished. We saw the building on entering the gate.

During our visit servants came into the room at intervals bearing in their partly outstretched arms the low bon, or tray, containing delicious food. We had a most enjoyable time, and realized that we had had a genuine glimpse of one of the many interesting features of old Japan. When we came away we were given a little souvenir of Suo, consisting of a thin wooden box about four inches long lined with gold paper, across which was a narrow strip of black cloth on which were pasted seven caddis worm-cases (fig. 623)! These common objects in our

streams are found in the river at Iwakuni. On the outside was a picture of the wonderful wooden arched bridge with a curious formula of trusses.

I was shown through the insane asylum near the house. It was interesting to see the same expressions on the faces of these unfortunate creatures that one may see in going through our asylums at home, — dementia, melancholia, acute mania, and other types of mental disease.

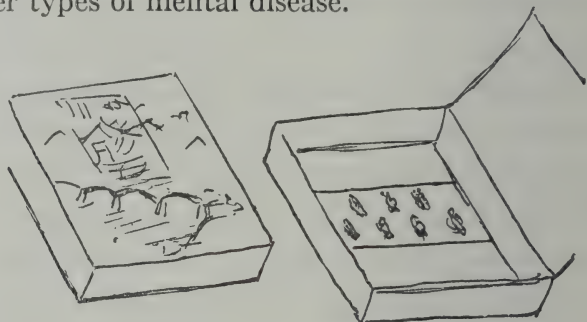


FIG. 623

We heard the most wonderful music of the flute by a Japanese court musician. The flute, much larger than ours, was made of bamboo, and the number and position of the openings were different from those in our flute. The enjoyment for us consisted in the delicious contrasts between note after note. The notes were long and of exquisite purity. It was a revelation to us. With harmony one gets these effects in our music, but in Japanese music there is no harmony, only melody. In the "Oratorio of St. Paul," our leader, Carl Zerrahn, always became specially alert in anticipation of a delicious terminal note in one phrase in the choral "To God on High."

On July 2 I attended a public exhibition of the normal



school classes that Mr. Mason has trained to sing in our methods. The exhibition was in the old Chinese college, a fine hall with good acoustic properties. Class after class came in and sang various selections. The music was our common school music, and therefore not very difficult, yet it was amazing to

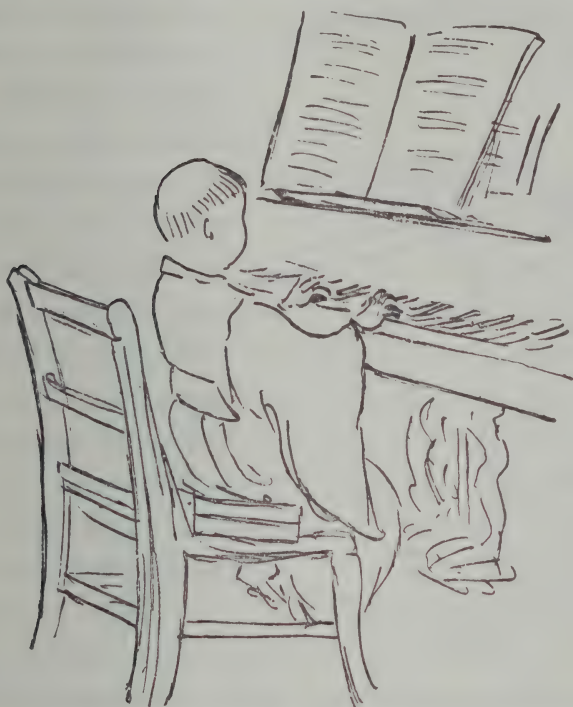


FIG. 624

hear them sing in our way. Their voices lacked the vim and snap that are characteristic of our school-children, yet there was no doubt that the Japanese could be taught to sing in our way; whether it is desirable to engraft our musical methods on them is another question. There was piano playing, and some of it was remarkably good; also an orchestra of

violins, clarinet, flute, bass-viol, etc., which played "Glorious Apollo," "Angel of Peace," "Men of Harlech," and other compositions, and really did very well. Kōsaka Sankishi, a little boy of five years, scarcely large enough to reach the keys,



FIG. 625

played some simple thing on the piano with remarkable skill (fig. 624). His playing excited a good deal of interest, and Mr. Mason called him a Japanese Mozart! Figure 625 represents him writing music on a black-board as Mr. Mason played it on the violin. The boy then sang it, and it was remarkable to see how rapidly he caught the notes. He was so small that a stool was needed to enable him to reach the blackboard, but he was a

bright little fellow, and when I showed him the rough sketches I had made of him he seemed to appreciate them.

One morning my servant called my attention to a curious procession of worms, evidently the maggot of some fly. They were transparent or colorless larvæ about a third of an inch long, having black heads, and being very moist they were adhering to one another and were crawling in a long compact mass across a smooth walk in front of my room. They glided over

one another, and only in this way could they crawl over the dry surface, and in no other way could they protect themselves from the number of little yellow ants that hovered on the flanks of the column. Now and then a worm got detached from the column and the ants immediately seized the straggler and dragged it away. If the forward end of the column was dis-



FIG. 626

turbed, the entire column instantly stopped. I dug a long ditch in front of the column, and it was interesting to observe the leaders deploy in fan shape to feel for a place to cross. Figure 626 shows a portion of the column, which was two feet long, and figure 627 shows the head of the column deploying. The column made its way slowly to the side of the house and then disappeared in a crevice. It was evident that this method



FIG. 627

of traveling was a means of protection, for an ant could not pull away an individual worm from the mass.

July 5, I was invited to give a lecture before the Japanese Fish Commission and had an audience of intelligent Japanese. One of the princes I had met at the Nobles' School was in attendance and greeted me very kindly. I spoke of the work accomplished by the fish commissions of Europe and America and the success attending the artificial propagation of fish and other marine forms.

Takenaka tells me many items of interest. In mentioning some of our proverbs or sayings he matched them with similar

ones in Japan; thus, "Every little helps, as the old woman said when she tried to row a boat with a needle"; the Japanese say, "To dip out the ocean with a shell," and also, "To make a hole in a mountain with an awl"; and in describing a dense crowd in a hall, "There was no room to put an awl to the floor." Our saying, "Lock the barn door after the horse is stolen," is paralleled by the Japanese saying, "Carry the stick after the quarrel."

In numbering the volumes of their books, besides the usual 1, 2, 3 the Japanese use other characters. For example, if there are three volumes they use the characters for "above," "middle," "below"; if there are two volumes, "above" and "below"; or for a work of three volumes they may use the characters meaning "heaven," "earth," and "man"; two volumes may be designated by characters meaning "north-west" and "northeast." It is customary in the case of a number of volumes to preface the numbering by a character which means "roll," as in ancient times the books were in form of rolls; our word "volume" has the same origin. The Japanese signs of the zodiac are called after the names of animals, as with us. The compass is also divided into twelve points with the signs of the zodiac; north, being "rat"; east, "rabbit"; south, "horse"; west, "birds." There are two intermediate points between these greater ones, and for northeast they have the name "bull-tiger."

The Japanese used to have many superstitions about building a house that are still believed in by the lower classes. Takenaka said that when he was a small boy and the family moved to Tokyo, his father consulted a compass and found



that a certain part of the house was not in the right direction, and on account of this he after a while moved into another house. This superstition has long been outgrown by the intelligent classes. It is a common matter when friends meet to allude to the last time they met or to speak of a letter they may have written to one another.

A region in Tokyo, known as Asakusa, is famous for its high temple and avenue lined with toy shops and curious side-shows, and flocks of pigeons which alight upon you. The Doctor and I visited one of these shows. There was a little room

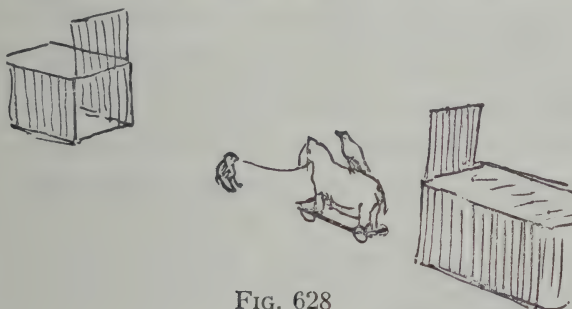


FIG. 628

with seats for thirty or forty persons, and a raised table, behind which were a number of small cages containing a peculiar species of native bird smaller than our sparrow and very intelligent. The man who exhibited them had the kindest manner and a most winning face, and seemed to have the most perfect control over the birds. The little fellows were pecking away at their cages impatient to come out and go through their tricks. Some of them were remarkable. One wondered how they could have been trained to do such things.

I made the most hasty sketches, which will, nevertheless, present a better idea of the tricks than any descriptions could

do. In figure 628 the cages stood open opposite each other, a foot apart, and a little toy horse stood between. In this trick one bird jumps on the horse, while the other takes the reins in



FIG. 629

his bill and drags the horse about the table by a series of jerks. It was amusing to see the prompt way in which the birds came out of their cages and went through the trick. In another trick (fig. 629) a bird hops up a ladder, step by step, to a staging above and draws up a bucket with his beak, holding on to the slack

string with his feet. In the next trick (fig. 630) four birds come out of their respective cages, and three of them peck away at the drums and samisens which are fixed to little platforms, while the fourth tosses about some bells and jingling affairs that lie upon the table. Of course no music is made nor

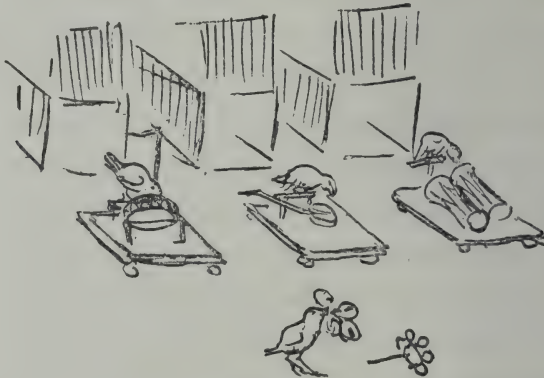


FIG. 630

time, but a lively noise is kept up, and it is interesting to see the birds go through their parts so eagerly.

In figure 631 a bird runs from its cage, mounts a flight of

steps to a bell tower, and pulls the swinging stick so as to ring the bell after Japanese fashion. Figure 632 represents a bird shooting with a bow. What he really does is to detach the string from a notch in the stick which terminates in a horse's head (a hobby horse which is a common toy for Japanese children). The arrow is shot, however, and the fan which forms the target drops from its support.

In figure 633 a bird runs out and pulls a string, which rings a bell in front of a shrine. The bird then runs to a box and picking coins from the table, drops them into the box. In Japanese churches, or temples, a number of bells hang suspended above and cords



FIG. 631

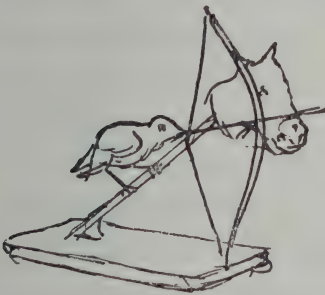


FIG. 632



hang down by them so that they may be struck by means of the cord. Worshipers do this when they pray. The con-

tribution box, instead of being a small affair on the end of a handle, passed around once a week, is a huge box, even four or five feet long and two feet deep, open above, but protected



FIG. 633

by triangular shaped bars just wide enough apart to allow the metal coin to drop through. This box stands in front of the place of worship year in and year out, and a man may stand in the street, mutter his prayer, and toss his coin into the box, often missing his mark, as may be seen by the number of coins on the earth around.



FIG. 634

The most amazing trick is shown in figure 634, in which a bird picks from the table, one after the other, three kake-

mono and hangs them on pegs which are on miniature trees. The bird is compelled to jump up on a low roost to reach



the pegs. To teach a bird to perform such a series of acts must have required an infinite amount of patience. In another trick a little bird runs up a ladder to a platform and throws off a number of coins, one after another, with great energy. In still another a bird, holding an umbrella over its head, runs up a long ladder and walks out on a tight rope; it also picks out a certain card and puts a cover on a box. The trainer



FIG. 636

brought out a talking parrot and a large parrot-like bird; then, holding one in each hand, he made them utter phrases alternately, such as, "How do you do," "Good-bye," etc., in Japanese, of course. It was altogether the most interesting exhibition of trained animals I ever saw. Some of the tricks were in line with the natural movements of birds in their daily life, such as picking up things, pulling strings in nest-building; but how a bird could be taught to pick up pictures and hang them on appropriate pegs was more than we could fathom.



FIG. 635

The Japanese candle is made of vegetable wax, and there are a number of varieties; a kind made in Aidsu has decorations in color (fig. 635), and in some the figures are in relief. The wick consists of a hollow tube of paper; the candlestick has a barb of iron instead of a socket, and the opening in the wick below allows the barb to fit into it securely. Such a candle-

stick, long extinct, was known in England as a "pricket" candlestick. The candle is finished above with the wick protruding and pointed. The economy of this shape is seen when

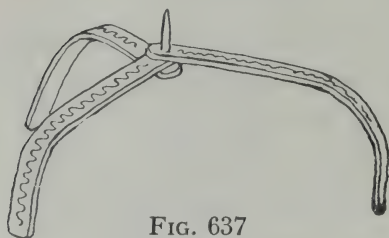


FIG. 637

the piece of candle burning low is taken off the pricket and adjusted to the top of the new candle, so that not a particle of candle is wasted (fig. 636). The ordinary candle has the same diameter through-

out, but in some of the finer forms the upper part is much larger in diameter than the rest and thus lasts longer in burning. The lanterns, which nearly every one carries at night, burn candles. Figures 637, 638 and 639 show sketches of various forms of candlesticks.<sup>1</sup> There are many forms of portable candle-holders, some quite ingenious in design; also bamboo tubes with cover, so that one can carry candles in his little pack done up in a bundle handkerchief. (Fig. 639 represents fig. 638 folded.)

A curious form of weather-vane was made of a thin sheet of metal in the form of a pennant, painted and shaded as if fluttering in the wind (fig. 640).



FIG. 638

<sup>1</sup> At the Peabody Museum, Salem, is a large collection of Japanese candlesticks, some of which are portable and fold up.

*July 15.* I went to the graduating exercises of the Tokyo Female Normal School, and was given a seat on the platform in a position where I could see all the exercises. Before going to the main hall I saw the kindergarten children with their pretty little games of marching. It was a charming sight to see a hundred little girls, all beautifully dressed, their sleeves, in some cases, touching the floor, and so many with the sweetest faces. After this performance they went

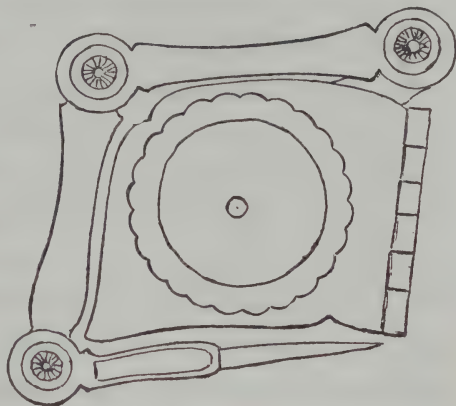


FIG. 639

into the main hall, where the children marched up the centre aisle, keeping step with music played on the piano by Miss Nagai, a graduate of Vassar College. When they were seated, their various names were called out by one of the teachers, and each in turn came up to the platform to receive a present,



FIG. 640

which consisted of a roll of Japanese paper of large size, a stick of ink and a brush, done up in the neat way of the Japanese present, with the noshi slipped in under the cord that held it. When they approached, a very low bow was made. On receiving the present, which they did with both hands, they raised it to their heads, made another deep bow, and backed away to the steps. Such little tots came toddling along, and as some child

approached, particularly shy in her demeanor, it was interesting to watch the pleased and sympathetic smiles of the company, from the Prince and Princess, who sat on the stage, to the door attendants. It was curious to look over the large hall and see such a crowd of black heads, — no light hair, nor red, not even a gray-headed one, — all polished black hair beautifully dressed with bright red crape and dancing hairpins, and a background of attendant nurses standing up and peering anxiously to find out the position of their individual charges. The smaller children having retired, the larger girls came in, and the bright-colored hairpins, like flowers sticking up here and there, produced a very pretty effect in the sea of black. The larger girls, as their names were called, came up the main aisle very slowly and bowed low to the Prince and the Princess and the assembled guests on the stage, then approached the desk, made another low bow, received the present, which was raised to the head in another bow, then slowly turned to the left, and went back to their seats. Among these were a number that were being graduated, and when they had received the folded diploma they retired two steps backward, opened the diploma with formality, quietly examined it, folded it carefully, and then, holding it in the right hand in a peculiar manner, bowed again and retired.

After the graduating exercises the audience strolled to various rooms where lunch was served in Japanese style. In a Japanese room the graduates were served, and as I knew Miss Nagai and young Mrs. Takamine, I crossed a garden to the room where they were and ventured to join the class. It was a pretty sight to see the girls sitting on the mats in two long rows



facing each other, all beautifully dressed and served by a number of equally prettily dressed girls. I was invited to drink saké with some of them, and many bowed to me whom I did not remember having seen before. During the exercises a few of our songs were sung, "Angel of Peace," "Auld Lang Syne," the latter particularly well; then a Japanese song was sung accompanied by three kotos, three shos, and two biwas.

This song was sung by the entire

school. It was started by a young lady striking a long, flat, thin piece of wood with another piece of the same shape at right angles. The click was sharp and peculiar. She then uttered a long, high note without the slightest inflection, as a keynote, and the chorus began. The music was certainly very weird and very impressive, and with the peculiarly

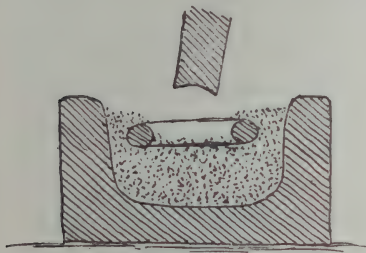


FIG. 642



FIG. 641

sweet accompaniment and curious rhythm, gave me an impression of the merit of Japanese music that I had never had before. Their music sounded distinguished as they sang it, compared with ours. Of course they did not sing the best of our

music, or in the best way; nevertheless, here was a chance for some one to secure ideas in regard to the power of music in a new direction.

In pounding rice a large wooden mortar is used. The hammer or pestle is of large size and very heavy and is raised high above the head (fig. 641). The man wears a cushion on his left leg against which the end of the handle rests as he raises the hammer in the air. It requires a strong man to do the work. The face of the hammer is hollowed deeply, with sharp edge, and in the mortar is a thick ring of straw rope as shown in figure 642. When the blow is given the rice is forced up outside the ring and drops down inside. By this arrangement a circulation of the rice is secured so that all the rice in turn comes under the blow of the hammer. This idea I have never seen carried out in similar processes before. A yellow dust, which comes from rice after it is pounded, is tied in a bag and used to wash the face. At home corn meal is used in a similar way. This rice dust is also used to cleanse greasy dishes or lamps.

## CHAPTER XX

### OVERLAND TO KYOTO

*July 16.* I have been busy packing for our great trip through the southern provinces, going overland to Kyoto and then by steamer through the Inland Sea. My passport is made out for at least a dozen provinces. Mr. Nakawara has brought me a long letter from Mr. Kikkawa, introducing me to his people in Iwakuni, Province of Suo. On the envelope was written first the name of the place and province, then the name of the person, and in one corner of the envelope the characters, "Ordinary tidings," to signify that there is no bad news in the letter. If these characters are omitted, then bad news is expected and the recipient has time to compose himself. We shall see a little of the life of old Japan; I shall add a great many specimens to my collection of pottery; Dr. Bigelow will secure many forms of swords, guards, and lacquer; and Mr. Fenollosa will increase his remarkable collection of pictures, so that we shall have in the vicinity of Boston by far the greatest collection of Japanese art in the world.

*July 26.* We started on our overland trip to Kyoto, having a stage and three horses for conveyance. At Sammaibashi we left the stage to ascend a steep mountain road paved with irregular boulders in the steepest portions. Fenollosa and I walked a distance of eight miles to the village, while the Doctor and the rest of the party took kagos. The Doctor enjoyed

this mode of traveling very much. At times the most charming views came in sight. It was refreshing to get on one's legs again for a good sturdy walk, for though portions of the road

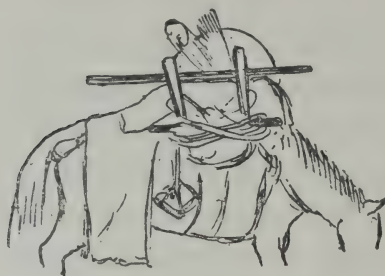


FIG. 643

were very steep we made good time. It was interesting to observe that our kago men kept up with us the whole way — though we walked rapidly — and each man was supporting nearly a hundred pounds, counting the weight of the kago and all. We met at intervals men carrying heavy loads on their shoulders traveling through the pass and walking rapidly too. They were on their way to Odawara, twelve miles distant. In every village we passed there were some new forms of balcony, gateway, or pretty interior, but it was impossible, going over the ground so rapidly, to get more than a few hasty outlines. The road is so frequently traveled by foreigners going to pleasure resorts that the Japanese took no notice of us. The children did not run away and showed no timidity. Besides men of burden on foot, horses with heavy pack-saddles and enormous loads were being led by countrymen. Figure 643 is a sketch of a pack-saddle not loaded, except with the owner's sun hat, raincoat, and a pair of straw sandals; a clumsy cushioned affair passes under the tail.

were very steep we made good time. It was interesting to observe that our kago men kept up with us the whole way — though we walked rapidly — and each man was supporting nearly a hundred pounds, counting the weight of the kago and all. We met at intervals



FIG. 644

In a house where two rooms come together they are separ-



ated only by sliding screens running in grooves in the floor and a hanging partition; the space above this partition is usually filled in with an open device of lattice, carved wood, or designs cut in stencil.<sup>1</sup> The skill and taste of these designs and the perfect cabinet-work shown were due to the fact that in the region were many men employed in making inlaid work of colored woods. Hakone is a great place for the manufacture of boxes, cabinets of drawers, and the like, in which pretty effects are produced by various patterns of colored woods. The different woods are built up solidly in firmly glued blocks, as shown in figure 644, and transverse slices are cut off as seen in figure 645, and used with other forms to decorate the cover of a box or the front of a drawer. These

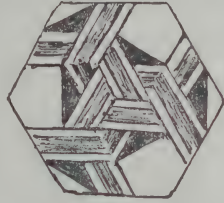


FIG. 645

drawings are half size. Figure 646 shows the man at work with his glue-pot over a few coals buried in ashes. No end of intricate designs are made, and the interesting feature about it is that the man seems to use only the common tools of a house



FIG. 646

carpenter. He sits on the floor and has for a bench a large block of wood.

<sup>1</sup> This detail is called a *ramma*, and I found many interesting forms which are given in *Japanese Homes*.

Our inn at Hakone is within a stone's throw of the lake and beyond rises Fuji high above the mountains that border the lake. We are two thousand feet above sea-level, the lake water is cold and pure, and the air fresh and invigorating. At every moment my pencil has been busy sketching picturesque places. Figure 647 is a sketch of one of the stronger

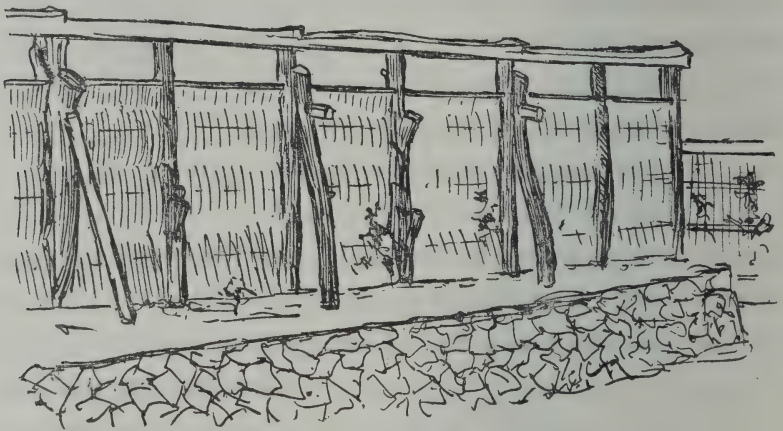


FIG. 647

kinds of fences to resist the high winds that come with the typhoons. All along the road one sees spinning and weaving going on in the houses. Figure 648 shows a woman weaving coarse straw matting used for rice bags and for other rough purposes.

We started early in the morning for a kago ride of eight miles. The descriptions of this form of transport do not at all convey an idea of this method of conveyance. There are, in the first place, three men to each kago, and they take turns in the work. In my journal four years ago I made a sketch of the ordinary kago used by the Japanese. Now at Hakone,

and probably at other places, a special kago, much longer and heavier, is made for the foreigner. They travel with the kago diagonally across the road (fig. 649). Changes are often made. Thus, two men will start off taking about ninety steps on a hill and perhaps one hundred and forty steps on a level, when they will rest the kago on the bamboo poles they carry with them, and then change shoulders, taking the same number of steps again, when the spare man relieves the forward man; then,



FIG. 648

after two more turns, the man that slipped out relieves the rear one. Going downhill or on a level they proceed in a sort of jolting run giving vent to a series of peculiar grunts. The weight each one carried was a hundred pounds at least, and this for eight or ten miles without a rest, uphill and down, showed great strength and endurance.

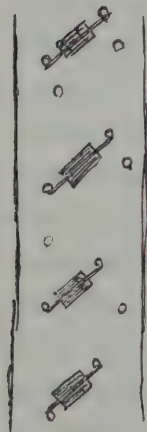


FIG. 649

It was difficult to keep an itinerary of the journey overland. We lost the day of the week and even the month. We had grand rides and tiresome ones, saw beautiful scenery, crossed long bridges over wide and shallow streams, stopped at interesting tea-houses; and at all times received that courteous attention which characterizes this people above all others. We spent an hour or so — or a day, as we did at Hamamatsu and at Shizuoka —

in hunting up old pottery, pictures, and the like; at Nagoya we stopped a few days. On our way across the country we noticed that in the inns where we spent the night the chambers were adorned with mottoes or sentiments, which, when translated, were invariably found to refer to the beauties of nature or were moral precepts or admonitions. Even in places where one may get saké the sentiments expressed by these inscriptions are highly moral. I have never seen a barroom in Japan, but, in seeing these refined sentiments, moral precepts, and the like, I could not help recalling a similar grade of country inns at home and the usual character of pictures one sees in the public rooms. Many of these sentiments are derived from Chinese classics. It is amazing how much may be conveyed by four or five Chinese characters: here is one in five characters, "Facing water shame swimming fish," which, fully rendered in our language, means, "When we contemplate the water in which the fish are swimming with calmness and ease, we feel ashamed of ourselves that we are such busy beings." How far this is correct I do not know; the translation was made by our Japanese interpreter.

When we arrived at Shizuoka, Province of Suruga, an outbreak of cholera was killing thirty or forty a day. The largest inns were closed, and it was with difficulty that we obtained entrance into one of them. The landlord said that if a death from cholera occurred, it would greatly injure the reputation of his hotel. We were promptly disinfected even before we could get out of our jinrikisha. Everybody seemed to be provided with a simple atomizer, consisting of a tin tube soldered to the top of a small tin dipper, in which was put a weak solu-



tion of carbolic acid. We had been sprayed upon at other places as if we brought the infection with us. At one place, Dr. Bigelow said, a man standing at the entrance of a house made a vigorous gesture at him as if to cut him down with a sword. These hostile demonstrations are of the rarest occurrence. I have but once experienced a similar hostile gesture. Walking with my daughter in Tokyo I passed three men who were straggling slowly along. We did not know that it is considered a rude thing to overtake and pass one without an apology. To resent our rudeness one of the men ran ahead and, turning, blocked our way and swung an imaginary sword in the air as if to cut us down. His two companions, laughing, grabbed him and drew him away. The man was evidently slightly intoxicated. Directly after the Doctor's experience, when passing along a country road, two middle-aged and respectable-appearing Japanese bowed very low to us as we passed by, and Mr. Ariga said the act was to show their respect for foreigners.

We spent two nights in Shizuoka and devoted the entire day to collecting. I penetrated every place where objects might be found, feeling no fear of the pestilence, being always careful not to eat things which might bear cholera bacilli, or to drink water, as, in fact, one rarely does in Japan. The next morning early we started in a rude, lumbering stage without springs, and had the toughest shaking-up imaginable; indeed, at noon, when we reached the crest of a high range of hills, the Doctor gave up the carriage in disgust, and I was only too happy to follow his example. Fenollosa and Ariga went on, and we snoozed until three in the afternoon and then hired

jinrikishas, each with two men, and had a grand ride to Hamamatsu, Totomi, where we spent the night. In the evening we saw a curious dance by a lot of pilgrims on their way to the top of Fuji. They occupied the large room in the hotel that opened on the street, and formed a ring. Each one had a stiff fan in his hand with which he beat time and then went through a curious dance and chant, turning first one way and then another, the circle moving partly around. It made a weird and peculiar sight. The dancers evidently enjoyed our interest in their performance and I was invited to join them. Their heads were tied up in white cloth, and before the dance I had seen them in a room upstairs kneeling, praying, and chanting, evidently rehearsing for Fuji.

After leaving cholera-infected Hamamatsu, somewhat depressed with the melancholy atmosphere, we came in our journey to a steep ravine up which the men had hard work to drag the jinrikishas. Halfway up we passed what was apparently a mountain brook tumbling down the sides of the ravine. It was too much for Fenollosa and me to resist, and though Dr. Bigelow urged us not to drink the water, we nevertheless ventured on a few swallows and found it dead and unpalatable. When we got to the top of the ravine imagine our horror to find a wide expanse of rice-fields, the drainage of which was our mountain brook!

Our next day's ride brought us to Toyohachi, and the next morning we made a raid after pottery and secured a number of good pieces. The following morning we left at eleven o'clock and reached the great city of Nagoya in the evening. Here we spent four days, Dr. Bigelow after lacquer and sword-

guards, Fenollosa after pictures, and I ransacking every place for pottery. A good-natured old fellow named Gonza, of whom I bought a few pieces of pottery, became interested in my quest and volunteered his services in showing us around the city from one curio-dealer to another. Whether he got a commission on each purchase I do not know, but he carried our parcels and beat down the price when he thought it was too high, conducted us to places we should never have found but for him, got dealers to come to our rooms with their treasures, and at the end helped pack the pottery I had bought, which filled two large boxes that were shipped to Tokyo. At the hotel where we stopped we had large tables and chairs, which were of great convenience. The dealers were coming to our rooms all the time, sometimes eight or ten at a time, spreading out their stock in trade on the floor. Up to the last hour of our stay we were buying things, and I made some fine additions to the pottery collection.

Gonza took me to a friend of his on the outskirts of the town who was the founder of an oven known as Fujimi, where I spent the entire forenoon. Ceremonial tea was made for me, the potter grinding the tea in my presence. He showed me his collection of old pottery, in which were many good pieces, drew a picture for me, and requested me to draw one for him in return, and invited me to a formal *cha-no-yu* (tea ceremony) the next day; so altogether we had an interesting time. I was most kindly treated by the family, and on the veranda, where I sat, a large, shallow, lacquered tub was placed filled with cold water and over this I was fanned by the daughter. The cool breeze thus made was very agreeable.

The tea ceremony to which we had been invited was of such interest that I made copious notes of the formalities, though doubtless a number of details escaped me. The summer tea-room was a little house by itself about ten feet from the main house. This little building, fifteen feet square, was made expressly for ceremonial tea and was extremely simple in all its appointments. Between the tea-house and the main house ran a stone path, at one side of which was a large stone recep-

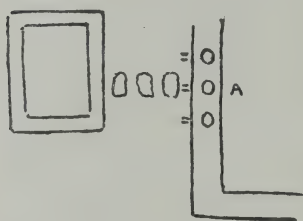


FIG. 650

tacle filled with water. It is necessary to describe these particulars in order to appreciate the ceremonial offering of powdered tea. A bell sounded, and we — that is Gonza, Kimura, and I — took our seats on circular cushions on the veranda

facing the tea-room (marked A, in figure 650). The name of the tea-house was on a long pottery tile in four characters, the literal translation of which is “wind, moon, clear, stall,” which was fully translated to me as, “The little house as clean and clear as the wind and moon!” (fig. 651). While we sat here contemplating the house, a sliding screen in it was pushed aside and the daughter Miki crept in on her hands and knees and filled a lacquered wooden vessel from the stone water basin and returned, closing the screen after her. When she had first entered the tea-house she had walked a few steps on the ground and had left her sandals resting one against the other on the stone steps, as in figure 652. After a few minutes we were bidden to go to the tea-house. Wooden sandals were placed at our feet, and on these we hobbled along solemnly to



the stone urn, where the host stood and poured water on our hands from a little wooden dipper and offered us a towel. Having dried our hands we entered the house by opening the screen and crawling on our hands and knees under the lattice screen, which was hanging halfway down. We first crept to the *tokonoma* (recess in room) and contemplated the *kake-mono*, which was ex-



FIG. 651

ceedingly plain; then we crept to the sunken fireplace, which consisted of a triangular space in which were a few stones on which rested a box of incense; and then back to the other side of the room, where we adjusted ourselves in a row and remained in silence. Some writers have described the ceremony as a religious one on account of the solemnity and

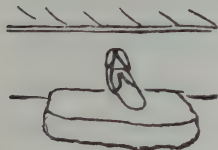


FIG. 652

austerity of the occasion. The room was of the simplest character: the ceiling made of thin, wide ribbons of dark wood braided like a mat, the corners and jogs of bamboo, or of natural branches of wood, with a warm brownish plastering. The simplicity

and absolute cleanliness of the room were remarkable.<sup>1</sup>

After a few moments the sliding screen opposite us was gently pushed aside and Miki appeared bringing triangular

<sup>1</sup> This room is figured in *Japanese Homes*, p. 153.

lacquer trays, one at a time. The various dishes were of the finest description: the rice-dish was of pottery as was the large rice-spoon; the saké pots were of metal richly wrought, and the saké cups of fine lacquer. The rice was in one bowl, raw fish with pickles in another, fried eels and melon in another, miso soup and lily bulbs in another; and a covered dish was filled with richest soup served in the very dish in which it was cooked. The host in the main house, with his son, was being served in the same way,

it not being proper for him to be present during the serving of the dinner. We could see

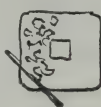


FIG. 653

him, however, in plain sight across the veranda. While we were eating, the old man entered to drink saké with us. We first drank saké with Miki, her father doing likewise. There was no *haisen* in which to rinse the cup, but back and forth it was passed on the little stand. After drinking with the daughter we drank with the host. Then a very beautiful lacquer tray was offered, in which was a little pile of cake and another in which were some vegetables; these I was too busy sketching to taste. The cake was placed in the cover of our rice bowl. After this the cake that was left was wrapped in two packages, the daughter putting one in her sleeve, the old man taking his in his hand, and both retiring from the room. Hot water was then brought and a little poured into each vessel from which we had eaten. Courtesy should have compelled me to eat the entire contents of each dish, but I was too hot to eat much, and was

consequently spared the disagreeable necessity of drinking dishwater and wiping my own dishes with paper, which the others did and with great care. Every dish was thoroughly cleaned and placed in the trays and removed one by one by Miki. Then was brought in a lacquer box containing three square pieces of jelly, which was served on beautiful square lacquer trays (fig. 653). After eating the jelly with the single chop-stick, it was proper to keep this as a souvenir of the occasion.

While eating the jelly, Miki entered with great formality bearing an iron vessel (fig. 654) full of burning charcoal, and placed it piece by piece in the sunken fireplace, using iron chopsticks for the purpose;<sup>1</sup> she then took a large feather which hung



FIG. 654

on a little peg, and kneeling in the opening by which she entered, carefully swept the mat and retired, closing the screens. One of our company then took up the little trays and carried them to the opening by which Miki had entered. Just before this, however, Miki brought in an iron kettle and placed it on the coals. The old man in the mean time showed us the incense box which we were to inspect and sniff. Here we rose to our feet and walked out on the veranda, stepped into our sandals, washed our hands at the urn, and then crossed to our host's house, where we rested, smoked, and I got a drink of cold water warranted free from all pathogenic bacteria.

<sup>1</sup> These are called *hashi*, and represent our tongs.

After a while another gong was struck, much deeper in sound than the first one, and we went through the same formality of washing our hands and crawling into the tea-room. The kakemono had been removed, and in its place was a simple vase holding some flowers arranged as only these people know how to arrange them. Miki then appeared bearing the tea-bowl, and as she brought in the various utensils, one after the other, she pushed aside the screen, being on her knees. She then rose formally and walked straight through the open-

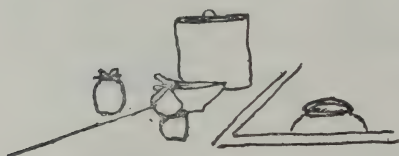


FIG. 655

ing, turned squarely round, facing the fireplace, walked a step toward it, paused and looked ahead in an absent-minded way, then knelt and reverently deposited the ob-

jects on the mat. She rose without touching her hands to the floor and retired in the same moderate manner. After the bowl had been brought in, she brought in a delicate bamboo dipper. I should have mentioned that when we entered the room the water-vessel and the jar had already been placed in their proper positions. At this stage the objects appeared as in figure 655. The tea-jar was untied and the bag pushed down on each side by the edge of the hand; the bag was then hung on the peg from which hung the feather duster. Water was dipped out of the kettle, poured into the tea-bowl, and by a rotary movement of the tea-stirrer (fig. 656) and a circular movement round the bowl at the same time, the bowl and the stirrer were both washed; the bowl was then wiped with a piece of white cotton cloth and this act was performed



in a certain way. Not a word was spoken during all this performance. A slender bamboo spoon was then used in scooping out the powdered tea from the tea-jar. Miki, having taken out the customary three teaspoonfuls, was about to stop when her father said in an undertone "More," and "Still more," and several times till she had put a lot of the tea in the bowl. We sat facing her in a semi-circle, I on the



FIG. 656

extreme left, then Gonza, next Kimura, and then our host. The water was then added and stirred briskly, though every movement was made with extreme formality. The host then approached the daughter on his knees, took the bowl with a profound bow, crawled along to me, and presented the bowl with another deep bow. The tea was like the thickest, green syrup, and was delicious. I took a swallow, wiped the edge of the bowl, where my lips

had touched, with my finger, and, not having a roll of paper, wiped my finger on my coat inside, then turned the bowl in such a way that, when it was passed to the next one his mouth should strike a clean place on the rim. At this point it was my duty to inquire of the host what tea it was, which I did, and he gave me the name.<sup>1</sup> It was actually made by a noted man and was considered the most precious tea in Japan. The cup went from one to another till it reached the host, who finished what remained, and this he did kneeling upright as if in the attitude of prayer, with a most beatific countenance, smacking his lips with great gusto. After he

<sup>1</sup> The tea was called Hatsumu kashi, and was raised in Uji, near Kyoto; the style, or school, of the tea-making was that of Rikiu, in the time of Taiko.

had drunk the tea he wiped the bowl in such a way as to leave a pointed oval area in the bottom. The bowl was then passed round and commented upon, as it was a rare old specimen.

After this the girl took out all the utensils and the old man brought in the boxes that held the various objects and we examined them. Some of the boxes were lacquered with the name of the object, pottery, and maker in gilt letters; the plain wooden boxes were marked in black with the seal of the maker in red. While showing them to us the host said that when in use they become "tiger," and when not in use they become "rat," meaning that when in use they become useful like the tiger and when not in use valueless as a rat.

On the afternoon of the last day we visited the castle of Nagoya, one of the best-preserved castles in Japan. It stands one hundred and fifty feet high, the walls are massive, the rooms immense. It was built in 1610-12, and towers up far above the surroundings, and one gets grand views from the window openings. It is surrounded by massive stone walls and deep moats. The buildings surrounding it have spacious rooms, and the sliding screens have been decorated by the most celebrated artists of the period and the wood-carvings have been done by famous wood-carvers. In one room was a model of the castle about seven feet high. It was very interesting, as it was made as a model to follow before the castle itself was built.

Figure 657 is a hasty sketch I made while waiting for the sentry to carry our cards to the authorities within. The sketch gives the merest idea of its appearance. The massive-

ness and grandeur of the building are remarkable. Architecturally it impresses one as marvelous, with its succession of upturned roofs and successive gables, massive copper tiles, heavy ribs to the roof angles, imposing sweeps of the great roofs, and on the ends of the highest ridge immense bronze dolphins covered with scales of pure gold, resplendent in the sun. The gold represents a value of nearly a third of a million dollars. We were led to the main castle through heavy, walled, passageways and up broad stone stairways. We entered through heavy doors, and found ourselves in a vast room where ponderous beams in walls and ceilings revealed the strength of such structures in feudal times. We ascended

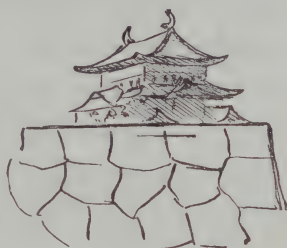


FIG. 657

flight after flight of stairs, landing at the head of each flight in wide, low rooms of massive construction, and came to the upper rooms, having climbed one hundred and twelve high steps, not counting the flights of stone steps and inclines we met with in approaching the entrance. From the windows of the upper hall we had a comprehensive and charming view of the country. A delicious breeze poured through the place which, after our hot climb, was very grateful.

We left the castle reluctantly and hurried back to the hotel to pack for our start to Kyoto at seven o'clock. Our jinrikishas dragged slowly along, but the scenery, brilliant sunset, and rest were delightful. At nine o'clock we came to a river and for five miles were rowed tranquilly over its quiet waters. Our landing-place was to be Yokkaichi, a place famous for its



pottery, known as Banko. The place was brilliantly illuminated and in the distance looked like a New England town. As we landed on the stone slope we found a festival of some kind was going on. The shore was lined with booths providing ices, and we sat down on a bench and were served several times. The ice is planed, the plane being upside down and fixed. A chunk of ice is moved back and forth over the plane, a dish underneath catching the shavings, so to speak; a little sugar is added and a flavoring of powdered tea, and it made a very cooling refreshment. It was an approach to our boyhood snow ice-cream. Though ice is very high, sixteen to twenty cents a pound, this article is sold for a cent a glass. In poorer quarters of our cities a similar custom might be introduced.

Owing to the festival the town was crowded and every hotel full, so we were compelled to ride on to the next town, starting at 2.30 in the morning, and the cocks were beginning to crow and dawn was breaking when we reached our resting-place. We were completely tired out, and were glad to lie down in a mean little inn for a few hours' sleep. I was up at eight, and after a breakfast of poor rice started back to Yokkaichi to find out how the hand-made Banko pottery was made. I came across the famous Hansuke, who cleverly moulds clay with his fingers alone and produces a beautiful little teapot. I made full notes and sketches of the potter.

At 2.30 we started again, having a most picturesque ride up a mountain ravine and, still in the Province of Ise, reached Sakanoshita in the midst of mountain scenery. Here we spent the night, and the next morning, with two men to a jinrikisha, went rapidly along, reaching Otsu at 2.30 and Kyoto at 4.30.



We rode immediately to Ya-Ami Hotel, situated high up on the mountain-side overlooking the entire city. The hotel, though Japanese, is kept in foreign style, and a rare beefsteak, baked potatoes and a cup of good coffee were delicious after the varied Japanese meals we had had. The building in which we are is approached by a long incline and a flight of steps, and is tiresome enough to reach. The rooms are good, with spacious verandas and charming surroundings. I have a tiny

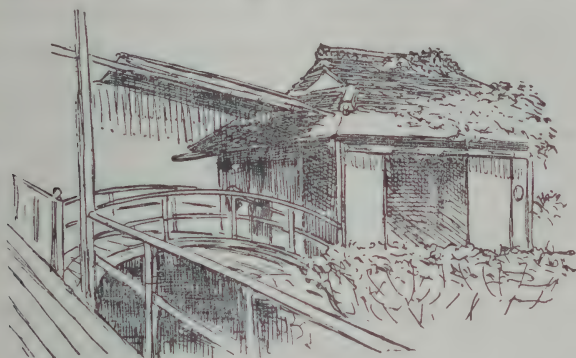


FIG. 658

house of one room to myself; a little arched bridge leads to it from the veranda (fig. 658) and a mass of shrubbery comes up level with the floor. My sketch-book is full of sliding screens, lattice-work, framework of window openings, and beautiful rammas. The grace and beauty of these designs it is impossible to show in offhand sketches. The stencil-cutting in thin wood is perfection: the dashing waves, with curious shepherd-crook processes and individual drops poised in the air, and appearing conventional to the last degree, show precisely the appearance the waves present in instantaneous photography. What amazes you in traveling through the country covering

hundreds of miles is, that in the most remote country villages there are carpenters and cabinet-makers and designers who are sufficiently skilled to do these things.

In many houses one sees swallows' nests built near the ceiling in the best rooms. As soon as the bird begins his nest a small shelf is fastened beneath to prevent the mud that is apt to drop in construction from soiling the mats (fig. 659). It



FIG. 659

was interesting to observe that the birds build a more delicate and elaborate nest under cover than when built outside exposed to the elements; indeed, it would al-

most seem that the birds recognized the tastes of the people with whom they live.

It was interesting to note the change in the structure of the ridge on the thatched roof as we passed through the Provinces of Suruga, Mikawa, and Owari. I saw men engaged in mending a thatched roof black with soot that came from the kitchen within. The skillful way in which the modeler in plaster elaborates a ridge is interesting.

During the day we crossed a river where a number of men were engaged in making boats. I noticed two men pounding the edge of a boat's plank with iron hammers, pounding the grain down, so to speak, so that when the plank was fitted to the next plank the crushed edge would swell when wet and thus make a tight joint.

The city of Kyoto is certainly the artistic centre of artistic Japan. Everywhere you see evidences of it — in the shops,

houses, fences, roof-tops, window-openings, sliding screens and the devices for sliding them, trellises, balcony rails. The very advertisements are designed with taste — art and refinement are everywhere. Moreover, I have seen no place in Japan where the girls and little children are more prettily dressed. The hair arrangement is remarkable, and the crape for the obi and the adornment of the head is resplendent. Our hotel is placed on the slope of a mountain amidst trees and



FIG. 660

Buddhist temples. From this vantage-ground one sees at sundown the wonderful effects of sunlight across the city; at evening are heard the sound of singing voices and the notes of the koto, with merry laughter. Loud declaiming is heard, while intermingled with all comes the drowsy hum of the priests at their devotions near by; indeed, the sounds the priests emit in their prayers can with difficulty be distinguished from the hum of insects. Last night, in connection with the priestly chants, I heard a rapid tap, or ring, which sounded

precisely like an insect I had heard at Enoshima, and which was there called the bell insect. As the higher the temperature the more rapid the notes of these stridulating insects, out came my watch, and I counted the beats at thirty-five per quarter of a minute. Before seeking a thermometer, however, I asked a servant what kind of an insect it was that was

making the sound and he told me that the sound was made by a priest's bell!



FIG. 661

Through the city runs a wide, shallow river. At this time the water is low and the river-bed is exposed in many places, showing large, flattened boulders. These large areas are covered with low tables, a foot high and big enough for one mat, sometimes two. The Japanese hire these tables and a large party will place them side by side. Here families gather in the evening to drink their tea, eat their supper, and enjoy the sunset. From the bridges crossing the river the sight is of wonderful beauty, as every stand is illuminated with a number of bright-colored lanterns, and it is a sea of color as far as the eye can reach, with here and there bonfires kindled on the dry river-bottom. Mr. Greenough, who is with us, says it rivals a carnival scene at Venice.

To-day (August 8) I visited the artist Bairei to employ him to make a copy of a picture he had painted for Rokubei, the potter, illustrating the process of pottery-making. I found Mr.

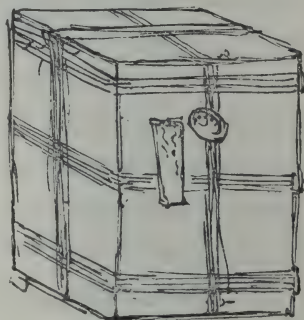


FIG. 662



Bairei, who is a teacher, in the midst of a class of pupils, who were busy with their work, all on the floor with their copies in front of them (fig. 660), many of them being boys of twelve or younger. Some of the older pupils, he told me, had been with him for ten years. The pupils come at eight o'clock in the morning, leaving at noon in the summer and at 5 P.M. in the winter, every day except Sunday, which has lately become a holiday. The price of tuition is thirty cents a month, and the teacher supplies paper, brushes, ink, colors, etc. In three years the pupils learn to copy well. The first lessons consist of simple lines,



FIG. 663

diaper work, and the like. The next year they paint flowers; after that mountains and scenery; and finally figures, first drawing drapery, then the nude figure from life. Some of the pupils come from the artisan class, such as potters and others

whose occupations demand designs or decoration; the other pupils come from the samurai class. Mr. Bairei has twenty pupils in his daily class, besides a few who practice at their houses and bring their work to him once a week for criticism. After an interesting interview I rose from my knees. All the pupils immediately bowed low, and at



FIG. 664

the same time Mr. Bairei presented me with a large roll of

paper which consisted of the exercises of the school for that day: beautiful drawings in strong, vigorous brush strokes of flowers, fruit, and boats. These drawings illustrate better than all the descriptions the methods of teaching and the proficiency of the young Japanese. With the tea was offered a dainty basket of candy in the form of cherry blossoms (fig. 661).

With us it is customary to mark on boxes containing fragile objects the word "glass," and in Europe to make a drawing of a wineglass to show the brittle nature of the contents. In Japan the packer ties a pearl shell (*Haliotis*) to the box; as shown in figure 662, a drawing of the shell is also made on the box.

At a little shop where I stopped to examine the pottery, a peculiarly shaped vessel was offered me containing something like spaghetti, the strings more the size of cotton twine. It was very difficult to eat, as in taking one strand out of the dish it would stretch two or more feet before it could be wound up on the chopstick. A little cup contained the sauce. It was called *hiyamugi*. The vessel containing it was said to be Chinese (fig. 663). While I was eating the food the little daughter of the shopkeeper played to me on a kind of guitar (fig. 664).

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE INLAND SEA

WE left Kyoto on the 10th of August on our way to the Inland Sea, and spent two days at Osaka, where we met Mr. Fenollosa and Mr. Ariga, hunting up pottery and pictures. A carnival being in action on the river the Doctor hired a big boat with dancing-girls and food, fireworks, etc. We invited Mr. Greenough to join us. It was a lovely night, and the river presented a scene of gayety. The pleasure boats are prettily built, with broad, wide floors to sit upon, perfectly dry, and the hundreds of merry groups slowly passing back and forth, with the sound of samisen and koto, singing and laughter, and the innumerable bright-colored lanterns, made a scene not easily effaced from the memory. Nearly every town in our country has a river, bay, pond, or lake. Why can't our people indulge in similar holidays? Such assemblies on the water are possible, however, only in countries of good manners.

We left Kyoto at five o'clock in the morning in a little steamer for Hiroshima, Province of Aki. We had a good-sized room all to ourselves on one side of the boat. The boat being built for Japanese stature was extremely low in height of rooms and passages, and we bumped our heads continually in moving about. Most of our time was spent on deck admiring the beautiful scenery. We arrived off Hiroshima at six in the evening, and then, taking a boat in waiting for us, we had a pull of over an hour, or rather our boatman poled most of the

way over shallow water, to the mouth of the river. It was a wide, shallow expanse of water, and we slowly moved along, passing under stately piled bridges, one after the other. The banks of the river on both sides were lined with well-made high stone walls surmounted by fireproof buildings, mostly painted black. Few people were seen despite the early hour in the evening, few lanterns were lighted, and there was no commerce on the river. The appearance gave us a very oppressive, gloomy feeling. The contrast between the commercial activity of Osaka and this sombre place was marked in the extreme. Here was a city of a hundred thousand people — apparently dead, as the cholera was raging. It was some time before we found an inn. The one to which we had been recommended had just lost its landlord by cholera, so we sat in our boat for an hour with hungry stomachs and tired bodies, depressed to the last degree by the long row of black buildings, tall, gaunt bridges, and the deathlike silence everywhere. Finally, an inn having been found that would accommodate us, we started down the river and across to the other side and landed, as it were, at the back side of the inn. Baggage was got out of the boat, and the ascent of a flight of stone steps and a walk through a long, dark, narrow lane brought us to the neatest and cleanest hotel we had yet encountered. Fenollosa and Ariga, hearing of a restaurant in foreign style, left us for what they thought would be better food, while the Doctor and I took our chances with the native food and had a first-rate supper.

The next morning I started off early to ransack the old pottery shops. A Japanese at the hotel became interested in



my quest, and was very kind in conducting me to all dealers likely to have the objects I wanted. He also told them to get together what they could and bring them to the hotel for my inspection. The result was that a continual stream of dealers with good, bad, and indifferent things streamed into our rooms for the rest of the day. Fenollosa, being disgusted with the so-called foreign food of the night before, lost all interest in Hiroshima and our intended visit to Miyajima and Iwakuni, and with Ariga started back to Osaka and Kyoto. On the 15th of August Dr. Bigelow and I started in a clean new Japanese junk for a sail through the Inland Sea. Before leaving the hotel it occurred to me that a Japanese junk was about as unstable a craft as was ever built, and that if we fell overboard my watch would be ruined. I also realized that, as we were to be the guests of the Japanese in Iwakuni, it was not necessary to carry along much money. So I asked the landlord if he would take care of my watch and money until I returned, and he pleasantly agreed to do so. A servant came to my room bringing a shallow lacquer tray without cover, telling me it was to hold my possessions. These things were then deposited in the tray which she held out to me, and placing the tray on the floor she went away. I waited for a while impatiently, supposing, of course, that she intended taking them to the landlord, who would protect them in some way. The girl not returning, I called her, asking why she left the tray. It was all right there, she said. I called the landlord, and he also said it was perfectly safe where it was, that he had no safe or other receptacle for such things. Realizing the honesty of the people in the fact that I had never seen a lock, key, or bolt on any

sliding screen in Japan, I resolved to risk the experiment, so left eighty dollars in silver and bills and my gold watch in an open tray in a room which was probably occupied a dozen times during my absence and to which access could be had by every domestic and guest in the house. We were off for a week's trip, yet on my return every bit of change to the last cent, and the watch, of course, were in the open tray as I had left them. When one recalls the warnings and admonitions in printed notices on the doors of American and English inns in comparison with this experience, one is compelled to admit the innate honesty of these people, and this is only one of the many examples I could cite. It must amuse a Japanese when he visits our country to see dippers chained to the fountain, thermometers screwed to the wall, doormats fastened to the steps, and inside every hotel various devices to prevent the stealing of soap and towels.

Returning to our junk: we had a crew of four men and a boy, and a boy from the inn to help matters. We were fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Tahara, an old student of mine at the University, who became our interpreter and accompanied us. At times the wind died out and the men rowed with long clumsy oars. The experience was unique, sailing in a Japanese junk through one of the most picturesque and beautiful waterways in the world. I fairly enjoyed the rapturous comfort the Doctor seemed to take as he sat on the roof of the cabin. Leaning back against a pile of matting with a box of Manila cigars by his side, he held his post the entire day, either dozing or admiring the varied scenery, which was indeed beautiful. As we passed Miyajima Mr. Tahara told us many in-

teresting facts about the island. We saw on the shore a large Shinto temple with the tide running under the corridors and, rising from the water, a colossal tori-i whose base is immersed at half tide, all having been originally built high and dry some distance from the shore. The effect is striking, for the island, except for the beach, rises precipitously from the water, with mountains of considerable height and great abruptness. One gets an idea of the stupendous convulsions that within comparatively recent times have caused this depression of the coast-line. Everywhere along the coast one sees these evidences of elevation and depression.

During the evening we had a breeze which finally brought us to a little fishing village, where we landed at ten o'clock at night. Our host had had a man there all day in anticipation of our arrival, and he was on hand to greet us with many bows, and jinrikishas with two men for each one. After some delay with the baggage we were off for Iwakuni, which lay in a beautiful valley some miles distant. It was such a balmy night, — everything looked so strange, the palms and palmettos, the odor of semi-tropical vegetation, and the men running and yelling like mad! It was delightful, after being cooped up all day in the junk. It was an experience never to be forgotten.

We entered the village of Iwakuni with people still awake and evidently expecting us, as they lined the street and stared at us in a way that I had not seen before. We were told that the last foreigner seen in town was seven years before our arrival. One has a curious mixture of emotions at being deliberately stared at by a crowd; in a way, it is embarrassing. Realizing that every movement is watched, you feel how ab-

surd or inexplicable some of your movements must be to the starers. You try to affect indifference, and yet you are conscious of an added dignity and importance at being stared at. You are guilty of performing acts specially to excite their attention, such as turning your pockets inside out in search of something, for a pocket in Japanese clothing is as unknown to them as it is to a woman nowadays; you raise a laugh by some gesture of annoyance; sometimes you find you are making a fool of yourself, when all the time the effort is to appear calm and natural. Mr. Kikkawa's agent conducted us to a private hotel, in which in olden times the daimyo's guests alone were received and cared for, and now it had been opened for us and beautiful old screens and kakemono had been brought down from the prince's treasures and displayed in the rooms we were to occupy. A delicious supper was served to us, and at one o'clock at night we went to bed. From the openings between the shoji I peered out and saw a large booth dimly illuminated in which a theatre was in action. A number of other booths were seen, and cries of hucksters indicated that some kind of a fair or festival was in progress, and beyond and above was total darkness.

The scene that greeted us in the morning as we pushed back the shoji was surpassingly beautiful. We looked out on a broad river-bed whose bottom of smooth stones and pebbles was perfectly bare, and beyond rose picturesque mountains, while to the right was the famous arched truss bridge of which no description can convey an idea. After breakfast the various officers in the employ of Mr. Kikkawa came to pay their respects, among them Mr. Misu, the agent of a primitive cotton



factory that Mr. Kikkawa has established here, a perfect type of the old loyal retainer with a face such as one sees in some of the old prints; Mr. Kikkawa, a distant relation of the family, who looks after things generally, with a smiling, genial, and most hospitable face; and many others whose names it is impossible to recall, and all most attentive to our comfort. They were, of course, in their native dress, and perfect their dresses were. Indeed, not a foreign notion or scrap did we see during our whole visit, and had they worn swords we should have seen Japan as it was in feudal times. It was all there except the swords: manners, customs, courtesies, and all, and it was idyllic.

In the morning we went through the town looking up bric-à-brac shops. After dinner, at noon, we were taken in a covered barge up the river a few miles to see the site of the old Tada ovens established a hundred and eighty years ago, but extinct for many years. One man stood at the bow poling, another man ahead in the water towing by a long rope, and we, reclining on soft mats, were regaled with jelly, candy, cake, and tea. We went up rapids, floated quietly across calm pools of water vibrating with wonderful reflections from the dark forests, and amidst the most beautiful scenery. A landing was finally made in a most picturesque region where a number of attendants had assembled, and such profound bows we got and so many of them! A short walk brought us to the site of the oven, now in ruins and covered by a dense bamboo growth. An old man, one of the last potters of the place, gave us an account of the pottery and processes, and after looking about for a while we went to a house where lunch was served. It

seemed as if a dinner or lunch were given to us every two hours. At this place were a number of specimens of Tada, Ajina, and Kikko pottery, some of which were presented to us and others I had a chance to buy.

About eight o'clock we started for the boat, and now bright-colored lanterns fringed the canopy and we had a rapid and delightful sail back to Iwakuni. Attendants were awaiting our arrival, and we were conducted at once to a building where the Doctor and I joined a cha-no-yu party in a charming little tea-room and drank the delicious powdered tea. After this ceremonious affair we went to an adjoining room where a dinner was given us. After all this we went to a provincial theatre and afforded a greater spectacle to the audience than the play itself, for the people, young and old, stared at us and crowded about us in a way I never before experienced in Japan. We finally got to bed, tired out by our day's experiences, all of which had been novel and delightful, and which gave us a vivid conception of old Japan with its hospitality, courtesy, and gentle manners.

We were up early again the next morning to pass another eventful day. At ten o'clock Mr. Misu came to escort us to the cotton factory. After the Revolution in 1868, when the Shogunate was overthrown, the Prince of Kikkawa made his residence in Tokyo. The government of the province being deranged by the events following the restoration of the Mikado, a great many of the retainers were thrown on their own resources, and it became necessary to find some employment for these former dependants of the daimyo. A number of gentlemen, retainers of the prince, formed a company among

themselves and established a cotton mill. This scheme was encouraged by the prince, who invested a considerable sum of money in the enterprise. To-day there are extensive buildings containing all the machinery for the manufacture of cotton cloth — rude, primitive, wooden machines, yet all bearing a resemblance to the great machines one sees in our mills at home. Over one hundred women and thirty men are engaged in the work, the men all wearing hakama, showing them to be samurai. Besides thread, the mill turns out nearly one hundred thousand yards of cotton cloth a year. It was interesting to see a tread wheel in which were two strong-looking samurai treading away patiently, supplying power for a certain portion of the machinery, while in a room outside were other arrangements to move certain machines, also turned by samurai, who, when we looked in, got off their perches and politely bowed to us. Indeed, as we walked through a long room in the second story of one of the buildings, every clerk — and there were many of them — bowed to us. We continued to the farther end of the room, where upon the floor a large carpet was spread and tea was brought to us. Then the clerks and others employed in the office came in groups of four and five, and upon their knees bowed to the floor, as we were in a kneeling position. When we entered the factory yard and during our entire progress through the factory, every one bowed to Mr. Misu and to us, and it was interesting to see how polite and kind Mr. Misu was to the operatives. He borrowed the Doctor's powerful hand-lens and showed them how the fabrics looked when magnified. In the vestibule of the office was hung up a list of the clerks, operatives, and attendants, and

these formed a coöperative society, each one paying a small assessment to help those who might become sick. What amazed us beyond expression was the absence of all dirt and grease. Every girl looked clean and neat, everybody looked pleasant, and a happier and cleaner set of people I never saw. Ruskin would have thought he was in the seventh heaven.

After these interesting experiences we were invited to a large room, where all the operatives gathered, the girls on one side of the room, the men on the other, like a Quaker meeting, and, much to my surprise, I was asked to give them a lecture, Mr. Tahara interpreting for me. I selected ants for a subject. I had no blackboard, but they all seemed to be greatly interested. Mr. Yamagata, an old student of mine, was there, and he helped now and then in difficult passages.

We then went into the third story of the building, a kind of lookout, from which a magnificent view of the river valley and surrounding country was obtained. A refreshing dinner was served from a table, with chairs about, some bright girls, prettily dressed, waiting upon us, as did three beautiful little boys, one of whom had been my constant companion the day before, with a fan with which he often fanned me. The dinner was excellent, though I had already eaten twice that day, but it is amazing how often one can eat Japanese food. I learned through Mr. Tahara that the services of a famous cook from some distant place had been secured and there had been gathered the best the country afforded. The appearance of the table and dishes was of the most artistic character. One dish, in particular had a beautiful dwarf pine, forty years old, rising from its centre; another dish, on which was raw fish, rested on



a bamboo raft, five feet long, with a most graceful arrangement of leaves rising from its centre. Both of these devices were supported on lacquer stands. Figure 665 is a very rude sketch of their appearance. This was our farewell dinner, and all this artistic and delightful affair in the third story of a cotton factory!



FIG. 665

Besides the cotton factory there is another factory for the manufacture of paper, and connected with it is a printing-house where books, pamphlets, and anything in the line of work of a printing-office is done.

At four o'clock we left the factory and were accompanied by a number of gentlemen to the house we had occupied. At that place the jinrikishas were waiting, so final good-byes were said. A large square package of white cotton cloth was given to each of us. The Doctor secured two sword-blades in their wooden scabbards, made by famous Iwakuni sword-makers, and I was given a number of pieces of old Iwakuni pottery. We managed to leave little presents for the twenty-two men who

had attended us. When we asked for our hotel bill, we were informed that it had already been paid, and the jinrikishas to the coast had also been provided. Indeed, we were literally in the hands of these hospitable people. We learned afterwards that Mr. Kikkawa had sent a man from Tokyo to prepare for our coming. We finally started amid hundreds of bows, and crowds of curious faces smiled on us as we rode rapidly down the main street and out into the country with feelings of overwhelming gratitude and affection for the Japanese race, and particularly for the Prince of Kikkawa and his loyal subjects, who, despite the change of political conditions, preserve, as of old, their fealty to their prince.

During this delightful ride, with remarkable atmospheric effects, as the mists were slowly rising from the meadows and rice-fields, with the dark thatched roofs silhouetted against the white mists and a dark range of mountains beyond, we mentally digested the remarkable experience we had had. Reaching the coast village, we were taken to a little tea-house in a wonderful garden, where tea and cake were offered us, and finally, when we got aboard our junk, a number of boxes of cake and candy were given us.

Our next port was the famous village of Miyajima, twelve miles distant, accounted one of the most picturesque and beautiful places in Japan. There being no wind the sailors rowed or sculled the entire distance to Miyajima. It was a delightful experience sitting on deck in the balmy southern air watching for the August meteors and reflecting on the unique experiences we had enjoyed. I had ample time to call the Doctor's attention to one beautiful meteor before it disappeared.

We arrived at Miyajima at midnight, and walked up through the quaint and silent streets to a tea-house situated in a deep ravine, and soon got to bed and to sleep. The next morning (August 17) we had a delightful surprise as we opened the shoji and looked out on a beautiful wild ravine, cool and refreshing. Deer came out of the wild forest and looked at us with gentle eyes; one even came into the enclosure in front of our room and ate a rind of watermelon from my hand. I supposed they were deer kept in confinement and tamed, but when I walked through the village some hours later I met them in the street, and found that they were not prisoners or park specimens, but came down from the mountains. In other words, they were wild deer that had never been treated unkindly.

The famous Shinto temple has its long corridors, decorated with pictures by various artists; some of the pictures very old and their details partially effaced by time, but we spent two hours in examining them. There were also curiosities in the shape of old bamboo roots; an interesting painting of a bamboo made by a boy six years old, some remarkable wood-carvings of deer, and appended to one carving was the chisel used by the carver. The temple is about seven hundred years old, and a stone lantern which stood near one of the corridors is also seven hundred years old. Figure 666 represents the lantern, or ishidorō. In the street near the ravine are curiously constructed aqueducts which supply



FIG. 666

the houses with water, one near our inn was very primitive in its construction. On a huge square pile of stones was a large wooden trough, the sides of which were perforated with holes, and out of these poured streams of water into water-conductors of bamboo, as shown in figure 667. These connected with bamboo pipes underground which led to various houses in the village. In another ravine bamboo gutters con-

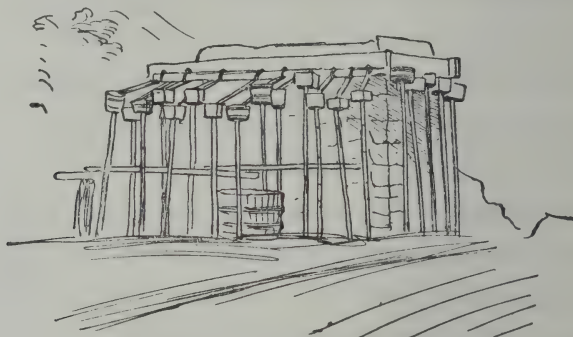


FIG. 667

veyed the water long distances. In one place a strainer of bamboo in a box was used as shown in figure 668. By these various devices the village of Miyajima was supplied with the purest water from mountain brooks.

A simple method of automatically closing a gate is shown in figure 669. A weight hangs from a cross-bar above. By its weight the gate is kept closed, and when one enters, the weight bangs against the gate a few times, thus answering the purposes of a door-bell. The deer that roam freely through the main street of the village are inclined to wander into the gardens, and this device is made to keep the gate closed against their intrusions.



Miyajima is regarded as a very sacred place, and the absolute repose and tranquillity are beyond description. No animal was allowed to be killed on the island. We were told that only within a few years was any one allowed to die on the island. Formerly, when one was near death, the poor creature was put into a boat and rowed across to the mainland where the cemetery is located. If

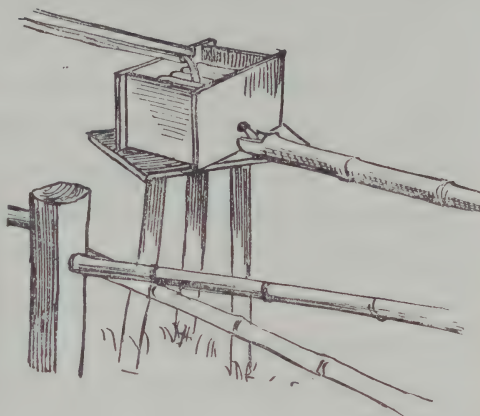


FIG. 668

any one climbing the mountain accidentally injured himself so as to bleed, the earth upon which the blood fell had to be scraped up and thrown into the sea. Here is a village of servants, wood-carvers, shopkeepers, and the usual make-up of a village community. By what mystery do they elect to behave themselves? Why are the children always so good? Are they effeminate? They make the best soldiers in the world.



FIG. 669

I left the island in a small boat for the mainland on my way back to Hiroshima, the Doctor wishing to stay

another night in Miyajima. In sailing along the coast one notices enormous walls built of stone running along for miles,

and seen from the water they appear like breakwaters. I was not prepared to see the extensive character or meaning of these structures till I rode along their crests on my way to Hiroshima. The walls, built nearly one hundred years ago, were made to reclaim the bottom of the sea for agricultural purposes, and the enormous tracts of land thus recovered are amazing. The coast is abrupt and mountainous, and the mountain ridges jut out of the ocean like promontories, leaving great bays between; the walls are built from the ends of these promontories and the enclosed areas are filled in and are under rich cultivation. On the crest of the wall is a broad road, and the ride was delightful. I reached Hiroshima at eight o'clock and naturally went to my room at once for my watch and money, which, as I have mentioned, I found intact.

Sick with a cold and a bilious attack, I lay on the floor all the next day while dealers in bric-à-brac brought old pottery to me to examine, and I made large additions to my collections. With no interpreter I got along very well, and should not hesitate to go through Japan alone. The Doctor arrived the next day, and he spent the entire time with the dealers, who came in swarms. When we were ready to go, we were told that the dealers had provided a large barge and wished to convey us to the steamer, five miles away. Imagine our astonishment when we got aboard to find that they had hired a fine pleasure barge with singing-girls, a fine lunch, and everything to make the sail pleasant. In this way these people wished to show their gratitude to us. A number of Japanese friends accompanied us in another boat, among them Mr. Amakusa,

whom I had met a few years before when examining dolmens near Osaka. Just before we started, an acquaintance of Mr. Tahara made a call, and I invited him to take a little brandy, the only thing I had to offer. He poured out much more than an ordinary drink, and I warned him that it was very strong and he could not carry it. He said, "Dai jo bu, yoroshii" (Able to resist, all right). It was interesting and amusing to see how rapidly he succumbed to the influence of the liquor. By the time we got aboard he was in a grotesque state of intoxication, and finally became so drunk that we had to land him on the banks of the river, where he laughed, sang, and declaimed till we were out of sight!

We soon reached the steamer, and bidding good-bye to our pleasant hosts, got aboard a little low thing evidently built for the most diminutive Japanese. The result was that we could hardly move about without breaking our backs or bumping our heads, and the Doctor repeatedly broke the third commandment during his back-breaking experiences. 🌐

We sailed at eleven o'clock at night, and all the next day and night, stopping now and then, and finally reached Kobe in the morning. I never endured more misery. It rained most of the time, and we were confined in a little room with a Japanese family, with another room connecting in which were eighteen more Japanese. They were all courteous and quiet. Had they been natives of any other country we should have suffered much more, if that were possible. We slept on the floor, for there were no beds or berths; the Japanese food was execrable, and I had not recovered from my illness at Hiroshima.

Arriving at Kobe we rushed to the English hotel for something to eat. For over two weeks we had lived on Japanese food, much of it most excellent, but no matter how good the food, it is the breakfast that makes us homesick, so we reveled in the English food with almost delirious joy.

I have done little but eat and write for a week



## CHAPTER XXII

### POTTERY-HUNTING IN AND ABOUT KYOTO

OUR Inland Sea experiences have been remarkable and, with the exception of steamboating, perfect. We are now to start for a town in the Province of Kii, and then on to Nara and Kyoto, so my journal notes and sketches accumulate without a chance for writing up in orderly sequence. I have added a great stock of notes for my pottery journal which is sadly behindhand.

Within a month a violent outbreak has occurred in Korea and a number of Japanese have been massacred. I was in Kyoto when the news was received by the Japanese papers, and the excitement over the affair reminded me of the days following the outbreak of our Civil War. Osaka would raise three regiments of soldiers and contribute a million of dollars; Niigata, away up on the northwest coast, would raise half a regiment and give a hundred thousand dollars. I mention these details in order that the following incident may be fully appreciated. With the country aroused at the Korean *coup d'état* and Japanese troops forced to retreat to Chemulpo, I, on my way to Kyoto, sat in the train with two Koreans. I had rarely seen a Korean before, and the Japanese in the car had apparently never seen these people, from the way they watched them. They got out at Osaka, and I sacrificed my ticket and followed them. They had no guard, not even a policeman, nor was a guard necessary. Crowds flocked around

them, for their conspicuous white clothing, curious horsehair hats, shoes, everything, were as strange to the Japanese as to me. I followed them until I got tired, simply to discover, if possible, a hostile gesture or a jeering word. The Japanese were sensible enough to realize that these two men were innocent of the atrocities going on in their native country and they were treated with the usual courtesy. Naturally I recalled the way

the Northerners were treated in the South during the war in our country, and again asked myself which people are the most civilized.

While at Rokubei's pottery the old man, in showing me a water-jar he had thrown some years before, made a gesture new to me: he held his two fists against his nose, one in front of the other. I wondered what he meant by it, and was told that it indicated pride.

A wise old character known as

Tengu is represented in masks and pictures as a man with an inordinate length of nose, and to show wisdom or commendable pride the two fists are held as above described to indicate a long nose.

At Kobe I watched from my window a number of workmen driving piles. I have already described the process in the earlier pages of the journal. We have now learned the meaning



FIG. 670

of their song. Figure 670 shows the men on the staging who lift the heavy log hammer. Two men below steady and direct the pile to be driven, and one of these sings a short chanty, while those on the staging above keep up a swinging sort of time by slightly swaying their bodies and partially lifting their hammer; then they join in the chorus, and when that is finished, three or four blows are given, when the man below starts the chanty again. The chanty consists in queries or encouraging words, as, "Why is this so hard?" "A few more blows will drive it down"; "It is almost down," etc. At this, several rapid blows may be given. The workmen above often laugh heartily at the funny words of the soloist, and all work in a happy, smiling sort of way. The men seem to accomplish a good deal of work during the day, but it is laughable to see them work so slowly and deliberately.

After a three days' stop at Kobe we went to Osaka, and from there started for Wakanoura, Province of Kii. I went ahead with Mr. Tahara and at every town ransacked the curio-shops for pottery. Our ride across the plains of Osaka to the mountains beyond, though monotonous, had many points of interest. The entire region was covered with big stacks of straw gathered about high poles in picturesque groups of four or five, of various heights, and each with its little spire, which was the end of the pole which forms the axis. Many of these stacks had gourd or squash vines trained upon them, and some of them had little huts built against them as shelters for the farmers. Figure 671 is a sketch of their appearance. At close intervals were single or double well-sweeps for the irrigation of the land. The weighted end consists of a

rough-hewn stone, disk-like in shape, with a hole in the centre, into which the end of the pole is wedged. There were thousands of these wells scattered over the vast plain and many of them were being worked. The extent to which irrigation is carried on probably has no parallel except in China, which I hope soon to see. There the well-sweep is two thousand years old.

A very ingenious water-wheel (fig. 672) is met with, which is worked by the current of a river. It is a Chinese device, and is

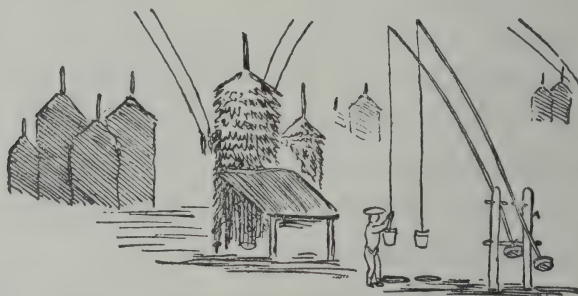


FIG. 671

rare about Tokyo and farther north, but not uncommon in the southern provinces. The wheel is eight or more feet in diameter, and attached to it are large bamboo tubes which are fastened obliquely to the side of the wheel at the periphery. As the wheel is turned by the current, the bamboo tubes are filled with water, and as these tubes are turned to the top of the wheel, the water pours out in a stream and is caught by a deep box trough running parallel to the diameter of the wheel. From this trough it runs into another trough, and from thence to the irrigating ditch. It is interesting to watch the methodical manner in which each bamboo in turn becomes filled with water, finally to spill it into the trough as it comes to the top



of the wheel. At times may be seen two or three wheels close together along the banks of the river, and large quantities of water are raised during the day to irrigate the rice-fields.

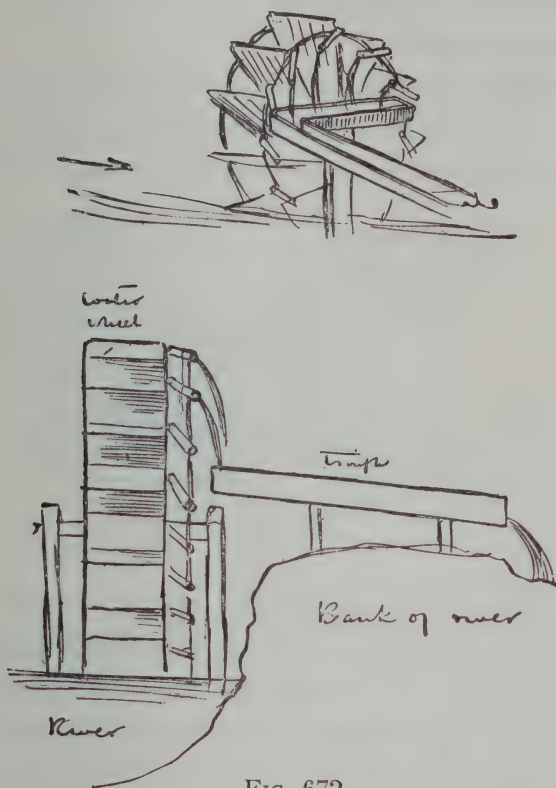


FIG. 672

At one place in Kii I saw a curious implement used for weeding in rice-fields. It consisted of a long box without a bottom; inside the box were two shafts running from side to side, these shafts being studded with wooden pins; long arms or handles ran up from the box; and the machine was pushed through the rows of the rice-fields. Figure 673 gives a fair idea of its

appearance. It was invented by a man in the village where we saw it used.

The pass through the mountain chain which separates Izumi from Kii was very delightful; such perfect roads and such fine stone bridges!

The scrupulous efforts made to protect the roads from mountain floods one observes at all times. Even the beds of brooks are paved like a street so that the torrents shall do no damage.

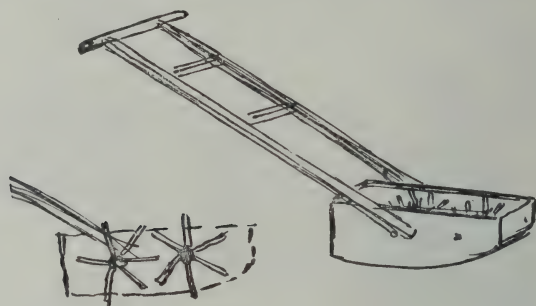


FIG. 673

Figure 674 gives a faint idea of the manner of protecting the abutments of a bridge and the brook-bed. A big dam was made below the bridge so as to check the too rapid flow of water. The bridge shown is one in the mountain pass as we left Isumi and entered the Province of Kii.

I noticed a curious way of treating the roof in Izumi. After the thin layer of shingles is put on, a layer of mud is added, and a thin layer of cotton-seed is hammered into the mud with large wooden mallets. The seed is the refuse after the oil has been pressed out, and being oily, it forms a waterproof coating until the mud has become hard and baked by the sun.

At one place on the road where we stopped, I saw the process

of manufacture of a curious kind of food one often sees in certain soups. It has a bright-yellowish color, is thin as paper, and has no definite flavor. The substance is made from soya beans by a curious and simple process. The beans are boiled in a large boiler till they are very soft; they are then ground in a mill to a fine paste, and mixed with water and colored by some stuff that is imported from abroad (fig. 675). This material is then put into a shallow trough divided by square partitions,

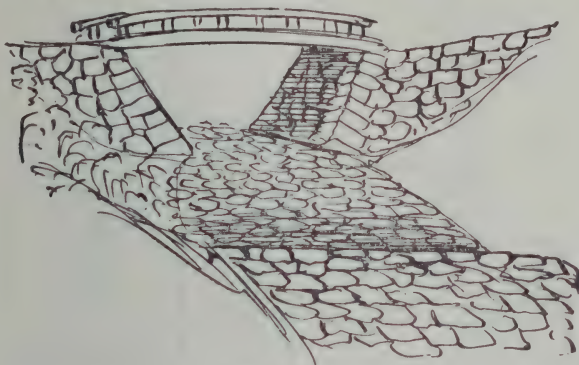


FIG. 674

beneath which is a charcoal fire which keeps the stuff gently boiling. The surface coagulates as it does on boiled milk, or on a cup of cocoa, and the film that forms is taken off very skillfully with slender bamboo sticks and hung up to dry (fig. 676). Other films form and are promptly removed by a girl who is kept busily at work.

As we entered the plains of Kii in the vicinity of Wakayama, the view was charming: long reaches of rice-fields, from which, at intervals, arose little clusters of farmhouses with black-tiled roofs, intermingled with brown thatch and white walls, and towering above them quaint-looking trees with deep,

dark foliage, all rising out of a perfectly level carpet of the brightest green which extends for miles. At a long distance the position of Wakayama could be detected by the castle which looms up on the horizon and forms a conspicuous feature in the landscape.

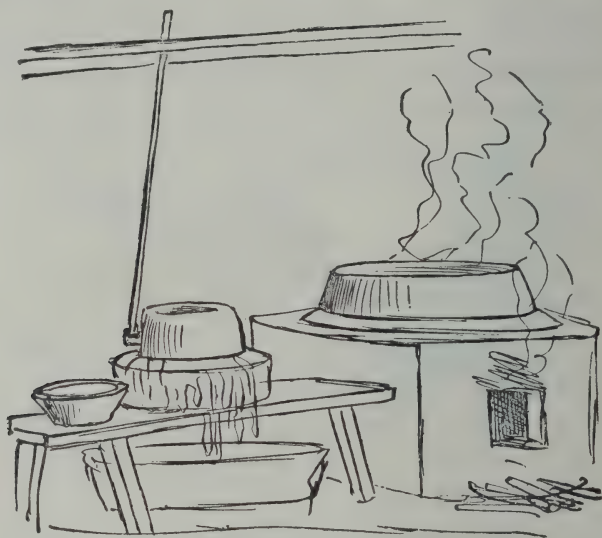


FIG. 675

As one goes from province to province one observes a change in many things. The variety of tiled roof has already been alluded to in this journal. It is interesting to notice the difference in ploughs. Figure 677 shows the type of plough used in Kii. It is similar to the plough used in Yamashiro, but is not so solidly made or so graceful.

We got to Wakayama at six o'clock in the evening. The city stands on a slight elevation, enfolded in the midst of great trees. It is a place of fifty thousand or sixty thousand inhabitants, yet simple and quiet. The people stared at us in



eager fashion as we rode through the town. The number of foreigners who visit a place may be estimated by the quantity and quality of the staring one is subjected to; so we judged that foreigners rarely visit Wakayama. We found a clean inn, and good it was to get something to eat and to go to bed. The next morning we started out in the usual quest for pottery and added many pieces; the next day was a repetition of the first.

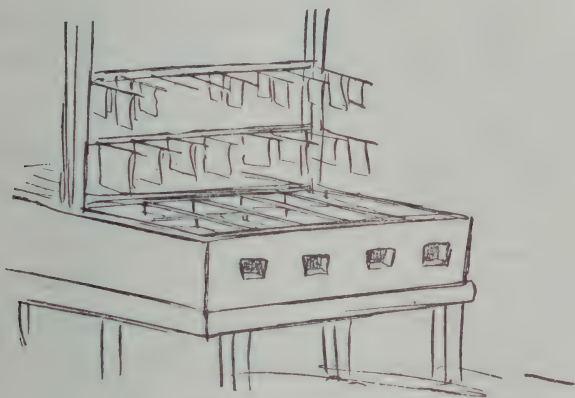


FIG. 676

In the afternoon Mr. Tahara and I rode to the little fishing village of Wakanoura, the village being placed just back from the beach with beautiful mountains towering up at a distance. On the slopes of one mountain was a large temple illuminated by the rays of the setting sun. We crossed a little bridge on which was a crowd of men and boys who were catching dragon flies in sport. They had regular insect nets, and one man, in order to leave his hands free, had four dragon flies in his mouth, his lips holding the insects by the wings turned back. A boy had a number held between his fingers in the same way.

The boys tie strings between the thorax and the abdomen and play with them, the creatures flying and supporting several feet of light string. This is a boys' sport that one sees all over Japan.

There were many signs of past grandeur in the temples and roads. A decayed tori-i rises up in a tangle of bushes and

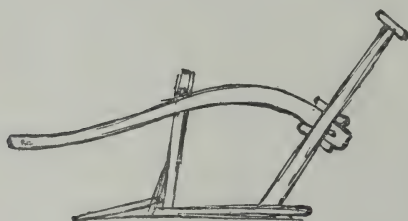


FIG. 677

grass, the sea water coming to its base (fig. 678); a quaint old stone bridge spans a wide creek with no trace of a road leading to it. An evident subsidence of the land has taken place in comparatively recent times and traces of man's

work have been swallowed up by the waves. When we returned to Wakayama the moon had risen, the air was refreshingly cool, and the views were altogether delightful. The next day the Doctor went with us to the beach, where we had a grand swim.

I noticed the remarkably good looks of the older women, very sweet, motherly, and intelligent faces; indeed, I may say that in the many places I have visited in Japan I never saw so many fine and intelligent old ladies as here. The children were also very pretty, and there is an air of culture and refinement that impresses the visitor at once. It being a three days' festivity in honor of their ancestors, every child was prettily dressed, and at night they all carried bright-colored lanterns. The streets were filled with booths, and such an activity of shouting and merriment would have been almost distracting

if there had not been the utmost courtesy and politeness in all these demonstrations. We went to the fireworks one evening. These were given in a large enclosure made by straw mattings nearly twenty feet high. The pieces, though simple, were very beautiful, and the crowd emitted precisely the same sounds expressing surprise and wonder that one hears among our own people under similar circumstances.

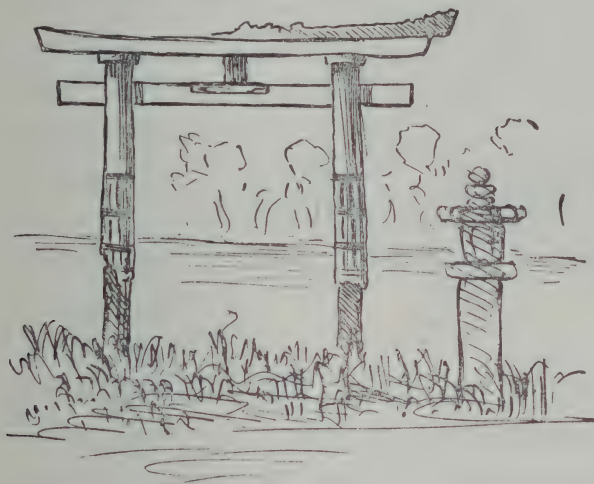


FIG. 678

At Wakanoura I observed fishermen boiling pine bark in order to tan their fish nets. I asked them why they did not tan their boat sails, and they said that the sails did not wear so well if tanned. Figure 679 represents the appearance of this simple tannery. The fishing boats pulled up on the beach were somewhat different from those of other parts of Japan. There is a marked difference in the boats of different provinces, though they are all remarkably dry boats and float like an egg-shell in heavy seas.

Wherever I go there is perceptible in the hum of the city streets certain noises that are rhythmical. You find that the Japanese workmen hum or sing at their work, and if the work is pounding, stirring with a stick or spoon, or any uniform movement, it is done with an accent and in rhythm. These noises may be a series of grunts, or an actual song. The gold-beaters and fish-choppers always beat and chop with a peculiar tempo. A curious preparation of raw fish has to be rubbed into a paste in a stone mortar. The mortar is on the ground, the pestle is a long pole, the man stands at his work, and he works



FIG. 679

with great vigor. The movements of stirring are accompanied with a peculiar whistling sound in perfect time to the stirring,

which is interrupted by long and short stirs. The blacksmiths have the hammers of the helpers tuned differently, so that an agreeable series of sounds is made, and when four are pounding in rhythm it sounds like a chime of bells. It is a curious trait in their character to lighten the burden of their labors by some pleasant sound or rhythm.

In the country villages it is interesting to observe how unobtrusively the people call one another's attention to the approach of a foreigner. They seem to know of his approach a long time before he passes their door. Often children go ahead to tell their parents; mothers call their children's attention to the strange sight, but in doing this they never call out loud or point their fingers. In Tokyo, in Kyoto, and in other large



cities the sight of a foreigner is too common to attract attention, though even in remote parts of the great city of Tokyo, one attracts some notice, and countrymen in the city may be recognized by their interest in you.

Our visit to Wakayama was full of interest. We left the city August 31 for Nara, a two days' jinrikisha ride up a most beautiful valley. In all our travels in Japan we have never passed in and out of so many charming and picturesque places. Toward evening we reached Gojio, a town in the Province of Yamato.

On the way up the river I saw a regular terrace formation, in appearance precisely like the terrace formation in the upper Connecticut River, but due to an entirely different cause.

In Gojio I saw a house in that stage of construction that shows how the ceiling of a room is supported. One sees that the thin rafters upon which the cedar boards rest are altogether too weak to support the boards, no matter how thin they may be; a long cleat is nailed on the upper side of these boards and a piece is nailed to that and to the rafters of the roof above. The space above the ceiling and under the roof, which forms our attic or garret, is never utilized in the Japanese house; it is a playground for rats only. In Gojio I made a sketch of an engine house (fig. 680), not unlike the sketch of



FIG. 680

a similar house I made in Mororan, Yezo, four years ago. The engine hangs up under the roof and becomes dry and cracked, and when used at a fire it is amazing to see how the water squirts out of it in every direction till the wood becomes soaked.

In the town of Yagi, Yamato, I saw a number of thatched roofs (fig. 681), showing a series of laps of thatch resembling

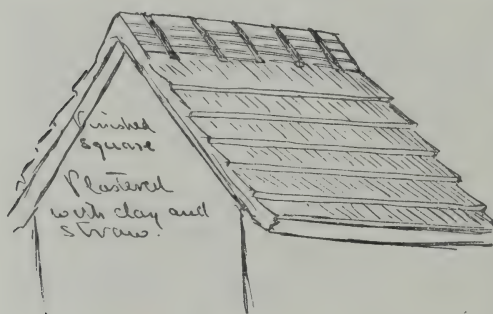


FIG. 681

in that feature the thatched roofs of Ainu huts in Yezo, but the successive edges were not so prominent as in the Ainu roof.

We left Gojio in the morning, and after a delightful all-day ride

reached Nara at six o'clock. After getting into the Province of Yamato I noticed at times in the road fragments of the blue, unglazed, lathe-turned pottery, dating back a thousand years and more. This pottery is regarded as Korean by antiquarians, but the abundance of it scattered over the ground leads me to regard it as Japanese, though the art of making it was originally introduced by Korean potters. It is associated with tombs and caves and is mortuary. As we approached Nara we passed the tomb of the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno. It is a large, square, flat-topped mound of slight elevation, surrounded by a plain, substantial stone fence. It was intensely hot as we turned off the main road to examine it, and I was too tired to make any sketches. I man-

aged to get a hasty sketch of the padlock which fastens the gate of the inner sanctuary, a big, heavy, brass device that can be unlocked only on an order from the Emperor (fig. 682).

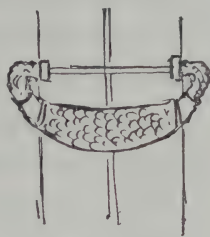


FIG. 682

At several places along the coast at the entrance to a path leading back to some farmhouse was seen a curious device in the shape of a tall slender stick, on the top of which, inverted, was a large mushroom (fig. 683). The stem was wrapped in paper and



FIG. 683

the stick below had a roll of paper about it. We were told that it indicated a death in the family. It was evidently peculiar to Yamato, as I never saw it elsewhere. Nothing was learned as to the significance of it.

The various temples were very interesting. At one place we saw a remarkable religious dance by four girls, peculiarly dressed, with three priests who sang an accompaniment.

In Nara the deer come down from the woods and roam through the streets, and I tried to feed them out of my hand. They were not so tame as the deer of Miyajima; at least, I was not able to get within ten feet of them, much to the disgust of an old woman from whom I had bought a few rice-balls. She coaxed in vain for the deer to approach me. The Japanese have no difficulty in feeding them, but the deer recognize a foreigner at once.

I had the same two jinrikisha men with whom I had left

Wakayama and they were great runners. They made the distance of twenty-nine miles with only two stops of short duration, running all the time. At one place where we stopped a tall wooden screen which was leaning against the building blew over, and the man in the shafts tried to save it from falling on the jinrikisha, and in doing so lost his balance, and over the jinrikisha went backward, tumbling me out with my valise and a box of pottery. As I never hurt myself in such tumbles, I picked myself up all right, but it was amusing to hear the two men scolding each other till they found I was really laughing at the mishap, when they began the most hearty and satisfactory laugh I had heard for a long time, and for miles on the road I would give a chuckle just to hear them laugh again.

I came up from Kobe on the steamer which conveyed a number of Korean ambassadors to Tokyo. They were very pleasant, genial men, and I quickly got acquainted with them. I made a few sketches of them on the sly. As a few of them spoke Japanese, I managed to ask them a great many questions and to understand their answers. Two of them wore large goggles with colored glasses, as I supposed. They allowed me to examine them, and to my amazement I found that they were made of clear smoky-quartz crystals mounted in tortoise-shell frames. I inquired about their method of releasing the arrow in archery and found it to be like the Japanese method, only an arm-guard is worn, and they do not allow the bow and string to revolve. The Korean pipe has a much larger bowl than the Japanese pipe. The Government officials wear a coat slit up the sides, and up the back to the shoulders, and like all Koreans they dress in white. Figure 684 is a sketch of one



of the Koreans with his coat removed. The breeches are very baggy, and separate at the knee. Below, their legs are stuffed into the stockings, which are heavily wadded with cotton so that they bulge over the edge of the shoe. In summer this wadded stuff must be intolerable. The jacket is short with two pockets in front, and is made of a light yellow nankeen-like cloth. There is no shirt. On the arms are sleeves reaching from the wrist to the elbow. These are woven in white horse-hair, and are intended to keep the cloth sleeves away from the skin. Around the head in its longest diameter is worn a band of black horsehair, finely woven, which is drawn so tightly that when taken off a deep line is seen on the forehead. When not wearing this band, they roll it up very carefully. It is perhaps two feet long, two and a half inches wide, with strings at the ends, and little black rings through which the strings pass in fastening it on the head. One form of official hat is in two parts: the first part a simple, bag-like form made of horse-hair, which has dangling inside, from the top, a tortoise-shell pin which is stuck into the stubby queue on top of the head to keep the hat on. Outside of this goes an affair in the form of two square boxes, one above the other, both flaring as in figure 685; this is also made of horsehair. Another form of hat, and one most commonly seen, judging from pictures of Koreans, is a tall hat, the crown somewhat tapering and the rim very wide and slightly arching; this is made of the finest fibres of bamboo and is wonderfully woven. The hat is an expensive one,



FIG. 684

costing fifteen or twenty dollars. Figure 686 shbws it on the head of an elderly man.

In Kyoto with Mr. Tahara for a few days we devoted our entire time to visiting the famous potters, from whom I got a mass of notes regarding the present and past generations of the families, impressions of their various stamps, and other information. Rokubei seemed pleased to see me again, and immediately brought the cups I had made on a former visit, which he had baked and glazed. On the bottom of the pieces I had marked "M," and had drawn a shell inside, and Rokubei had marked in Chinese character on the

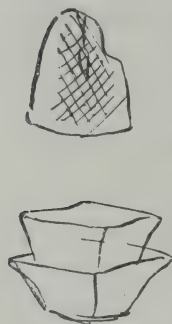


FIG. 685

side, "Rokubei assisted." I gave him one of them, and he was polite enough to seem pleased. I secured from him a complete set of tools used in pottery-making. Figure 687 shows Rokubei's pottery from the yard.

From Rokubei's we went to the Raku pottery Kichizayemon. I found a modest-appearing house. The old potter representing the twelfth generation of the family, who have made for three hundred years a peculiar kind of pottery known as Raku, invited us in, and we introduced ourselves as coming from Rokubei. He kindly answered all my questions, and showed me a complete set of Raku bowls representing the work of all the generations. I made outlines and rubbings of the marks. He then showed us the working place. It seems that only the immediate members of the family are engaged in the work,



FIG. 686

no outsider having anything to do with it. The oven is very small, and the one in which the famous bowls are baked is only large enough to hold one bowl. The bowls are not made on a lathe, but are shaped by the hand and shaved on the sides. He gave us powdered tea and cake, and while we were drinking, a cunning little child came to me to be hugged.

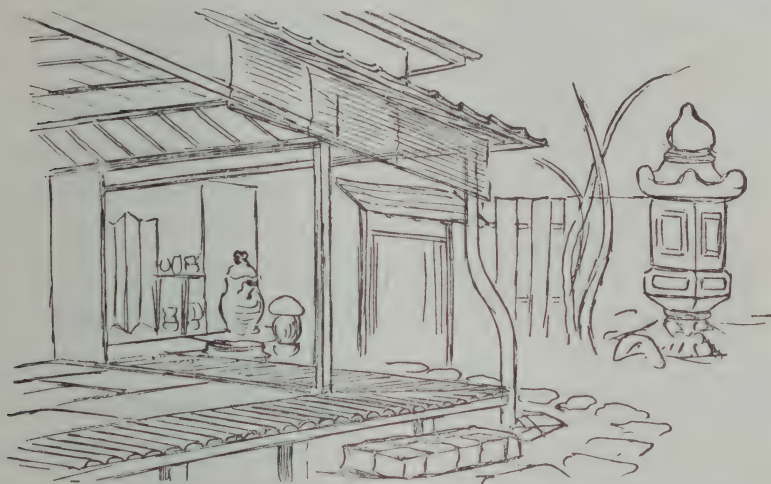


FIG. 687

In his room he had a letter mounted as a kakemono. This letter was from Kato Kiyomasa, a famous general in the time of Taiko, who had the reputation of having killed a tiger with a blow of his fist. The letter was addressed to the first generation of the Raku asking him to make some tea-bowls. The letter had been sacredly preserved through all the generations of the family. He also showed me a piece of pottery made by the first Raku. It represented a mythological lion, and had also come down as a precious heirloom of the founder of the family. It seems that when Nobunaga was defeated and

his palace burned to the ground, the first Raku saved this piece from the ruins. I made a hasty sketch of the old man and the Nobunaga no Shishi as he was reverently telling me the story (fig. 688).

The next day we visited Yeiraku, one of the famous potters of Japan. Here we were as cordially welcomed as at the other



FIG. 688

potteries. Powdered tea and cake were offered us, and Yeiraku listened with great attention to my inquiries, and then gave me a complete history of the family, of which he represents the thirteenth generation. While Mr. Tahara was recording his conversation, which will appear in my pottery journal, I made a sketch of the room in which we were. The marvelous square oak panels in the ceiling were the most beautiful I had ever seen.

At Yeiraku's I noticed an interesting treatment of wall plaster. Directly after its application to the wall iron filings are blown upon it, and these particles oxidizing, give a warm, brown tinge.

From Yeiraku's we went to another Kiyomizu potter, Zoroku, and there for the first time I discovered where all the counterfeit Ninsei, Asahi, and other famous potteries had been made. The curious feature about the matter was that



the potter and his brother did not seem at all ashamed at the counterfeiting they were doing. They showed me specimens of their father's work, among which were bowls with the Ninsei mark!

After Zoroku we visited Kitei, who represents the fourth generation of his family, and here we were very kindly received and every facility was given us to examine his work.<sup>1</sup> His furnace had the same general aspect of all the others; a series of lateral ovens built on the side of a hill. Potters often bake in one another's ovens. Zoroku bakes all his pottery in Kitei's oven and Yeiraku bakes in an oven some distance from his house.

I again visited Bairei's drawing-school and house, and for two hours enjoyed watching the deft way in which the pupils work. It seemed an awkward position to be down on the floor with knees bent under the body, yet Bairei told me that the pupils would hold this position for hours apparently without fatigue. The work consists in copying from other drawings. Much of the preliminary work is done by tracing and in every case a brush is used. The paper is not thin enough to see the drawing distinctly, and so it is lifted up at almost every touch of the brush. The paper is held down by a paper-weight at the head of the sheet. In beginning, the brush is filled with the paint, a proper point is made by trying the brush on another sheet, and if there is too much paint it is sucked out of the brush at the base, so as not to spoil the point.

At the temple of Nanzenji, at Kyoto, the priests showed me a small collection of pottery, none of which appeared remark-

Kitei's garden is figured in *Japanese Homes*, p. 255.

able. A tea-room, built by a famous *chajin*, Kobori Enshiu, two hundred and fifty years ago, was a good illustration of the simplicity of design in accordance with the plainness and austerity of the tea-ceremony cult.

At Osaka the Doctor had discovered an interesting temple pond in which were hundreds of turtles of different sizes. Near a little stone bridge which spans the pond is a booth where one can buy hollow balls, in the form of lanterns, made of rice-flour of which the turtles are very fond. When these balls are thrown into the water, it is curious to see the turtles



FIG. 689

race for one, snapping at it again and again, only to throw it farther away, and so they chase it till it gets water-soaked, or until it is driven

against the stone wall bordering the pond, where it is quickly broken and devoured (fig. 689). The lanterns are colored red or white, and as the turtles stream across the pond in pursuit they form a sort of procession with the lanterns at the head of it. These objects are sold at the rate of five for a cent, and one may spend some time feeding the turtles. The way they snap reminds one of the game of biting at an apple suspended by a cord from the ceiling.

While in Osaka a Japanese invited me to go with him to the rice exchange, as I would see a very curious sight. As I approached the building I heard a curious babel of shouts which reminded me of the corn exchange in Chicago. As we entered the building there was the same turbulent crowd of brokers and speculators gesticulating, flinging up their hands, and

shouting at the top of their voices. In amazement I asked of my Japanese when the custom was imported, and he in turn was amazed when I told him that just such gatherings might

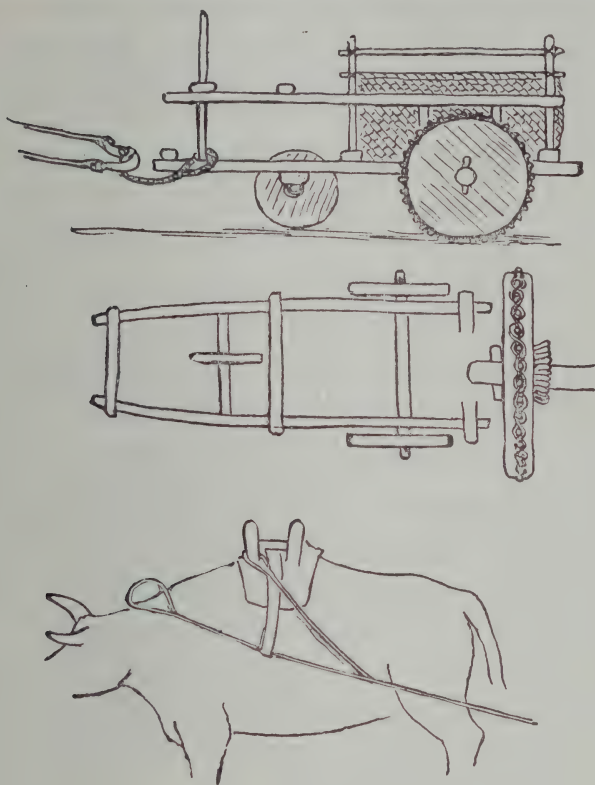


FIG. 690

be seen in Chicago, New York, and Boston, and other large cities. These men were rice brokers, and identical conditions and demands had resulted in identical behavior.

The dirt carts of Kobe are odd-looking, three-wheeled vehicles, with a little centre wheel, far in front, consisting of a solid block of wood, and the two main wheels of wood solid

throughout. The axle is fixed, the wheels turning on it. The tire consists of hard wooden pegs partially driven in, and between these projecting portions a straw rope is wound about the pegs, for what purpose I did not learn, unless to prevent the pegs from sinking far into the roadway. Figure 690 represents a side view and plan. The cart is drawn by a bull.



## CHAPTER XXIII

### CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS

MIYAOKA tells me that in writing a letter no punctuation is used. As the letter is written in Chinese characters, it is considered impolite to punctuate, for that would assume that your friend could not read Chinese properly. In print, the sentences are always marked by a circle, or a figure like a capital L to show the end of a paragraph. The circle is used in Chinese classics, while the L is used in other text.

In addressing a letter in former times the name of the sender was written directly under the name of the receiver; at the present time the name of the sender is written on the other side of the letter. Some old-fashioned people will not receive a letter if the sender's name is not given. In past times letters written to women were directed simply to the master of the house. Furthermore, a letter directed to the master of the house may be opened and read by his wife, his son, or his intimate friend, unless it is marked on the outside, "Please open it yourself," the equivalent of "Personal." Before envelopes were adopted a sheet of paper as a wrapper was folded in a peculiar way. The outlines from 1 to 15, in figure 691, show the various stages of this folding. The sheet is first folded as in 1, 2, 3, and then unfolded as in 7 and 8; the letter is then put in and the envelope sheet is again folded, but in a different way, the creases already made being a guide.

In the province of Yamato I observed very effective meth-

ods of arranging ornamental tiles to form borders on the roofs of porches and gateways, methods from which our architects might get suggestions. In Yamato greater use is made of tiles for ornamental purposes than in other provinces I have visited.

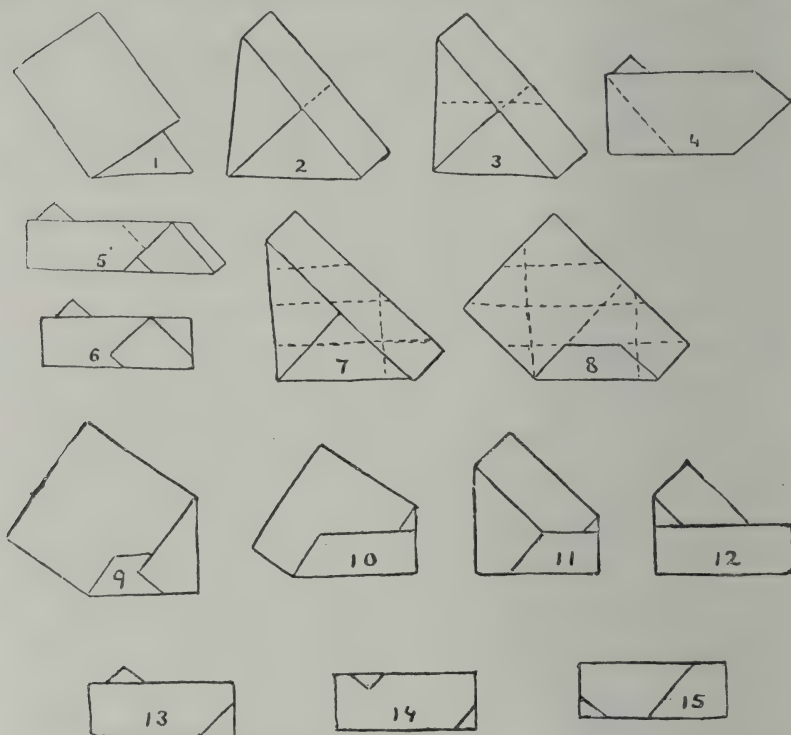


FIG. 691

The ornamental flat tile does not seem to be used to any extent. A few are seen only in garden walks; at Rokubei's I noticed them in the garden.

In our country we have bad spellers among those who are otherwise scholarly. In Japan the same condition is found, and there are scholars who cannot write the Chinese charac-

ters correctly. It is enough to paralyze the brain of an ordinary man to think of the monumental load a Japanese has to carry, to remember the thousands of characters as well as the Chinese name of the character and the equivalent in Japanese. Not only this, but each character has its written script, its seal form, as well as the square form, as in our alphabet where we have the capital B, for example, the written script, the old English script, and any fanciful monogram. The foreign student of Japanese history is perplexed at the different names that one historical character may have. This feature has often perplexed me in the names of famous potters and artists. All samurai have first a clan name, which is the name of the ancient family from which they have descended, or to which they belonged in feudal times. This name is called the *sei*. They have also the family name, which is called the *uji*, and a name which is analogous to our Christian name, called the *tsusho*. A scholastic name is also given them, which is called the *go*, and even another scholastic name known as *azana*. Still another name is used for drafts, petitions, deeds, contracts, etc., called the *imina*.<sup>1</sup> And finally, not to leave them in peace even then, they have a name given by the priest after death, and this name is known as the *kaimio*. As an illustration, the famous historian, Rai Sanyo,<sup>2</sup> who died fifty years ago had the following names:—

*Sei*, clan name, Minamoto.

*Uji*, family name, Rai.

<sup>1</sup> Hepburn's Dictionary says this name is used after the age of fifteen.

<sup>2</sup> This name is included with the names of other distinguished scholars on the Boston Public Library Building.

*Tsusho*, equivalent to Christian name, Kyutaro.

*Go*, scholastic name, Sanyo.

*Azana*, additional scholastic name, Shisei.

*Imina*, legal name for contracts, etc., Jio.

*Kaimio*, name after death, not known by my informant.<sup>1</sup>

At Miss Nagai's house this afternoon, and made a sketch of the end of the thatched roof.<sup>2</sup> Her brother, Mr. Masuda, told me that the material for the thatch was a peculiar kind of reed which costs more and lasts much longer than the ordinary straw used for thatching. Such roofs are very heavy and absolutely water-tight. The Japanese roof, thatched or tiled, is so unlike anything we have in our domestic architecture that one is tempted to sketch it all the time. The roofs vary greatly and each province has its peculiar types. It seems a pity that our architects do not break away from the stiff, straight lines of our ridge-pole and eaves. Along the St. Lawrence River the French-Canadian houses are built with the eaves slightly curved upward which gives a certain grace to their appearance.

My friend Takenaka, at my request, collected during his summer vacation records of a number of superstitions and customs among the lower classes; these he gives me from a notebook from time to time when I am not too tired to write. The Japanese have no general name for superstition, but a superstitious person is called a *gohei-katsugi*; a curiously cut paper which the Shinto priests carry is called a *gohei*, and

<sup>1</sup> I have material of this nature to fill a thousand pages, and find but little time for recording. My pottery journal exceeds this journal already, and I shall have enough material to make an interesting book on Japanese pottery.

<sup>2</sup> See *Japanese Homes*, fig. 83.



*katsugi* means to carry. One who carries such a thing is regarded as superstitious.

When a person dies it is customary for the friends of the deceased to bring presents to the family, generally of money in an envelope, and the strings of this envelope must be black and white, and not red and white, as red is an emblem of happiness, the red string, or cord, always being seen on infants' clothing. The knot must be tied in a square knot and not in a bow or other form of knot. The envelope is usually marked "for flowers," or "for *senko*," which is an incense stick. The money may, however, be used for anything. Food and candy may be brought in a lacquer box, the recipient taking them out and putting them on a plate and then depositing in the lacquer box a single sheet of paper folded once or twice, or in lieu of paper two thin sheets of wood. These offerings are made while the corpse is still in the house, or directly after the funeral. If there is great grief in the house, or the person has just died, no paper is put into the box, which is carefully cleaned by the recipient; on other occasions it is not cleaned.

The Buddhist priest comes to pray every seventh day for forty-nine days. After the funeral the master or mistress gives each visitor five cakes made of wheat, and after thirty-five days nine cakes are sent to the house of each visitor. Mention has been made of the color red as a sign of happiness; rice colored red is served on festival days. The god of poverty does not like red rice, or black *tofu*, and this food is therefore put on the god shelf, or in the *tokonoma*, to drive away this evil spirit.

Each year has a special name. This (1882) is the year of the horse. Any one born in the year of the ox must not eat eel after he is fifteen years old. A child born when the father is forty-one years old is not considered a good child; that is, the child will be disobedient. In such an event the parent goes to a friend with the child and tells him he is going to put the child away and will the friend kindly take it; in the mean time the child is left in the street. The friend takes it and carries it home. The next day the parent brings a present and says, "I have no child; will you give me your child?" This is done, the same child, however, being given back again; and this ridiculous performance is supposed to free the child from the evil destiny in store. The present made on the occasion usually consists of *katsubushi* (fish dried as hard as wood), and this present has not attached to it the usual *noshi*. All presents of fish are made without the *noshi* (a paper folded in a peculiar way with a dried bit of *Haliotis* meat enclosed). In regard to eating eel, it is supposed that the child over fifteen who eats it will not be intelligent or rise in life.

On the 15th of August (old calendar) a man must remain where he is until the 13th of September. If urgent business requires, he may go away, but must return to the place on the 13th of September. On these days cake must be offered to the moon. On the 15th of every month a man must contemplate the moon and make offerings of flowers and cake. On days in which the figure 1 occurs, as on the 1st, 11th, 21st, trees must not be cut down; on days in which the figure 2 occurs, as 2d, 12th, 22d, the power of fire is very strong, so for a counter-irritant in rheumatism *mogusa* is used, as its heat is more

powerful; on days in which the figure 3 occurs, the ground of a garden must not be dug; on days in which the number 4 appears, bamboo must not be cut down; on days with number 5, food — such as rice, peas, or any kind of seed — must not be carried home, nor must rice be bought on these days; on days containing the figure 6, wells must not be cleaned out; on days with 7, strangers must not be invited to the house; on days with 8, marriage must not be talked about, else the parties will afterwards separate; on days with 9 it is considered good luck to eat eggplant. The 9th of September is deemed especially good, as September is also the ninth month, and wine bottles in the shape of an eggplant are used on this day. On days with the 10, as 10th, 20th, 30th, the latrine must not be cleaned. The penalty for all these offenses is unhappiness or bad luck.

In serving daikon, a kind of radish, two pieces are always put upon the plate, one piece is called *hitokiri*, meaning one piece; it also means “man cut”; three pieces is called *mikire*, and also means “body cut.” Eggplants and other vegetables, except daikon, must be cut longitudinally and not transversely, because cutting transversely seems cruel.

In presenting cake the cake must rest on a folded sheet of paper, as numbers divided by two are considered lucky; when mochi cakes are given they must be presented in numbers of 2, 4, 6, 8, etc.

Sprinkling salt is considered purifying, and the accidental spilling of salt is regarded as good luck. Returning from a funeral, salt is sprinkled on the person by a servant.

In sleeping the head is turned to the south as the proper

thing; when a person is dangerously sick, or dead, the head must point to the north. When buried in a sitting position the body may face in any direction.

When the lobe of the ear is large, it is a sign of a happy disposition.

If the second toe is longer than the first toe, it is a sign that you are to occupy a higher position than your father; a long tongue or arm is the sign of a thief.

Left-handed persons are caused by the mother, when first dressing the baby, putting the left hand and arm through the kimono first.

If you sneeze once, it is a sign that some one is praising you; if twice, that you are loved by a woman; if three times, that people are talking about you, in praise, or otherwise; if four times, that you have taken cold. In the Province of Bizen one sneeze is a sign that you are disliked; two sneezes, that you are loved; three and four, that you have taken cold.

If the left ear itches, a man will hear good news; if the right ear, the news will be bad; with women the signs are reversed.

If an incrustation gathers on the lamp-wick, it is a sign that somebody is coming. The shallow plate holding the oil and wick is held by another plate, and if the incrustation can be got into the lower plate, it is a sign that the person coming is going to bring a present.<sup>1</sup>

If a crow caws on a house-top, it is a sign that somebody is dead within the house.

<sup>1</sup> A similar superstition is found in America and Great Britain, and probably on the Continent.



The finger nails must not be cut at night, as it is a sign that one is going crazy.

If children spill rice on the dress, or mats, they must eat it; otherwise they may become blind.

A man about to commit hara-kiri is helped to rice, using the cover of the box as a tray and not in the usual way.

If one's head itches, it is a sign of being happy; if dandruff falls, it is a sign of intelligence.

If it thunders a little in summer, it is a sign of many dangerous insects in the rice-field.

When a person is getting poor and unfortunate, the expression is used, "Anoshito no uchi wa hidari mai ni naru"; that is, "The man of the house folds his kimono to the left," which is considered unlucky. A corpse is dressed with the kimono folded to the left.

In order to keep sickness away from the house, particularly smallpox, the character for horse, painted three times on paper and stuck over the door, is considered very efficacious. An ink impression of the hand made on paper and displayed over the door will also answer the purpose.

At Chusenji I noticed hanging over the fireplace four foetal deer: these were dried and discolored by smoke, and were supposed to be efficacious for women in sickness following childbirth.

If you find a comb in the street, before picking it up you must step toward it with your left foot; otherwise you will go through the world whining and crying.

A man must not marry a girl four years older or four years younger than himself; otherwise domestic trouble will arise.

Any other number of years older or younger makes no difference.

In mixing mustard you must stir it with an angry face, and this will make the mustard strong and stinging; if you smile during the operation the mustard will be mild.

One who prays to a certain god (Miyoken) must refrain from eating eight kinds of food; otherwise the god will not answer his prayers. These foods are eel, turtle, catfish, carp, wild duck, goose, onions, and another vegetable of a similar nature.

The ages of 3, 7, 19, 25, 42, 52, and 53 are especially bad years for a man; and for women the ages of 16, 25, 33, 56, and 57 are bad; as a general rule, too, years ending in the numbers 7 and 9 are considered bad.

One year after the death of a person the family meet for a solemn ceremony; also in the 3d year, the 7th, 13th, 17th, 25th, 33d, 100th, and after this every fifty years.

The crow sings in the early morning *ka! ka!* which means "wife"; hence the wife must get up before the husband

At a funeral visitors have their names recorded on a sheet of paper. The brush used for this purpose must be pushed through the sheath the wrong way; hence, doing this act at any other time is bad luck. When the body is carried out of the house, the men performing this function do not remove their clogs as they enter or leave; hence, if one is seen trying on his new clogs on the mat, his friend will say, "Please do not do it; it is a bad sign."

If tea-leaves float vertically in a cup, it is a sign that good fortune will come or that good news will be received. It is customary for dancing-girls to take these leaves and put them in

the left sleeve, accompanying the act with a sipping sound like the chirp of a mouse to insure the good omen.

A string tied round the wrist and ankle is supposed to prevent one from taking cold.

If a weasel crosses the road in front of a superstitious man, he immediately turns back and gives up the object of his journey; or if it is of great importance he must take another road.

If two funerals meet, it is a sign of good luck for both; if one overtakes another, it is a sign of bad luck.

If the cord by which the clog is held to the foot breaks behind, it is considered lucky; if it breaks in front, it is bad luck.

There is a belief that the crane in its flight across the seas from Korea carries in its feet a certain plant, so that when the bird alights on the water it uses the plant as a float.

The dragon is supposed to go heavenward in a water spout, and it was believed that if one got even a glimpse of its leg or foot he would become a great man.

The Japanese have many curious superstitions about the fox. People who are insane are believed to be possessed by the fox, the spirit of which gets into the body by way of the finger nail; that is, the spirit is supposed to pass in under the finger nail and this makes them act as they do. The Government in past times made provision for the maintenance of the insane, the family having to look after them; when violent they were kept in cages. Among the lower classes the belief in the fox has full sway, and stories are told of men who have fed foxes becoming rich through good luck. It is believed that if one keeps young foxes in a cage and feeds them properly, he will become prosperous.

Since foreigners have brought science among the people these superstitions are rapidly passing away.

I asked Takenaka what men did after retirement. He said that, generally speaking, a man in comfortable circumstances will retire from business when he is sixty years old. He entrusts all his business duties to his son, lives in retirement, and usually has some hobby of collecting, such as rare plants and ferns, pottery, or stone implements, etc. He gets up at five o'clock in the summer, six o'clock in the winter; fire is built in the hibachi to heat water in an iron kettle ready for tea, which is made strong; he has *yokan*, a kind of jelly, and miso soup made of fermented bean; he composes a Japanese poem; he calls on an old friend or is called upon at nine o'clock; he plays the game of go all day. If he is a saké drinker, he will begin to drink at nine o'clock and keep it up until he goes to bed. During the day he may take a long walk to some park or other beautiful feature in the country.

Takenaka has been informed by the Chief of the Sanitary Bureau that during the Tokugawa Shogunate the drinking of saké was much more common than at present. At that time saké was always offered to a friend when calling, and it was considered an offense to refuse it. Now tea is offered instead, and if saké is offered, one may drink it or not, as he pleases, without offense. At that time one cup was used in a convivial company and the cup had to be emptied when passing. Now each has his own saké cup and can regulate his desires without restraint. Saké drinkers are not fond of sweet things such as cake and candy.

The word for interesting or curious is *omoshiroi*, which lit-



erally means "white face," coming down from olden times when a white face was a curious sight. Nowadays the comic papers use the word *omokuroi* for "interesting," the word meaning "black face."

Japanese society is now officially divided into upper, middle, and lower classes. Japanese now address jinrikisha men and other laborers in more gentle fashion than formerly.

Professor Toyama informed me the other day that he and Professor Yatabe and another friend had been for some time engaged in translating the works of Shakespeare and other authors. These are published and eagerly read by the Japanese. Thus far they have already translated the following: Hamlet's soliloquy; Cardinal Wolsey's soliloquy; Henry the Fourth's soliloquy; Gray's "Elegy"; Longfellow's "Psalm of Life"; Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade"; and they are at work on others. The Japanese have in the past translated many books from the English, French, and German; indeed, when the Dutch first went to Nagasaki, in the last years of the sixteenth century, the Japanese scholars, with the most painful efforts, learned Dutch in order to translate Dutch books on history, medicine, anatomy, and other subjects. The character of some of the books already translated is interesting. Professor Toyama gave me a list from memory of some of these translations from the English: Darwin's "Descent of Man," and "Origin of Species"; Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature"; Spencer's "Education" (of which thousands were sold); Montesquieu's "Spirit of Law"; Rousseau's "Social Contract"; Mill's "On Liberty," "Three Essays on Religion," and "Utilitarianism"; Bentham's

“Legislation”; Lieber’s “Civil Liberty and Self-Government”; Spencer’s “Social Statics,” “Principles of Sociology,” “Representative Government,” and “Legislation”; Paine’s “Age of Reason,” and Burke’s “Old Whig and the New”; of this last book over ten thousand copies have already been sold.

In translating I have often observed that the Japanese instantly recognize a Chinese character upside down, but in reading an obscure mark on pottery they turn the character right side up in preference.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE CAVES OF KABUTOYAMA

*August 6.* In the afternoon Dr. Bigelow and I, accompanied by Mr. Takenaka as interpreter, started from Tokyo for Kabutoyama, some forty or fifty miles, to visit Mr. Negishi and to inspect certain caves near where he lived. We spent the night at the little village of Shirako. Our rooms looked out on a quaint little garden with a veritable waterfall, whose music lulled us to sleep. In the evening the two girls who had waited upon us at supper came in and played games with us. Such a good-natured, jolly, laughing set of servants cannot be found elsewhere in the world. They are ready to entertain guests with their wit and fun, and yet never for a moment presume upon your familiarity. The next morning we were off at nine, and had one of the most delightful rides we have had in Japan. The day was cool, the sun shaded by clouds, which did not threaten rain, however. We reached Kawagoe at noon, and had dinner at the house of an uncle of Takenaka, who had a hardware shop on the main business street, and we passed through the little shop to pleasant rooms behind with the customary garden. The family were very attentive to us, and were for the first time entertaining foreigners. After hearty good-byes we were off for Kabutoyama.

We had had from Tokyo two men to a jinrikisha and that makes a great difference in the speed of traveling and in the delight of it too. Some portions of the road were still muddy

from the recent rains, and in one place we crossed a broad river where evidences of the recent flood were seen fifteen to twenty feet above its present level. Houses in the vicinity of the ferry had been submerged to their ridge-poles. When we got within half a mile of Mr. Negishi's estate, we were met by a gentleman who politely informed us that Mr. Negishi was expecting us. As we got nearer the house, three other gentlemen and Mr. Negishi's only boy were in the road awaiting us. We immediately alighted from our jinrikishas and exchanged the most formal bows with them, and they hurried after us as we rode rapidly along. Approaching the gateway of the house, Mr. Negishi, with his family and a number of servants, stood bowing and giving us a delightful and hospitable welcome. We were conducted at once across a spacious courtyard to a suite of rooms in a house by itself. Such perfect cleanliness, everything sweet; the courtyard so immaculate that the indentations of our heels in the smooth, hard earth disturbed us. Dinner was soon served, and the Doctor and I agreed that it was the best dinner we had had in Japan; most delicious soups, and refreshing raw fish, of which the Doctor has become very fond. We learned afterwards that Mr. Negishi had sent fifteen miles for a famous cook. It was late before we arose from the floor, and our beds were already made up with silk *futons* in great, high-studded rooms with rare carvings over the screens, and all in perfect taste. The guest-house we occupied formed a part of an irregular group of buildings which enclosed the large courtyard. It was a separate building, and like the others was nearly three hundred years old. The thatch on the roof is made of a special kind of rush,



quite expensive and said to last fifty years or more. The ridge-pole of wood and other portions were painted black, and the whole structure was very neatly and elaborately made.<sup>1</sup>

The next morning I was up before the others and made many sketches about the premises. The great courtyard surrounded by various buildings is typical of the residences of the wealthy farmer class, who, though not samurai, stand above the ordinary farmer class. After breakfast we examined the large collection of pottery Mr. Negishi had collected in the neighborhood, dating back twelve hundred years or more. There were two types, a light-reddish, soft pottery and the hard, bluish-gray pottery so commonly found in ancient graves. I never before dreamed of the existence of such tranquil, charming people. Refinement and culture were shown in their every word and act; no affectation, no unnatural restraint, attentions bestowed with ease and sympathy. Mr. Negishi's mother, an old lady of eighty, was interested in having me sit beside her, and through an interpreter asked me many questions, all very intelligent. Her interesting queries were such as a refined and cultivated lady at home might ask a Japanese. A foreigner had never been in the house before, and the sight of one was a rare event in this out-of-the-way village. It was a hot day, and whenever I sat down the two daughters would fan me, and their shy and half-frightened manner was curious to witness. It is a delightful custom, however.

Just before we bade good-bye to our charming hosts, and while the jinrikisha men were waiting, Mr. Negishi crossed

<sup>1</sup> The main house, kitchen, and interior are carefully drawn in *Japanese Homes*.

the courtyard to a little room opposite, and I could see him busily engaged in writing. I supposed he was writing a message he wanted us to carry to Tokyo. To my surprise it was a letter to me and it was presented to me on my saying good-bye. The act represented an old custom of Japan and one that we might adopt. Here is a translation of the letter:—

KABUTOYAMA, MUSASHI, JAPAN,

*August 8, 12th year of Meiji.*

DEAR SIR:—

It was a long time ago that I began to hear your name on the island of Nippon in the eastern ocean, but I did not expect to have you come and examine the caves which are situated between Osato-gori and Yokomi-gori, in the Province of Musashi, and that I should have the honor to receive you at my cottage, which was built three hundred years ago, and in which I had the pleasure of showing you my collection of old pottery and stone implements. Now, if we should turn our eyes to the condition of our country thirty years ago, what would we see? We would see that the people both in our island and across the seas could not avoid doubting and suspecting each other, but at present we have reached such a degree of friendship that I have had the privilege of spending these days with you. For this reason I have permitted my brush to creep on, and in view of the deep friendship existing between our two countries I wish you long and continued prosperity,

With respect, your friend,

T. NEGISHI.

We started for the caves — a long, hot walk in the sun. I had for a close companion Mr. Negishi's dear little boy, who entertained me by describing many objects along the road, and some of the conversation I understood. He was a perfect little gentleman and seemed to feel the responsibility of his position as successor to his father's great estates. A bridge on the road which had been damaged by the storm had been repaired, and the most minute attention had been given to our wants and comforts. The day before Mr. Negishi had workmen cut out all the paths leading to the caves, greatly facilitating our examination of them, and full notes were made. The caves were on the face of a precipice; they were originally burial caves, but had been repeatedly occupied by refugees. Whatever relics they had contained had long since disappeared.

In the afternoon we started for Kawagoe, where we were to pass the night with Takenaka's relatives. Mr. Negishi and his friends went some way with us in their jinrikishas, and formal good-byes were made when we parted.

Again on the road, and another absolutely perfect day, and such varied scenery! Of all the roads in Japan the road from Tokyo to Kabutoyama, by way of Kawagoe, seemed about the most diversified and beautiful. It was like a garden, rich in luxurious farms, long stretches of rice-fields over which we got wonderful views of Fuji, beautiful old farmhouses, courteous people. We passed a group of children just out of school, and they stood by the side of the road and bowed politely to us as we passed them. I have noticed the same behavior of children in Satsuma and in the pottery districts in Kyoto.

When we got back to Kawagoe, where we were to spend the night, Mr. Takenaka had arranged to have me give a lecture on the ancient people of Japan. With the aid of a blackboard I explained the shell heaps and other evidences of an ancient race. Figure 692 is a reproduction of the lecture announce-

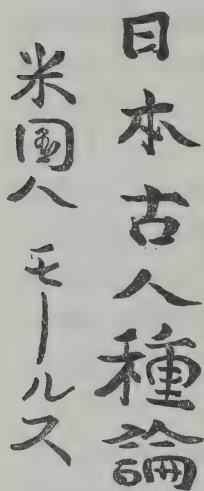


FIG. 692

ment, which I took down from the tea-house as I came away. We sat up with the family till midnight playing games, and the hearty way in which the two girls, cousins of Takenaka, and the other members of the family, entered into the fun was delightful. The sitting on a mortar with one foot balanced on the other and lighting one candle from another created the greatest merriment. We were the first foreigners that had ever been in the town, and one woman came to the house just to look at us. After a profound bow she said that ten years before she had

gone to Yokohama expressly to see a foreigner, but had never seen one since that time.

The next morning Takenaka's uncle cooked the choicest portions of our breakfast, as indeed he had our supper the night before. Takenaka had given to him by his aunt a jar full of cooked grasshoppers to eat as a relish on his rice. The Doctor and I ate a number of them and found them very good; the taste resembled that of shrimps. It is a common custom in this part of the country to eat grasshoppers as a relish, and there is no reason why we should not utilize our grasshoppers in this way at home; the insect was apparently precisely like



our common grasshopper. The Japanese prepare them by boiling them in shoyu, sugar, and a little water, till the water has nearly all boiled away. After breakfast we visited a little temple, which corresponded to our country meeting-house at home. The interior was like a precious cabinet with the most beautiful and elaborate carvings, every last fragment of which would in our country be exhibited in our art museums behind plate glass. The thought was startling when I tried

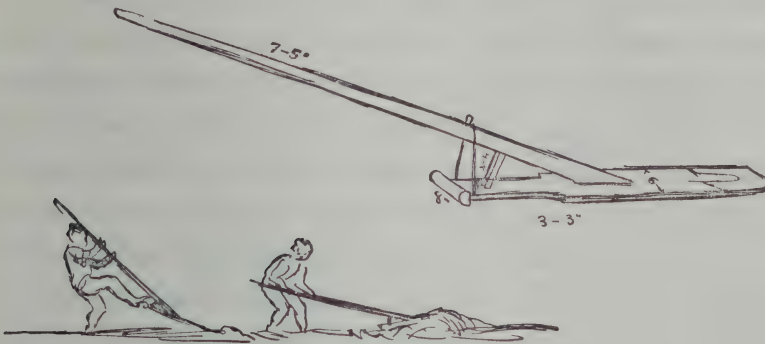


FIG. 693

to realize what bit could be secured as an art object from our country meeting-houses! We also visited a large building where fifty or more girls were engaged in reeling silk from cocoons. As we passed through the factory we were greeted with modest bows and an atmosphere of good-breeding.

After a hurried lunch our host and his brother and the two nieces in jinrikishas accompanied us to the boundary of the town, and then in a little tea-house we drank a parting cup of tea and bade good-bye. On our way out of town we visited a temple where stands a huge coil of rope over six feet in height and three feet in diameter, and this rope was made of human

hair! Hanging from the ceiling were a large number of tresses and queues representing sacrifices in pledging certain vows, or expiatory offerings.

Figure 693 shows a peculiar shovel made of wood tipped with iron. The shovel part was over three feet in length and the handle seven feet long. It is used through the western part of this province (Musashi) and seems to take the place of the plough. It was interesting to observe that in the old houses here, as at home, the timbers were large and ponderous, for wood was cheaper in early times, and there was the lack of knowledge, perhaps, to make an equally strong frame with less material. The traveler often notices the very high polish of the wood floor in country houses and inns, and particularly in the flight of steps leading to the second story. I learned that the polish was obtained by using water from the bathtub to wash the floors; the oily substance in the bath-water after using giving the high polish.

## CHAPTER XXV

### TOKYO NOTES

*October 18.* There came to my room two Koreans, father and son. The father was a prominent Government officer in Korea, and in the late revolt had to flee for his life; the son has been studying Japanese in a Tokyo school, and is a friend of Miyaoka. Miyaoka had arranged with the young man to bring his father, from whom I was to get, if possible, information in regard to certain subjects, such as antiquities, pottery ovens, arrow release, etc. They presented their visiting cards (fig. 694). The father was very quiet and dignified, but thoroughly interested in my questions in a sober kind of way; the son was very handsome, and had that peculiar sweetness that so many Japanese faces present. Both had beautiful

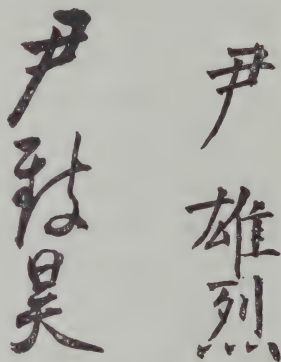


FIG. 694

brown eyes; both were subdued and sad, as if they realized the dreadful degradation and decay of their country from its past intellectual eminence, when it had taught Japan many of its arts. It was somewhat difficult to interrogate the father, from whom I was to obtain the information desired. I would first speak to Miyaoka, who would translate into Japanese to the son, who would in turn translate into Korean to his father, who did not understand a word of Japanese, and the

answers would come back through the same interrupted channel. The contrasts in the sounds of the Korean and Japanese languages, were marked and interesting. At times they seemed to sound like French; a mixture of French, Chinese, and Japanese would well illustrate the sounds. The respectful and dignified way in which the son always addressed his father was marked. Question after question was asked, and it was slow and tedious work, as it ran through the gamut of English, Japanese, and Korean and back through Korean, Japanese, and English. Pottery is still made in Korea, both the white stone and blue decorated kinds, and soft pottery, all of the poorest quality. The pottery oven is built on the side of a hill, and, judging from a poor sketch the father made, is not unlike the Japanese oven. If there is no hill, an incline is built for it. Much pottery is lost in the baking, as in the lower portion it is over-baked and at the upper end the heat is insufficient. The lathe is the kick wheel, such as is used in Hizen, Higo, and Satsuma, where the device was introduced by Koreans in past times. Large jars are made up of rings of clay superimposed one upon another and then welded together by hand. Inside, a stamp is used, cut in squares or circles, and impressions on the inside of large objects may often be seen. I showed the father a number of pieces which Mr. Kohitsu had pronounced Korean and he recognized them as such. He had seen only one in Korea like some of the forms from ancient graves which I had in my collection, and this one had been taken from an ancient burial-place. He had never heard of dolmens or shell heaps, and he added that the study of archæology was not known in



Korea and very few old things had been preserved; he had heard of caves, some of large size, with evidences of previous occupation. The comma-shaped ornament known as *magatama*, found in ancient burial-places in Japan, he had never seen in Korea.

In archery the Korean uses the left as well as the right hand in drawing the arrow, and the left hand is considered the better; in illustrating the method the father used the left hand. The bow is grasped firmly and an arm-guard is worn. A thumb-ring of either bone or metal is worn. The Korean often practices at a hundred and sixty paces, which is probably greater than the York round of a hundred yards. The father made a model of the thumb-ring by cutting it out of paper. He seemed to have no facility with a pencil, but invariably got a piece of paper and folded it up, or bent it, or cut it with the scissors, to illustrate what he wanted to explain. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once told me that he could not do anything with a pencil, but could always cut out of paper with scissors any model he wished to make. Some of the Korean bows are of immense strength, and Korean archers particularly train their muscles by various exercises to draw their powerful bows. It was pathetic to listen to the Korean's frank avowal of the absence of all archæological interest in Korea; he said the only relics they had to show were themselves, and laughed rather sadly when he said it. They look upon the Japanese as the advance guards of Western civilization, and if the hatred that the ordinary Korean has for the Japanese can be modified, it will be a great day for Korea. The Japanese can teach them the many features acquired from the Eastern barbarian.

Figure 695 represents the appearance of the Japanese floor as it is seen raised from the ground. The upright portion has panels which are often ornamented by simple designs of bam-

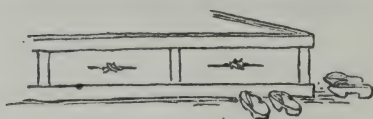


FIG. 695

boo, pine, or conventional figures cut in stencil. These panels are often removable, and space is secured below the floor for sandals, umbrellas, and the like.

The Japanese house has no cellar, and these stenciled panels and open lattice-work secure ventilation beneath the floor.

The foreigner visiting Japan is impressed at the very outset by the Japanese love of flowers, for everywhere, in gardens, or in little tanks, flower-pots and hanging or standing flower-holders are seen, and he begins to realize that the simplicity and beauty of their arrangement is everywhere manifest. Further inquiries reveal the fact that there are teachers whose sole duty it is to instruct one in the graceful and artistic arrangement of flowers. There are different schools, and diplomas are given to those who graduate.<sup>1</sup>



FIG. 696

<sup>1</sup> Miss Mary Averill, of New York, studied flower arrangement in Japan, receiving a diploma. She has written a book on Japanese flower arrangement which will greatly aid those interested in the subject. Conder's work, entitled *The Flowers of Japan and the Art of Floral Arrangement*, is an important work on the subject.

It is by no means a feminine accomplishment only; students of the University take lessons in flower arrangement as naturally as our students take lessons in the art of spreading a man's nose over his face without dislocating the wrist. Figure 696 is a sketch of a hanging flower-holder with a graceful arrangement of a few flowers. The basket was very old and was signed; indeed, the makers of baskets signed their names just as potters, netsuki and inro artists, metal-workers,



FIG. 697

and other art handwork producers signed their names to their work. One appreciates the art of the Japanese in these matters when he recalls the cult at home. At a lunch I attended in the old Chinese college the tokonoma had three large masses of flowers, bouquets four or five feet in height. They were in simple cylindrical vases mounted on draped stands, the material consisting of large branches and twigs of pine with flowers intermixed (fig. 697).

The varieties of ploughs in Japan are very interesting. The type is after the Chinese style, but the forms in different provinces are quite marked. Figure 698 shows the most primitive

plough in Japan. I saw it used in the Province of Suo. Its form sustains the contention of E. B. Tylor that the plough was evolved from the hoe. Nevertheless, in a painting, nearly

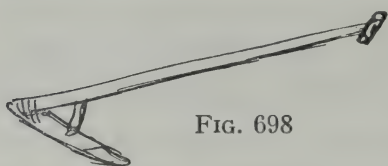


FIG. 698

three hundred years old, of a Chinese subject I found a curious device in the form of a shovel dragged by a bull.

Here is an idea that it might have been derived from a shovel. A shovel of this form is used in Japan to-day (fig. 699). Figure 700 is a Kishiu plough not unlike the one used in Yamashiro and Yamato; figure 701 is from a drawing made by a student of a Chikuzen plough. There are many types of ploughs in Japan of which I have sketches. In mountain regions bulls are used to drag ploughs, and cows are used in softer ground so that boys can do the work.

At a lunch the other day there were dishes of candy made in exact imitation of mushrooms. The dead-white stipe and gills and a translucent, yellowish gray pileus were actually specific in their character.



FIG. 699

In Kyoto there is a building over three hundred years old which

rests on the site of a structure built in 1132. It is known as *San-ju-san-gen-do*, and derives its name from two enormous roof-beams thirty-three *ken* in length, a *ken* being nearly six feet. The building is nearly four hundred feet long, and fifty-



three feet wide, and shelters thousands and thousands of figures of the goddess Kwannon, arranged in phalanxes, one behind the other. They are said to number 33,333.<sup>1</sup> Surrounding it is a veranda, six feet wide, and as you walk along, passing successive doors, which are open on one side and protected by heavy bars, you see this forest of saints standing in close rows like a regiment on parade. The

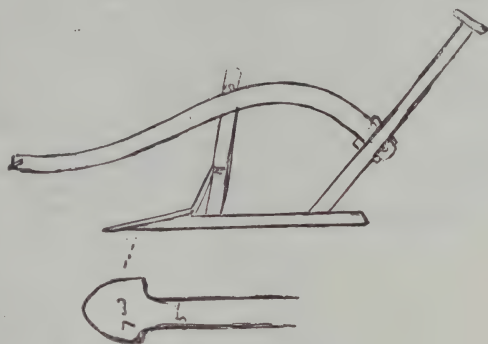


FIG. 700

roof overhangs the veranda, about eighteen feet above it, and is supported by a complicated set of beams and bars. In feudal times the custom was to place a target at one end of this long veranda and shoot at it with bow and arrow. The bow had to be of enormous strength, and the archer as well, to throw an arrow nearly four hundred feet with a

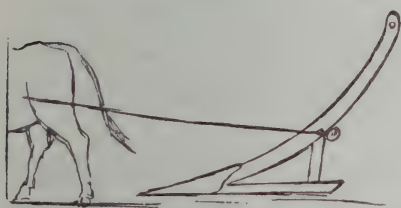


FIG. 701

limited trajectory of eighteen feet. Evidence that the archers missed thousands of times is seen in the dense mass of broken arrows which still stick to the intricate structure above. One's first

impression is that big birds had attempted to build nests. Figure 702 is a rough sketch of the appearance of these

<sup>1</sup> All these facts I derive from a guidebook.



FIG. 702

broken arrows which could find lodgment in sheets of copper which covered the beams. In the field beside the building and at one side is a little booth where one can hire a bow and ten arrows for a cent. The target is only halfway down the field. I hired thirty arrows, and though it was an in-

tensely hot day I managed to hit the target several times, to the amazement of the old man who had rented the bow. Having no arm-guard and not being able to twist the bow in Japanese method as the arrow is released, my wrist has been raw for two weeks. I may add that shooting only half the distance my trajectory was nearly as high as the ridge-pole of the building!

The agreeable way the people enjoy the summer evenings is everywhere marked. Riding along the banks of any river,

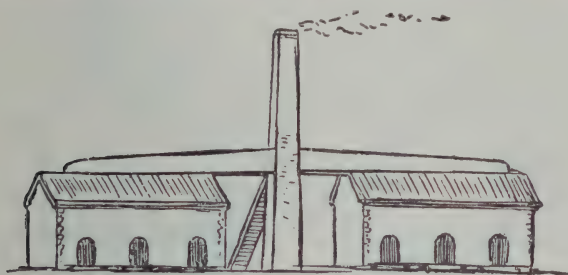


FIG. 703

as in Mikawa and Ise, stagings are seen built along the shore, or even over the river, and here the families collect to eat supper. On many of the long bridges at evening it seemed as if the entire population had gathered to enjoy the fresher air blowing in the river valley.

*October 26.* Dr. Bigelow and I had an opportunity of visiting the crematory at Senju in Tokyo. Getting permission from the Chief of the Sanitary Bureau, with Mr. Takenaka we started for the crematory at nine o'clock at night. It was an hour's ride to the place. I expected to see a barren-looking region with rather dismal sheds and buildings. Instead I saw

those features associated with all public works of the city: neatly swept grounds, trim fences, and the usual number of pretty trees. On one side of the street is the crematory (fig. 703). It consists of two one-storied, brick buildings, seventy-two feet long and twenty-four feet wide. These buildings are in line, but are separated from each other by a space of fifty feet. In this space stands a tall, square chimney, and to the chimney run large iron flues from the ridges of the buildings. Each building is divided into three compartments, having a

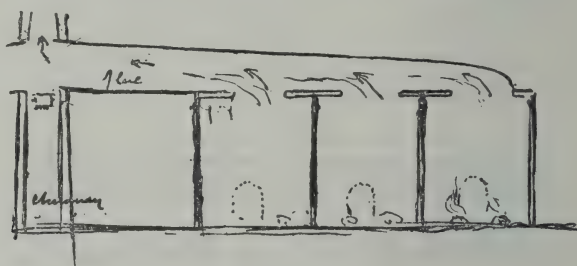


FIG. 704

doorway with sliding doors. A flight of steps, as shown in the sketch, leads to a staging at the junction of the flues with the chimney, and here is an arrangement for burning coal to accelerate the upward draft in case many bodies are being cremated at the same time. Figure 704 shows how each compartment opens into the flue above.

The simplicity and cleanliness of the appliances used in reducing the body to ashes interested us greatly. The furnaces, or better, the fireplaces, are on the ground, and the body, in a bent-up position, is placed on the pile, which consists of two sticks of wood and a little kindling. After the fire has been going for some time the mass is covered with straw rice-bags.



The fireplace consists of a bottom stone, two side stones, and a head stone, as in the sketch (fig. 705). The bodies are consumed in three hours; those we saw had been burning two hours. I pushed the straw away with a stick, and noticed only a few of the larger bones and these were calcined. The room was full



FIG. 705

of smoke, but more from the burning straw than from the bodies; indeed, there was hardly any odor, though the walls of the room were black with soot. In one corner were two little fireplaces for children, in one of which cremation was going on.

The highest price paid for cremating a body is seven yen. This is done in a separate building (fig. 706) which contains but a single fireplace in the centre. The next grade is two yen and seventy-five sen, about \$1.37 in our money. This is done in the large building, and the body is burned in the large wooden tub in which it is brought. The third and cheapest

grade costs only one yen and thirty sen; in this case the body only is burned, the tub being saved. The man who superintends the work lives close by and has in his keeping the jars

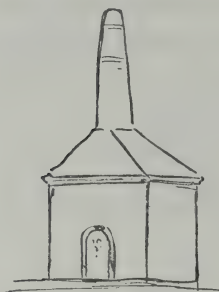


FIG. 706

containing the ashes. These jars cost from six to eight cents apiece according to size. He gave me one (fig. 707). In the jar was a little wooden box in which are preserved the teeth, which are carefully picked out of the ashes. A curious superstition seems to prevail about the teeth, and in ancient times the people made prayers and offerings on certain days that their teeth might not

loosen. The bodies that were being cremated were of victims of cholera which was very prevalent in the city. The superintendent and all engaged in the work did not have that grim look often associated with sextons, but were cheerful, polite, and pleasant fellows. We were most favorably impressed with our experience and wondered how long prejudice would stand in the way of this sanitary process in our country.

On our ride to the crematory and back we went through the poorest quarters of the city at an hour when similar regions at home would be crowded with open bar-rooms and charged with vociferous talk. The most decorous New England village could not have exceeded the quiet and order prevailing everywhere. It is certainly a wonderful fact that these people are all so orderly in their obedience to law. The Police Commissioner of Boston has said that hoodlumism is the greatest



FIG. 707

menace to our country. There is certainly no such menace in Japan; indeed, everybody is well behaved.

My room at Tenmon Dai was in a little house built in foreign style for the attendant of the astronomical observatory. My only stove is shown in figure 708, a square wooden box in which is a round earthen vessel filled with ashes; the tongs, in the shape of iron chopsticks, are seen in one corner in a bamboo tube. Ice has already formed outside and my room would be very cold without the little charcoal fire. I have become accustomed to the carbonic acid gas, though most of it settles through the cracks of the floor;

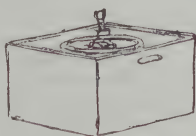


FIG. 708

when it gets too strong I open the door. On inquiry I found that the Japanese never suffer any inconvenience from burning charcoal, their sole means of heating. The old woman who builds my fire, or rather brings in a few hot coals from her own hibachi, had never heard of the gas being injurious, nor had she an idea that it could kill one. My room is in a continual tangle of confusion — the accumulation of pottery, ethnological objects for the Museum at Salem, notebooks, pictures are all crowded into a little room hardly big enough for my bed and writing-table. Figure 709 is a rough sketch of the room from where I sit at the writing-table.

The other day I had the opportunity of sketching a woman — the wife of the man who looks after my little house — in the act of blackening her teeth. She told me that she had to do it every three or four days. A special copper vessel is used in which to discharge the rinsings of her mouth; a metal shelf

rests across it, upon which are two brass vessels, one a box in which are nut galls pulverized and resembling ashes; in the other a fluid containing iron in solution. This solution she makes herself by soaking a piece of iron in vinegar, using an old jar for the purpose. The brush used is a small piece of wood frayed at one end, the ordinary Japanese toothbrush.



FIG. 709

This she dips into the iron water, then into the nut gall, and rubs the teeth as if she were cleaning them, rinsing her mouth now and then from a bowl of water at her side, and at times taking up a mirror to see if her teeth are sufficiently blackened. It is said that the operation is good for the teeth (fig. 710).

The common name for violets is *sumo-tori-gusa*, *sumo-tori* meaning "wrestler," as the children play with the flowers by hooking them together and pulling them apart to see which one yields.



The word for "ceiling" in Japanese is *tenjo*; literally, "heaven's well," coming from the same root as our word.

The word for "fool" in Japanese is *baka*, which literally means "horse deer." Sea-sickness is called *funayoi* — "boat intoxication."



FIG. 710

For the first time the Emperor's garden has been open for inspection, by special invitation. A few days ago cards were sent to all native and foreign professors and, presumably, to all the Japanese officers of the same rank, for the chrysanthemum display. To-day and to-morrow are the days appointed, and being considered an officer of the University, though I have no official connection with it now, I was invited. Heretofore only members of the diplomatic corps among foreigners could get access to the gardens. Each ticket permitted the possessor to take five members of his family, and it would seem

that every ticket was used to its fullest capacity. There were many ladies and children and they were beautifully dressed. It was delightful to see the perfect behavior of the children — no shouting, or screaming, no tearing around by the boys. It was a perfect paradise in itself. I have neither the language nor the ability to describe the wonderful beauty of the grounds. The place was of large extent and had originally been built on a level plain. There had been constructed undulating hills; rock ravines, down which poured mountain brooks; valleys; bridges; rustic summer houses, — everything to admire.

In our party was a tall foreign teacher (American) recently appointed to the University. He was like a bull in a china shop. He stalked through the grounds and saw nothing to admire; indeed, his comments were so rude and ridiculous that we finally got rid of him. Before he left us, however, we came across a beautiful little summer house shockingly disfigured within by a cheap, glaring red carpet from abroad, and this man, for the first time, saw something to praise, and he commented on its beauty utterly oblivious to this shocking incongruity in a room with the most delicate and delicious cabinet-work in natural woods.

The flowers were beautiful in their variety and daintiness. They were arranged under tastefully constructed shelters of bamboo and reed matting, though in some instances more permanent shelters were provided. There were many wonderful trees and some of dwarfed varieties, — one with a disk of dense foliage, twenty feet in diameter, and not over two and a half feet high, with a trunk a foot in diameter; rustic fences and bridges, and beautiful little lakes. The Japanese excel

the world in the art of landscape gardening, and they seemed to enjoy the beauties of every feature, and the foreigners were equally appreciative, all except our tall professor, who appeared bewildered and positively unhappy.

On the 3d of November, Count Enouye, Minister of Foreign Affairs, gave a great party in honor of the Emperor's birthday. To this party were invited all the foreign diplomats and all the teachers with the rank of professor, besides a great many other high officers. A thousand invitations were issued. Count Enouye's house is very large and spacious, built entirely in foreign style. The grounds were brilliantly lighted with gas jets and lanterns. Such a variety of costumes as were seen! The Japanese ladies were beautifully dressed, and the various nationalities — French, Russian, Swiss, German, Italian, English, and American attachés of the embassies and the legations — were in their respective uniforms, many with brilliant decorations. Seven Chinese and eight Koreans were in their national costumes.

To me the most interesting features were the two Japanese brass bands, the Army and the Navy, side by side, and playing alternately. They were very full bands with Japanese leaders and with all the modern instruments, playing, with great precision, music from classical composers. I was amazed at the crispness and accuracy with which they played and at the progress they had made in four years; for I had heard the Army band play four years ago and remembered distinctly how crude the performance was, and that I came to the conclusion then that however perfectly the Japanese could acquire foreign methods, in our music they would certainly fail to

grasp its meaning and its proper rendering. I argued this way because the two musics were so entirely unlike. Now I must alter that conclusion and admit that, so far as our music is concerned, practice only was required. It would have been impossible for any one but an expert to have told whether Japanese were playing or good foreign musicians. It was also curious to see the number of Japanese ladies and gentlemen who were joining in the dancing, and who were dancing very well too. On both floors of the house a delicious lunch was served, with wine, champagne, and beer in abundance. On the grounds outside brilliant fireworks were being discharged, and the whole affair was a great treat.

I have begun the study of the intricacies of the tea ceremony and have joined a class of Japanese. My teacher, Mr. Kohitsu, tells me I am the first foreigner to take lessons in the art. The fact that I was taking lessons got into the newspapers, and also the statement that I had astonished the old fellows at the school by rapidly identifying the pottery brought out on the occasion. It seems curious that the newspapers here, as at home, get hold of all trifling events, social gossip, and the like; it shows that human nature is the same the world over.

The Japanese are said to have no inventive faculties, but in my rambles around Tokyo I have noticed many mechanical appliances of a simple nature which our artisans might adopt. To-day I noticed a man who works in pearl-shell cutting. The piece of pearl to be sawed was held down by an elastic strip of bamboo bent under a transverse bar above, as shown in figure 711. The saw rested vertically upon the piece to be sawed and the sand used in the operation remained in place. It was a



simple form of vise that could be instantly adjusted, and the varying degrees of firmness could be got by selecting stiffer or lighter strips of bamboo.

The tub was full of water so that the pieces could be immediately washed.

Figure 712 represents a blacksmith at work. He sits on the ground, or floor, as do all operatives. The bellows consist of a long, square box in which a square

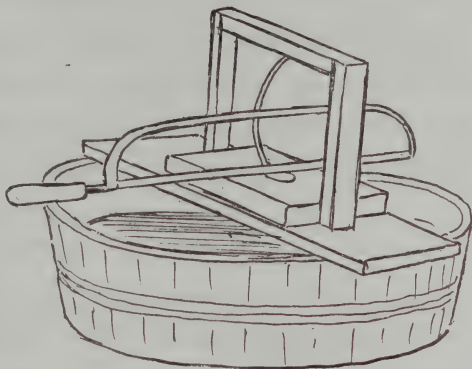


FIG. 711

piston is moved back and forth by means of a rod and handle; with his left leg the blacksmith blows his bellows by grasping the handle with his foot and moving his leg back and forth, leaving his two hands free for hammering. In this case the helper stands up. The tools were not unlike those used by our blacksmiths at home, though I noticed in some of the larger hammers, perhaps in all, that the handle was not inserted in the middle of the iron part, but nearer to one end. The floor was littered with bits of iron bolts and the usual bits and fragments one sees in a blacksmith's shop at home. Sometimes a boy is employed to blow the bellows, and this he does with his hands.

In many parts of the city ditches or deep gutters run along the streets, especially along the walls of yashikis. These places are the breeding-grounds of the mosquitoes which infest the city and are a source of livelihood to the men and

boys who with nets drag for mosquito larvæ and sell them for goldfish food.

For the last few days professional packers have been at work packing the pottery, and the floor is covered with boxes and straw. It is interesting to see their method of wrapping each piece in straw. The man takes a handful of straw, combs it out straight with his fingers, gives the mass a twist



FIG. 712

in the middle which spreads the straw at each end like a fan; the bowl is then put in the centre, and the straw folded over the rim of the bowl around the edge. Tea-jars are done up in the same way, the straw being twisted above. With large cylindrical pieces of irregular contour a long straw rope is made and wound around the piece. The cook's little girl and a playmate came to the door and peeked in, the sight of so many specimens of pottery amazing them. I invited them in and gave them some paper and scissors, and the skillful way in which they cut out dolls and made chickens, herons, and other ob-

jects was surprising. I saved them all and they will go to the Museum in Salem. I gave them a pot of tea and two cups, and it was interesting to see and to hear them: one poured tea for the other, and when the cup was passed the child thanked her as courteously as if they were playing ladies, and yet they were not playing, they had simply been brought up to be polite. They were not more than nine or ten years old, dressed poorly, and were the children of the servants in the yashiki.

The other day I made another visit to the insane asylum just back of my house. The superintendent was very kind, spoke a little English, and with my little Japanese we got along very well. I got a good deal of information about the percentages of troubles, causes of insanity, etc.

Mr. Machida, the sword merchant, came in to spend the evening, and I kept him till midnight asking him questions. In his time he has acted as executioner, having beheaded a great many criminals, and he told me some very grim stories. It is curious how different nations regard the same act. An executioner is loathed and an outcast in some countries and the professional executioner in Japan is from the Eta class. In Japan a gentleman considers it a fine chance to try the temper of his blade by beheading a criminal. For another reason also: if any of his friends had to commit hara-kiri he might be called upon to do the act of beheading, as the act of disemboweling is followed immediately by beheading by a friend, who with a quick stroke cuts off the head. One sees a striking representation of this act in the theatre when the play of the "Forty-seven Ronins" is presented. The beheading of a criminal gives a man practice. Mr. Machida told me that it

did not require such a very hard blow to separate the head from the body. He said the first time he performed the act he struck so hard that he broke his sword by striking a rock on the ground. A bandage is tied about the criminal's eyes; he kneels upon a mat, in front of which a hole is dug big enough to admit the body; attendants hold the arms back, and immediately after the head drops into the hole the body is pushed after it and the mat thrown over it. Mr. Machida says the muscles about the cheeks and lips quiver for some time, and the same quivering motion is seen in the hands and even in the whole body. He gave me some interesting details about the battle of Uyeno at the time of the Restoration.

During the month of November an interesting market is held back of Asakusa Temple, where a large number of booths are erected in the streets for the sale of curious charms to insure happiness and wealth. These charms are miniature bags of rice, twisted straw, and other symbols of plenty and happiness made of bamboo covered with bright-colored and gilt papers. In some the ship of fortune is represented holding the seven treasures; others are in the shape of a fan or rake with the mask of Otafuku, goddess of Happiness, in the centre, with various devices about the sides. It was curious to see the narrow streets and lanes closely crowded with people and lined with rudely constructed booths, on both sides, packed with these strange-looking charms and emblems, some of them of large size, five feet or more in diameter. Throughout the day of the festival the people are seen returning home bearing these things in their hands, or riding in jinrikishas, and if the objects are large holding them up like banners. The objects



were always mounted on a rod of bamboo. Figure 713 illustrates two of these charms, the smaller one showing a dry measure in the centre with sprigs of rice. These objects were all roughly made, and yet, flimsy as they appeared, they never seemed to break apart. They had a decorative character, too. Near by was a Shinto temple, before which crowds of people were praying, standing seven or eight deep. A large contribution box stood in front of this temple, at least eight feet long and three or four feet wide and deep, and into this dropped a continuous shower of rins, tempos, sens, and larger pieces of money done up in paper. Near by was a rude stage where some play was going on accompanied by a drum and flute which kept up an incessant noise without a moment's pause. Little children with shrill voices aided their parents in calling out the character of wares that were being sold in the crowd. Two beggars kneeling on the ground in an open space were the only

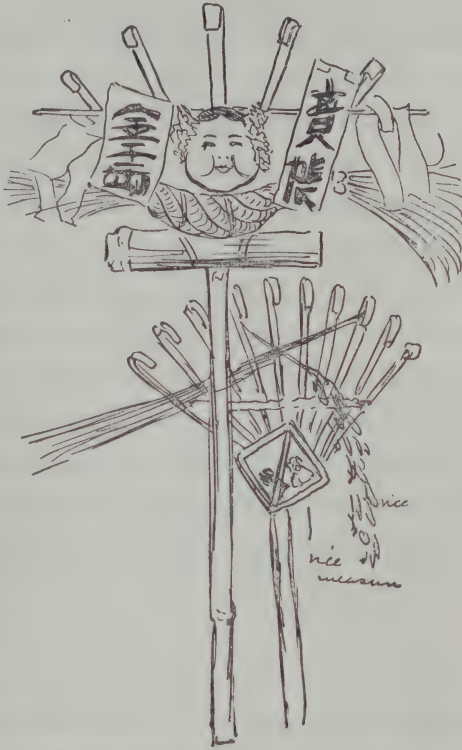


FIG. 713

evidence of poverty in the mass. A peculiar potato was being sold to be eaten raw or cooked; mochi was for sale in large slices; hairpins of the cheapest character — mere tinsel — were sold as souvenirs of the fair; and everybody was smiling and happy. The celebration was a new one to me and well worth seeing.

A fat and good-natured friend by the name of Sakurai, whom I first met at Nagoya under the name of Gonza, and who helped me greatly in that city in hunting up pottery and directing me to the proper shops, has come to Tokyo. He has brought not only documents relating to early potters of Seto, but also a number of objects of interest, and is stopping in Tokyo, at some considerable expense to himself, in order to help me pack. His wife and daughter at Nagoya sent me by express a rare old Owari bowl that may prove to be a Gempin. The present was accompanied by a letter in *katakana* which Takenaka has translated. It runs as follows: —

“We write to you. How you are? Getting very well? We congratulate you are well this time. Gonza went to you and you bought many from him. He sent me very much money. I thank you very much. We present this bowl to you and glad to express my thanks. We wish you to carry it to your native country. I got this bowl from a yashiki. It is very old. Please use it. We hope very much that you will get home in safety. We send only a few words. We happy. We congratulate.

“Goes to Morse Esq.

Nov. 10.

“TSURU, Mother.

“HAKU, Daughter.”

In regard to Japanese gestures, a few are like ours and others are quite different. Takenaka told me that a common gesture was, when one asked of a friend some good thing like candy, for the friend to pull down the eye giving a sort of leer, as much as to say, "Don't you wish you could get it?" In beckoning with the hand, the back of the hand is uppermost, though the fingers move in the same way that ours do. In saying "no" the hand is moved back and forth in front of the face. In talking with a friend about the similarity between the gestures of the two peoples, I called attention to the resemblance in expressions of amazement, perplexity as shown in rubbing the nose, etc., but the expressions in displeasure differ. With us we usually frown and compress the eyes, but the Japanese when "mad" open their eyes wide; and a boy who has done something wrong will get a scolding, or *Omedama chodai*; literally, a "gift of eyeballs." A curious movement is made if the finger is slightly burned: the lobe of the ear is instantly grasped; the ear is always cool, which alleviates the pain.

In the college dormitories students are not permitted to have any kind of musical instruments, nor are they allowed to play chess and go, as it would interfere with their studies. Their work, beginning early in the morning, is one hard grind; subjects precisely like those taught in our colleges at home are studied, but all in English, or, in the Medical College, in German. A samurai boy rises at six o'clock, washes his face beside the well, then reads some book in a loud tone of voice.<sup>1</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> Reading aloud is customary, as otherwise they say they cannot understand what they are reading. In college as they progress in their studies they lose this habit.

grade of different dormitories is recognized by the noise the students make in their reading. After an early breakfast the boy goes to school, and must write through six or seven books, forty pages to a book, and four large characters to each page. The pages are written on again and again, the wet ink showing clearly on the dried ink. A lazy boy will sometimes make splashes on the page, but the teacher can generally detect the trick and the boy is kept after school as a punishment. The boy always takes his lunch box with him and comes home "hungry as a bear." His mother gives him cake which he eats greedily; he then plays until supper, and after studying his lesson for the next day goes to bed.

A class of girls are found in Japan of which we have no parallel in our country: they are known as *geisha*, and it is the duty of these geisha to entertain company, the wife and daughters not appearing. For instance, you give a dinner to some friends, and you may employ two or more of these girls, who not only help in the pouring of wine, but by their bright and witty conversation put everybody in good humor. Many of them are quite pretty and all dress beautifully. I remember meeting at one dinner a geisha who was not only unusually plain-looking, but who was quite old. On inquiring about her of a Japanese friend, — for I had supposed before that the geisha were employed for their beauty, and possibly youth, — I found that she was one of the most famous geisha in Tokyo. To a dinner party of a dozen men, officers of the Government, perhaps of irreconcilable political views, this geisha, by her amiability and conversational skill and wit, would, within a short time, bring harmony, good-nature, and a freedom of



action that for the time being would melt the crowd into a congenial whole. In our country it is a common experience for us to invite some young lady to a dinner solely for the purpose of having things go off pleasantly, but we do not pay her. In Japan it is a profession, and these good-natured, witty, and sprightly girls, polite and gentle, represent a large class who earn their living by entertaining at dinners and gatherings of all sorts, and they are certainly, in their manners and accomplishments, far more entertaining than the usual run of girls and women one meets outside this class. These girls often marry from the chance acquaintances made on these occasions, and it may be said with truth that love matches are sometimes made during these festivities.

In using an arrow to pull something from behind my bureau I broke it, which led Mr. Takenaka to inform me that in past times the Japanese made their arrows purposely very weak that they might not be used again by their enemy.

Mr. Machida came in a jinrikisha full of weapons: long spears and various warlike implements; fans for military signaling; a beautiful bow and quiver with twelve arrows; all the implements used by fencers in practice, sword and spear; and these he gave to me for the Peabody Museum, Salem. The swords he is going to bring next week. I am having many things given to me for the Peabody Museum, but this gift of Machida's is by far the most important accession.

Yesterday two Koreans, father and son, whom I have met several times, came to bid me good-bye, as the father is soon to return to Korea. The son speaking Japanese we got along quite well until I tried to ask the father if he had anything

Korean of no particular use to him to give me for our Museum. This was more than I could say in Japanese and after floundering for a while I sent out for a Japanese friend to interpret. He said he would see if there were any articles in his room. Last night eight different articles were given to me, all Korean and all of interest.

Japanese farmers eat five or six times a day, principally rice, radishes, fish, etc. It has been ascertained by actual measurement (so Takenaka, who is a medical student, informs me) that the Japanese stomach is larger than that of foreigners; this may have been caused by the large amount of rice they consume. It is amazing to see in the country little children with abdomens roundly distended by the quantity of rice with which they have literally stuffed themselves.

Mr. Takamine, Director of the Female Normal School, went with me to the Imado District, where there are a number of potteries, and endeavored to get some information about the potters. But the people seemed rather stupid, sluggish, or indifferent, and I could not arouse in them any interest in the matter. I finally left with the conviction that the blighting effects of some rude Englishman must have been responsible for their stupidity or aversion. The contrast with the Kyoto potters was marked.

Takamine invited me to dinner at his house. There were a number at dinner, and I felt as much at home on my knees for an hour or more with chopsticks and strange food, to which I have become accustomed, as I do at home sitting in a chair using a knife and fork. After dinner Mr. Takamine conducted us to the tea-rooms, where were all the utensils for cha-no-yu

and invited me to make ceremonial tea, which I did, after a fashion.

Afterwards Takamine guided me to the Eta district. The Eta were formerly looked upon as unclean; they worked in hides and leather, carried off the bodies of animals, and were in a general way the scavengers of the city. No one was allowed to marry into the class; they were shunned and abhorred, though some of them were wealthy. They were compelled to live apart from the people in a certain district and no one ever went through their region. Now all legal restrictions are removed, yet the Eta live by themselves. The main street has a peculiarly deserted appearance, — not a jinrikisha is to be seen and hardly any shops; a few signs, but no paper signs or lanterns in front of the shops. I passed five places where they were making drums, as the work of drum-making involves the handling of leather. It seemed as if the children looked a little coarser, but there was no humble or crushed appearance in the people such as I had expected to see. Perfect quietness and soberness reigned. The children were spinning tops and running about as in other places but a certain serious atmosphere was there without question.

I met at the Normal School an educated Ainu from Sapporo in Yezo. He has a typical Ainu face and is able to converse fluently in Japanese. I asked him a number of questions about his people. He said the Ainus made no pottery, and, so far as he knew, they never had. I got from him all the details regarding the bow and arrow and how the hand was held in drawing the bow. The Ainus draw the arrow with the thumb and bent forefinger. It will be interesting to ascertain whether

the lowest savages have this simple method of releasing the arrow and if the higher races have a more complex method.<sup>1</sup> I also learned that the Ainus shoot arrows at the feet of a man running away.

In the preparation of flax in Suo an enormous cylinder of wood, made like a barrel and tapering above, open at both

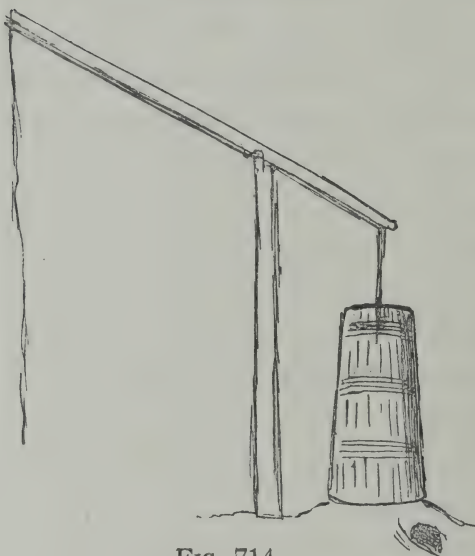


FIG. 714

ends, is filled with flax, and this is placed over a kettle of water fixed in the ground and fired below; the water is then boiled for some time, the steam passing up through the flax. A device like a well-sweep lifts the cylinder when the flax is sufficiently steamed (fig. 714).

Ninagawa's obsequies were observed to-day, and I was invited to at-

tend. As he died of cholera no public funeral was allowed at the time, and now, after three months, the obsequies are held. I went early with Takenaka to the cemetery beyond Uyeno, and while waiting for the procession, sketched a few

<sup>1</sup> I have since ascertained that the low savage people have this simple method as described. See *Memoir on Ancient and Modern Methods of Arrow Release*. Essex Institute, *Bulletin*, Salem, Massachusetts, vol. xvii (1885). The last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* gives this reference as follows: "Archery Ancient and Modern, by E. S. Morse, Worcester, Mass., 1792."



gravestones, and then watched the main avenue to meet the funeral when it arrived. Soon it came: first, twelve men bearing new, white lanterns on bamboo poles; the men were dressed in white and had curiously shaped ceremonial black hats made of silk (fig. 715); following these were two men bearing enormous bouquets of flowers; then a long affair borne on the shoulders of six men, the hearse, in fact: empty, of course, but representing the remains of Ninagawa (fig. 716). Following this came the mourners, a sister of Ninagawa, his nephew, and a number of other persons whom I did not know, some on foot and others riding in jinrikishas. I had often seen



FIG. 715

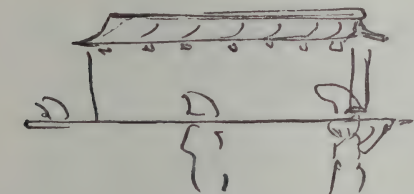


FIG. 716

these funerals on the street and had supposed they were genuine, but many of them are simply honorary funerals. The hearse was carried into a large building open on all sides, but protected by a white curtain that fluttered back and forth in the wind. It was quite cold, and it was uncomfortable to sit there bareheaded.

Figure 717 is a hasty sketch of the appearance of the interior when the service began. The hearse, or bier, is

seen to the left resting on two supports; masses of flowers are in stands at the ends of the bier; then come two lacquer tables, one lower than the other, and resting against the larger one is the wooden post bearing Ninagawa's name.

This is carried in the procession and is used as a temporary gravestone. The tables held cups and objects of polished brass, with food offerings on black lacquer stands, six candles burning in simple wooden candlesticks. The priests, all shaven and shorn, wearing beautiful brocade robes, marched in and took positions as shown in the sketch. A bench on each side accommodated the chief mourners. I sat on the right next to a high priest who for some reason did not join

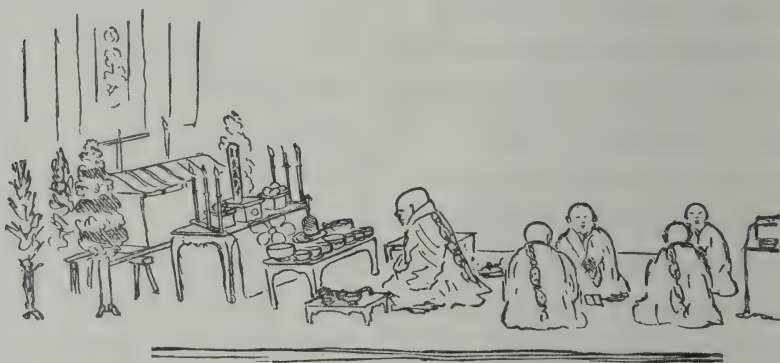


FIG. 717

the other priests, but continued to mutter a prayer. The kneeling priests opened their prayer-books, which they placed on the floor in front of them, but never looked at them. A low, humming sound, begun by the head priest, was taken up gradually by the rest. The sound, though apparently meaningless, as I could not detect a single articulate word, was not without interest. It sounded like a dirge. After the humming had gone on for a while one of the priests picked up a large pair of cymbals and clanged them several times. Then the other priests uttered short prayers, rolling their

heads in their hands, terminating with a short whisk or movement of the head, and resuming their chant, which seemed interminable in the cold wind. Then the head priest (whose head is accurately depicted in the sketch), after the

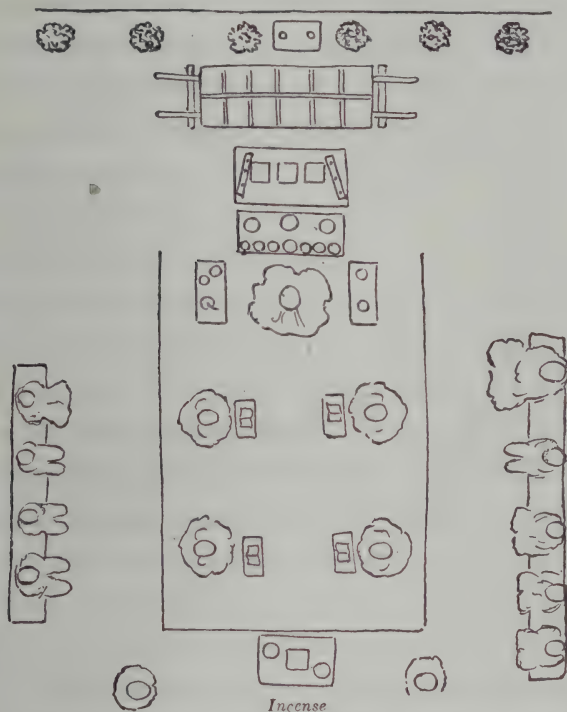


FIG. 718

cymbals had been clanged again, rose, untied a large fold of paper, and in a pathetic, or funereal, tone read a brief account of Ninagawa — who he was, what he did, etc.

At this point Ninagawa's sister rose and stood in front of the table, marked "incense" in figure 718, on which was a receptacle for coals, and at each side of which was a little box

of incense. She first clasped her hands and made a low bow; then out of the left-hand box she took a piece of incense and put it on the coals, again bowed low, and took her seat. The nephew followed next, going through the same movements; and then, to my surprise, the Japanese sitting next to me nudged me to go up, but I whispered to him in what Japanese I could command to go first, that I might watch him intently. He

took the incense from the right-hand box. I had to go next and must confess to some embarrassment, as in the presence of eight priests I had to fold my hands, make a low bow, and take the incense from the right-hand box.

There were no tears or other evidences of grief, but there was certainly a soberness, even solemnity, in the ceremony. Fifty or sixty people stood near the building and probably wondered at the novel sight



FIG. 719

of a bare-headed foreigner in long ulster among the mourners. After the burning of the incense the ceremony ended. The sister, an old lady of sixty or more, came to thank me for my kindness in joining the mourners; the nephew also thanked me. The wife does not go to the cemetery until the day following, and for that reason Mrs. Ninagawa was not present. Figure 718 is a rough diagram of the affair showing where the priests and mourners sat.

Figure 719 represents a Buddhistic gravestone; this one is



an old style. The holes in the rock are to hold flowers. On the Buddhistic gravestone the spiritual name is used, a name that one receives after death. On the Shinto, the real name of the deceased is engraved with a brief account of his life. The Shinto stone shows the natural cleavage of the rock as it is quarried. Figures 720, 721 represent Shinto gravestones.

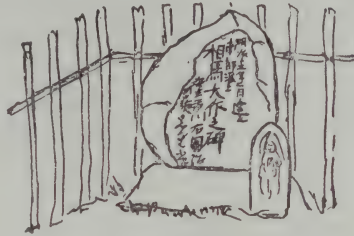


FIG. 720

The Japanese worship their heroes and never forget to decorate their graves, even those hundreds of years old. In 1338 Yoshisada was killed in battle while fighting to restore Go Daigo, the rightful Mikado, to his throne. To this day his grave is carefully guarded and fresh flowers decorate it. A shrine and monument were erected in 1875. Other burial-places equally old are cared for in the same manner.

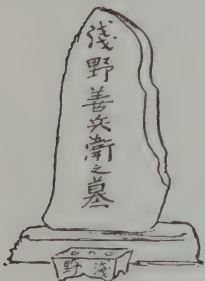


FIG. 721

After the funeral I hurried to Takamine's house, where he had invited a northern archer to shoot for me that I might sketch the attitude of the hand in drawing the arrow. The Chinese use a thumb-ring to engage the string in pulling the bow. The Japanese use a long-wristed glove with two or three fingers and a thumb, the thumb greatly thickened. There is a groove at the base to catch the string, and a strap secures the glove firmly

about the wrist. Figures 722, 723 represent the attitude of the hand in pulling the bow; figure 724 shows the archer's

glove. The release is somewhat difficult to acquire, but it is just as strong as that of our people, which consists in pull-

ing the string back with the tips of three fingers.



FIG. 722

I hunted up an authority on pottery who had been a high official, but who had lost his place through intemperate habits and was a bankrupt. He was living in an obscure house with evi-

dences of poverty, and his condition was pathetic. He had a big boil on his neck and a severe cough, his house was in disorder, and the futons showed that he had been lying down, but he invited me in without hesitation or apology. I inquired about various pottery authorities. He said Mr. Kohitsu was a good one, and also gave me a letter to Mr. Kashiwagi.

Though it was nearly six o'clock and dark, I hunted the latter up, or my jinrikisha man did, and finally found, on the corner of an open square, three gloomy-looking godowns, or kura. I went through a low opening in a bamboo fence, fifteen feet high, and was shown into one of the godowns (fig. 725). Mr. Kashiwagi introduced me to three men, all

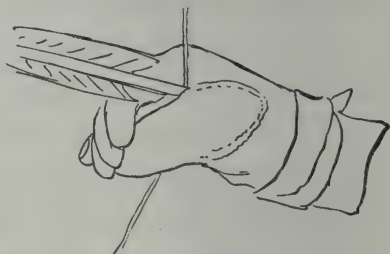


FIG. 723

antiquarians. He was very kind and showed me a number of interesting things which I immediately sketched, and he

also gave me many points of interest regarding a number of potteries of which he seemed to have knowledge. He said the idea that "Satsuma floral decorated" was over eighty years old was absurd. His remarks on pottery are recorded in my pottery notes. He has the rarest collection of old Japanese coins, ancient pottery a thousand and more years old, rare pictures, and many other things. Every object in the room was old and rare. The *hiba-chi* was very old; the lower half was of lacquer inlaid with pearl, the motive of decoration being horses' bits!



FIG. 724

I also learned some new points regarding house matters. The way the Japanese convert a large, cold, barny room of a fireproof building into a pleasant place to live in is shown in figure 726. A square framework of bamboo is erected conforming in shape to the room, but smaller, leaving a passageway of three and a half feet between the frame and the sides of the



FIG. 725

room. This framework is covered with cloth, slightly glazed, and as it is smaller one can walk between the cloth and the sides of the room. He showed me an old book published in 1700 in which full directions were given for constructing this frame and hanging the cloth. It is evidently an old idea and showed that these fireproof buildings were utilized as living-rooms.



FIG. 726

I had never seen the device before, though I have been inside a good many of the buildings. In summer the room must be very cool and agreeable. The walls of the godown were lined with bookcases and cabinets and here Mr. Kashiwagi's books and treasures were stowed away. The curtain is looped up, forming an opening into which he would dive for some object, and I could follow him about by the light of the candle which faintly glimmered through the cloth.

Some time ago, Mr. Masuda told me of an antiquarian he wanted me to meet, and I have tried to make an appointment to go with Mr. Masuda to the place. Last night I called again on Mr. Kashiwagi, but he had not returned. After waiting a little while he came in, accompanied by Mr. Masuda, who appeared surprised and delighted to see me and wondered how I had found the place. Seven or eight antiquarians were there,



and it was delightful to talk with them and to discuss pottery and other precious things which Mr. Kashiwagi brought out. I have acquired enough Japanese to get along easily in discussing pottery and antiquities and do not require an interpreter. The appreciation of these old things is shown by everybody, and scholars meet to discuss subjects of every kind; it is one evidence among hundreds of others of their long and high civilization.

To-day I was invited to dinner by Prince Fushimi-no-Miya, at the Seiyoken, at Uyeno. There were twenty-one guests, nearly all governors of provinces. I met there the Governor of Nagasaki, who was so kind to me when I dredged at Nagasaki some years ago. I sat at the right hand of the Prince, and as he is President of the Fish Commission, I imagine the dinner was given to me in return for a lecture I gave before his commission some months ago.

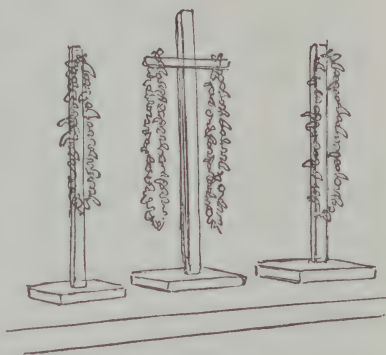


FIG. 727

I visited Matura Takashiro, an antiquarian of some note, who received me very kindly. He has recently published a work on antiquities in two folio volumes with excellent illustrations of rare objects in his collection. I had an introduction from Mr. Hattori, Vice-Director of the University. The servant brought out a number of boxes, and these Mr. Matura unlocked with keys from a large bunch, each key having an ivory tag. While he was unlocking the boxes the girl brought

three stands which she placed in the tokonoma. He then took out long strings of beads, chiefly *magatama*, a comma-shaped stone, and other forms composed of quartz, jasper, and other minerals, and hung these on the stands (fig. 727). Many of them were of great rarity, most of them from Japan, and all dating back to a dim historic past. They were all dug up from burial mounds and caves, and some are found in earthen jars. The *magatama* extends from Loochiu Islands on the south to northern Japan. Mr. Matura had never heard of a

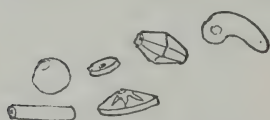


FIG. 728

*magatama* being found in Yezo, or China, but other kinds of stone beads are found in China. He has the largest collection of these objects in Japan and all of the younger Siebold's

material for his work on "Japanese Antiquities" was drawn from Matura Takashiro's collection. He has many other heads in drawers, of which I sketched a few (fig. 728).

I was telling Takenaka about our boys when very young playing with dolls and paper soldiers. He told me that the samurai boys were never allowed to play with dolls or such things; their bringing-up was intended to train them as warriors; they were to keep sober when others laughed. At meals the boys rarely, if ever, talk, and it impresses them as very odd to hear foreigners talk so incessantly at their meals. It is difficult for them to understand some of our jokes, and what we call "chaff" is incomprehensible to them.

Figure 729<sup>1</sup> is taken from a humble house that I passed every

<sup>1</sup> I cannot resist reproducing the original sketch, a drawing of which appeared in *Japanese Homes*, as most characteristic of Japanese taste.

day on my way to the University. The occupant had some pottery he wished to show me, and while he was taking the pieces from the boxes I made the sketch. The interesting way in which a large fragment of an old shipwreck is worked into the general effect is unique. The rich, gray color of the wood

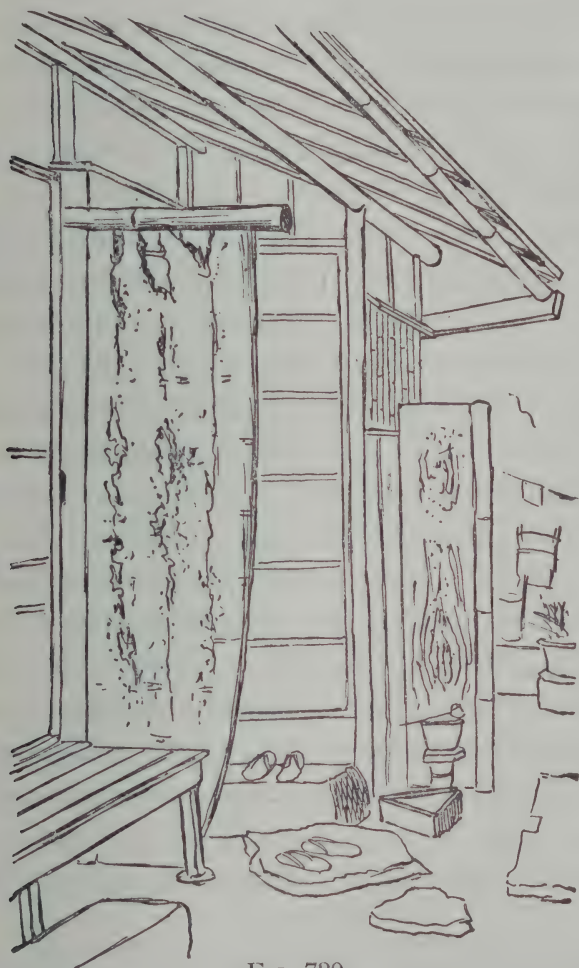


FIG. 729

with warm, red stains of iron rust, the little holes bored by *Teredos*, and the appearances of age are all features which the Japanese admire. The door of the latrine is just beyond and this ship fragment takes the place of the *sode-gaki*. I have often observed a peculiar fence which projects from the veranda, or from the side of a house, never more than four or five feet. It hides some objectionable features from the veranda, and we might adopt it with advantage. It is called *sode-gaki*. *Kaki* means "fence" and is changed to *gaki* for euphony; *sode* means "sleeve," it being shaped like the sleeve of a Japanese dress.<sup>1</sup>

One often notices along the streets women engaged in smoothing strips of cloth on long, narrow boards that lean against the house or fence. The surface of the board is very smooth. It is first rubbed with a seaweed that is sold for the purpose. Wet with water it gives out a gelatinous substance. The wet cloth is smoothed down on this board and placed in the sun to dry. When the cloth is pulled from the board, it is smooth as if it had been ironed and stiffened as if it had been starched. A similar idea is resorted to in our country when a wet handkerchief is smoothed down on a window pane. A device is seen in the form of a metal pan with handle and polished bottom. This is filled with burning charcoal and used as we use a flatiron. In drying cloth after dyeing, little strips of bamboo sharpened at the ends with shoulders are used to stretch the cloth apart, the cloth being suspended from two poles. A great many are used on a single piece of cloth.

<sup>1</sup> I have Japanese books giving many of these sleeve-fences, and in *Japanese Homes* I have figured a number of them drawn from the gardens here.



The other night I took two little girls, children of the servants about the yashiki, to walk along the Hongo where a fair or *matsuri* was going on. I gave them each ten cents in coppers to spend, and I was interested to see how they would invest the money. It was like giving a child in similar circumstances in our country a dollar in change. The children stopped at every booth where hairpins were displayed, and though buying only one or two at half a cent apiece, nevertheless, examined every one. We passed a poor woman sitting on the ground dolefully playing a samisen, a beggar, in fact, and each of the children without a hint from me dropped a cent into her basket.

Miyaoka spent the night with me, and among other things told me that in past times, and even at present among the superstitious, it is believed that when a person sleeps the spirit roams away. It was therefore customary to give a child a drink of water before going to bed, whether thirsty or not, to prevent the child's spirit from being thirsty and drinking stagnant water while on its wanderings.

I inquired of Miyaoka about his personal expenses. He said his board, including charcoal and oil, amounted to five dollars and fifty cents a month. It is true he gets only rice, vegetables, and fish, but how low compared to our prices! Mr. Takamine told me that many of the servants about the Normal School, men who had families, work on a wage of fifteen cents a day.

Coming out of the college yard the other day with Professor Mitsukuri, one of the attendants bowed to us as he passed, and my friend remarked that the man, before the

Revolution of 1868, ranked higher than a samurai and just below a daimyo. The Restoration left him utterly incompetent to earn a living and he was capable of filling only a servant's place. The Professor said it was a good illustration of the absurd conditions of some features of feudalism, at the same time showing the patient manner in which these men often assume menial positions with resignation and humility and are willing to work rather than to beg or borrow. I was told that samurai had become jinrikisha men; it is true they were not high samurai, but the fact that they work indicates an absence of the false pride so common with our race. The man who looks after my laboratory has a salary of twenty-five cents a day, and on this he supports a wife and a daughter who is taking music lessons.

Yesterday I went through a street from which ran little alleyways, not over five feet wide, lined with dwelling-houses. It looked squalid to me, and Mitsukuri told me that it was the lowest and poorest quarter of the city. I went slowly along and examined each alley in turn. I heard no loud cries or shouting, saw no blear-eyed drunkards or particularly dirty children, and for a hundred children picked at random from what might be called slums, though slums they were not, I would venture that they were more polite and graceful in manner, less selfish, more considerate for the feeling of others than a hundred children picked at random from upper Fifth Avenue, New York.

During my life in Japan I saw but one street fight, and this was so remarkable in its performance and surroundings that as usual I compared the action with similar experiences at

home. To describe our street fight would be unnecessary, as all know that from the smallest boy to the old man a crowd instantly gathers, forms a ring, and watches the combat with excited interest, admiring the punches and regretfully departing when the battle is finished or the police interfere. In the Japanese affair the men were simply pulling hair! I was the only one who watched. Every one else showed disgust or horror at such a breach of good manners, and a wide berth was given the fighters, people actually turning aside in passing.

In cities the houses are generally tiled, though there are many shingled roofs; in the immediate suburbs many thatched roofs are seen. Vast conflagrations occur in Tokyo on account of the inflammable character of the roofs, the shingles being hardly thicker than playing-cards and the thatched roof as sensitive to a cinder as gunpowder.

I have made many visits to Mr. Kashiwagi's, and to-day Dr. Bigelow went with me. He became greatly interested in the old lacquer boxes in the collection. For the first time I went up to the second story of the godown; it was literally crammed with boxes, cabinets, and various objects, all antique. Mr. Kashiwagi is one of the pleasantest men I have met in Japan. He is not afraid to say he does n't know when some questions are asked of him, and does not approve of Ninagawa's method of trying to tell the exact age of an object. Mr. Kashiwagi is full of antiquarian lore, and he gave me the other day the most rational explanation of the two brocade bands that hang down from the upper part of a kakemono. In former times the pictures were of a religious character, and when hung were supported on frames, long

bands trailing down behind, and short ones in front; and when the picture was rolled up it was tied by these bands. The



FIG. 730

open character of the temples, with the wind blowing through, compelled the rolling-up of the pictures without removing them from the frames. Nowadays, when the kakemono is rolled up, it is taken down and packed away in a box. In old books he showed me illustrations in which curtains were looped up by similar bands. The longer bands have disappeared, but the shorter ones in front have survived like the buttons on the back of one's coat. As a proof of the correctness of this explanation, the name of these bands is *futai* or *kazeobi*, the latter meaning "wind band."

I noticed the children playing with great animation a game with their hands, in which, at the end of the doggerel they were shouting, they clapped their hands three times and then gave the gesture for "judge," "fox," or "hunter." I asked them to recite the words slowly and took them down, with sketches of the various attitudes of the hand. The words as near as I could get them were as follows:—

*Ikken ki na sei* (play once)

*Cho bisuke san* (Mr. Small, meaning little finger)

*Janome no karakasa* (eye of dragon umbrella)

*San gai e de* (third story of house)

*Shichi ku deppo go sai na* (?)

*Mu teppo de* (without gun)

*Yoi! ya! na!* (?)



Figure 730 is a rude sketch of the attitudes of the hand in the recital.

I give sketches of Yezo and Saghalien tobacco pipes, as given to me by Matsura Takashiro, who made rough sketches of them which I accurately copied. The Korean pipe has a larger bowl than the Japanese or Ainu pipe, but otherwise is much the same in form. It is interesting to look over old

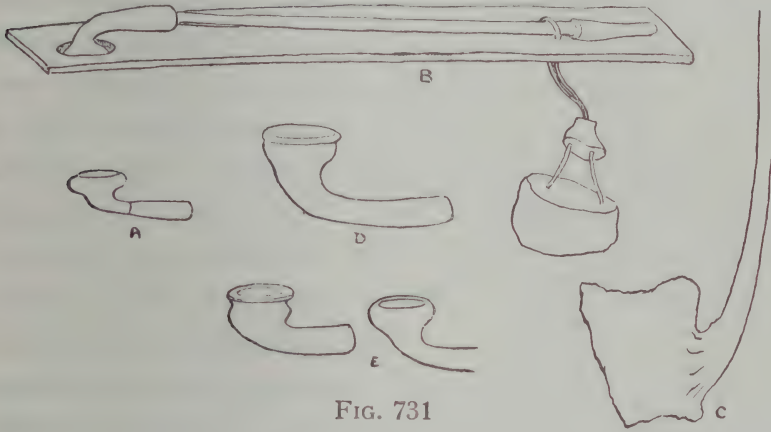


FIG. 731

Japanese prints, three hundred years old, and notice the absence of pipes, an object so universally used by the Japanese, and appearing repeatedly in picture prints since that time. (Fig. 731. A, Early Japanese pipe made of iron; B, C, Ainu pipes; D, Manchurian; E, Saghalien.)

To-day (Sunday, December 16) I went, by invitation of Professor Yatabe, to a large one-hundred-mat hall beyond the river to listen to Japanese music, story-telling, etc. A club having about eighty members was formed last March, and is intended to bring together for the first time ladies and gentlemen at social meetings. When I went in and took my seat

on a mat, I received about thirty bows from as many different people whom I knew. Many of my Japanese friends are members of the club, among them Mrs. Takamine, young Mrs. Takamine, Mrs. Kikuchi, Professor Kikuchi's little sister, Professors Hattori, Toyama, Koizumi, Matsubara, and Mitsukuri. Each member has the privilege of inviting one guest, and the result was the bringing together of over a hundred pleasant and delightful people: bright, cultivated men and



FIG. 732

women and a few lovely children. The hall was a great airy room with the audience sitting on the mats, drinking tea and smoking. At one end of the hall was a slightly raised platform, or rather

a long, low table, covered with a red cloth, on which the performers were to sit. First came music — two kotos, a samisen, and a flute-like instrument; after this a story-teller, and though I could catch only a word here and there it was interesting to watch his various gestures as he portrayed the different characters in his story; the embarrassed fellow twisting his fingers together; the expressions of a countryman and the unceasing and rattling jabber of an old woman were all perfectly rendered and made everybody laugh. So strongly and promptly marked were the imitations of the different voices that with the eyes closed one would think that there were three distinct people talking. One often passes in some open lot a big tent from which issue the sounds appar-

ently of a number of people disputing. Looking in, you see a story-teller with a rapt audience about him hanging on to every word and at times bursting into surprised laughter. Women and girls are never seen in these places, where it is considered improper for them to go; just as in our country one never, or rarely, sees a woman in the crowd that surrounds an oratorical street peddler. After this came a peculiar kind of story, — a very common form in Japan, — in which the story-teller partly recites and partly sings his story, accompanied by another performer who plays the samisen, keeping up an extraordinary vocal accompaniment with curious guttural sounds, short notes, high squeaks, even sobbing sounds and astonishing ejaculations, appropriate to the parts

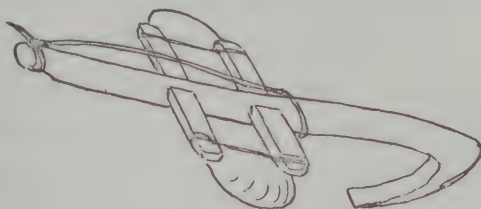


FIG. 733

depicted in the story. Strange as it may seem, people are affected to tears by pathetic recitals in this style. When one hears this form of story-telling it impresses one as highly absurd; becoming accustomed to it one can somewhat understand the reason for the vocal accompaniment in expressing emotions of pain, anger, despair, etc., but it is entirely beyond description. The samisen, too, is made to form an important auxiliary, for all kinds of sounds are evoked from it — crescendo, sobs, abrupt notes and weird notes — by running the fingers up and down the string while vibrating it (fig. 732). It was interesting and delightful to see this courteous and cultivated audience so gentle, quiet, and apprecia-

tive, as they came in one after another, kneeling on the mats and bowing here and there.

In an old makimono, nearly six hundred years old, with a panoramic picture of the erection of a temple, the dishes designed for food are of lacquer, and this explains why so little progress was made in the fictile art in the early days. Only the very poorest people used pottery in those days. Unglazed and lathe-turned, as well as hand-manipulated, pottery was used for vessels of offering in burial-places.



FIG. 734

I was in search of samples of Ainu cloth, or clothing, and was directed to a place beyond Eitaibashi. After a long hunt and a number of inquiries, I found a house where the people showed me an Ainu apron and other objects. When I asked the price, they insisted upon giving them to me. When I told them the objects were for the Peabody Museum, it made no difference. They told me that if I would come down on the 19th of December, they would have other Ainu objects to show me. So to-day I went there again, and they brought out an Ainu

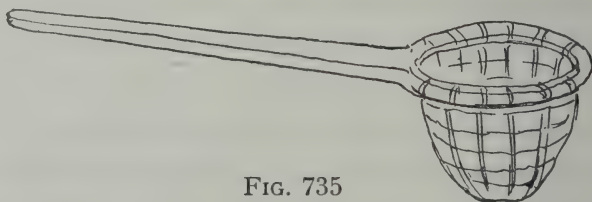


FIG. 735

garment, leggings, needle-case, and another apron. Again I attempted to buy the objects, offering them ten dollars, the coat always being expensive, but again they positively refused



to sell, and made me take them as a gift to the Peabody Museum. I gave them some trifling presents, and I have invited them on Sunday to go to the University Museum and to my snug quarters, where I shall give them tea and saké. These persons were absolute strangers to me, and this illustrates again the generous nature of the people. There was a model of an Ainu anchor (fig. 733); a genuine boat-bailer (fig. 734); an Ainu scoop net, with handle fifteen feet long (fig. 735) — a



FIG. 736



very heavy and clumsy affair; and a model of an Ainu fishing boat (fig. 736) — all for the Educational Museum, Uyen Park. The boat was curious in that the pieces were fastened together with cords and not with wooden pins. The boat differs greatly from the boats I saw at Hakodate and Otarunai, these being modeled after Japanese forms. Figure 737 represents the basket in which the Ainu carries the fish from the boat to the packing-house. It is simply a rude basket fastened to a board, which in turn is strapped to the back of the fisherman. A pair of Ainu boots made from the skin of a salmon (fig. 738) was given to me; the leg is very large, making the foot appear very short. I was told that the leg and foot were stuffed with straw to keep the feet warm. These boots are used by the Ainu on the Ishikari River.

The Female Normal School, of which Mr. Takamine is Director, was burned and with it the beautiful hall near the old Chinese college. The latter building was fortunately saved. The conflagration was intense in its heat and the firemen were helpless in getting near enough to do any good. There is no limit to the courage displayed by the firemen, but courage counts for nothing without proper weapons to fight with. Figure 739 is a hasty sketch made at the fire.

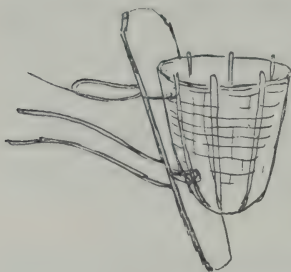


FIG. 737

The contents of a godown often resemble those of a garret or shed — old chests, baskets, corn drying, and the rejectamenta of a house, saved by the spirit of frugality in the hopes that sometime they may be useful.

In case of fire the contents of a house, which after all amount at most to but a few objects, are hurried into the godown. As there are no bedsteads, chairs, or lounges and but few books, and as the valuable pictures and bric-à-brac are kept permanently in the godown, this is soon accomplished, the doors are closed and hermetically sealed with mud, which is always on hand in tubs, and sometimes, as in business streets, in front of the shop below the ground, access being had to it by a little trap door.



FIG. 738

I called on one of my special students, Mr. Sasaki. He has been married a few months, but I never knew of it till to-day. It seems to be an event that the Japanese never talk about,

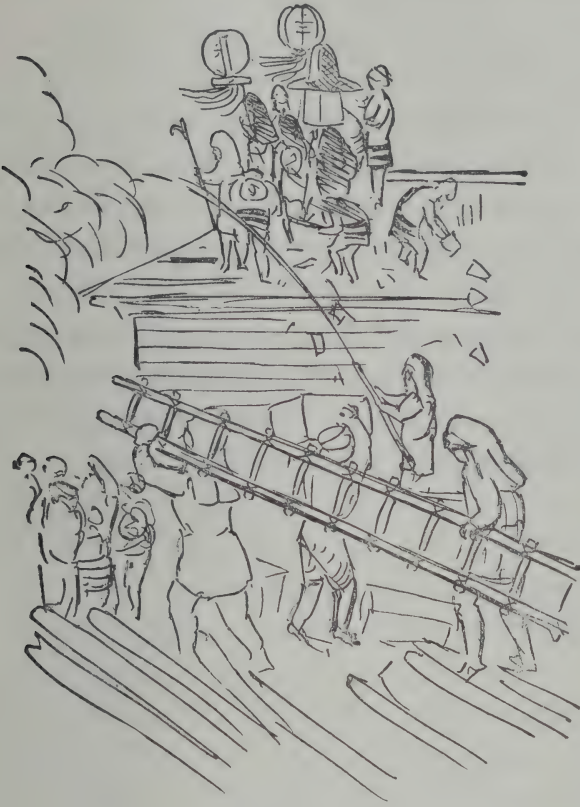


FIG. 739

and when one is married it is always a matter of surprise. Two days ago I was invited by Mr. Mitsukuri to meet his wife with other friends at a tea-house. I am now so accustomed to Japanese life that it is becoming hard to realize how different it is from ours. At the tea-house was a large, spacious

room, absolutely devoid of furniture except for a row of square boxes in a line on each side and at the end of the room; in the boxes charcoal was burning in the ashes, and at each box was a soft, square cushion upon which one kneels. As I entered the room, where many had assembled with Mrs. Mitsukuri at the left of the entrance, down I went on my knees with hands in front and head touching the mat; it seemed perfectly natural for me to do so, and she did the same. As each one arrived his name was announced, and each one bowed to the bride. I knew nearly every one, and I noticed, as in many of these gatherings, that I was the only foreigner present. Food was brought in on trays; geisha and little girls passed the trays, poured saké, danced, sang, and made everything joyous. When we came away the untouched portions of our food were given us in the neatest of boxes to take home.



## CHAPTER XXVI

### FALCONRY AND OTHER MATTERS

LAST Sunday (December 24) Dr. Bigelow and I were invited by Prince Kuroda to his place in the suburbs of Tokyo to see the method of falconry. We reached the house at half-past eight, and immediately went to the hunting-lodge, — for so it might be called, — an open, shed-like affair sheltered from the north wind and open to the sun, with a big square hole in the middle of the floor, filled with burning charcoal, where one could warm the hands and feet. There were tables and chairs, cigars, tea, and cake. An electric bell connected it with the duck ranges in the vicinity. Another room was occupied by the servants, the hawkers living outside. On a long rest were a number of curiously shaped nets on long poles, and at one side a small building with several compartments in which were kept the hawks.

After we had been waiting at the lodge a little while, the bell sounded, and we were told to start for the ranges. A hawker came after us supporting on his left hand a handsome, slender-looking falcon. The bird showed no signs of fear and stood very erect and expectant, with brilliant yellow and black-pupiled eyes. The grounds upon which we entered were cut up into narrow passageways bordered by high embankments upon which grew dense masses of bamboo. We entered a long, open place bordered on one side by bamboo groves,

and on the other side by a series of openings between the embankments with the similar crests of bamboo. These bamboo groves and fringes were intended to shield one from the wild ducks which might take alarm, though wild birds are so tame in Japan that there seemed hardly need of screens of any sort.

First, however, it is necessary to describe the main pond and the canals that lead from it, into which the wild ducks are

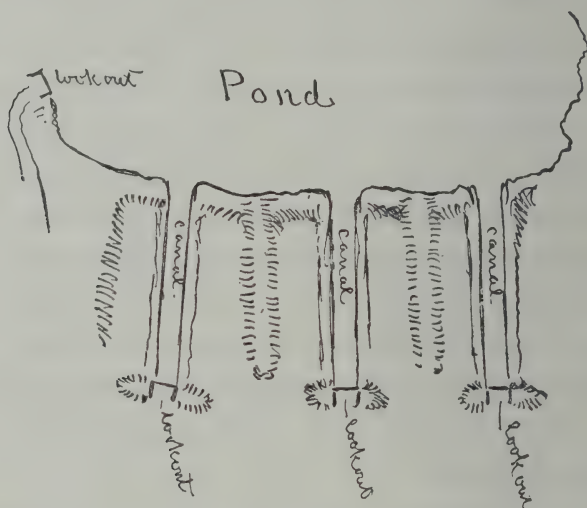


FIG. 740

decoyed and from which they fly and are caught by the oddly framed nets or by the hawk, as the case may be. A pond of some size is selected, or artificially made, into which the ducks are sure to alight. This is surrounded on all sides by thick groves of bamboo, and no one is allowed to approach the place except by a narrow path that leads to a little hut big enough for two only. In this hut are two little openings

from which you get a view of the pond. It was an interesting sight to catch a glimpse of the placid water closely framed in the dense bamboo, the sun shining brightly down on the backs of hundreds of little fat ducks, some swimming about, others resting on a thin film of ice in shadow, and on a little island in the middle of the pond a large heron stood on one leg, tranquil in its security. Here and there on the edges of the pond you could see by the darker shadows where the canals were

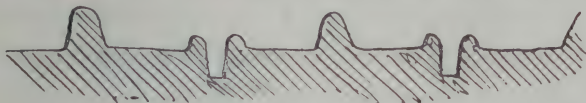


FIG. 741

into which the ducks were to be decoyed. Figure 740 shows the pond, the lookout, and the three canals which run from the pond, and figure 741 shows a section of the canals. These canals are three feet or more in width and four or five feet deep, the edges of the canal being raised in a slight embankment a foot and a half high, then an open space fifteen feet wide, then a high embankment as shown in section. This high embankment has a dense fringe of bamboo. In the canals are kept tame ducks which do not fly or show any fear of the falcon; these ducks are frequently fed, so that they will not go out to the main pond. The wild ducks, however, come into the canals, and through a minute hole in the lookout at the end of the canal one can see whether any wild ducks have come in.

The fact that the game is there being announced, you pass along on tiptoe to the open space at the side of the canal. The hawk approaches the little embankment where the

wild duck is supposed to be, and another man goes to the end of the canal near the pond and by waving the hand startles the wild duck, which flies up. As the duck appears above the low embankment the hawkler throws the falcon at him, and away they go. The falcon invariably overtakes the duck, and tackling it by the head brings it to the ground, where it rests with its wings outstretched till the hawkler comes and takes



FIG. 742

up the duck carefully, interlocks the wings behind its back, and then, by a dexterous thrust of the thumb, actually takes out the bird's heart. Sucking some of the blood, he feeds the hawk with a small bit of the heart so that it will be hungry for the next duck. If there are a number of wild ducks in the canal, then other men stand near the edge, with nets ready to catch the ducks as they rise.

It was a stirring sight to see a number of men flourishing the long-handled nets as the ducks rose in the air, and at the same instant the two falcons were thrown, each pursuing a duck that got beyond and above the nets.

Figure 742 is the form of net used, and figure 743 represents the attitude of the hawkers. Skill is required to throw the falcon properly with a long sweep of the arm, the speed increasing as the bird leaves the hand. If the throw is too rapid, it pushes the bird off his wing, so to speak, just as if one were to push a boy who was running a race: if the push were too violent the boy would be thrown off his feet.

The method of catching and training the falcon is interesting. The bird is caught by means of a sparrow which is



imprisoned in a long, tubular net, larger in the centre and kept distended by hoops. This is held to the ground, tied to pegs at the ends, as shown in figure 744. Transverse to the tubular net is hung on poles a large net of the finest cord with wide meshes. This is about six feet in height and eight or ten feet in width, and is hung in such a way that it is easily released from the slender bamboo pole above and the split



FIG. 743

bamboo on the ground (fig. 745). To catch the sparrow the hawker watches for a flight of sparrows over his head, then with a whistle makes a sound like a falcon; the sparrows take alarm, immediately dive to the ground, and with a flourish of the net the hawker is sure to secure a number. One of these is imprisoned in the tubular net and used as a bait. A wild falcon, as he passes over the net, spies the sparrow in the tubular net and makes a dive for it; the sparrow flies to the other end of the net, the falcon pursues it, and dashing into

the vertical net, is immediately entangled in it. The hawker illustrated to me the working of the net by throwing a big ball

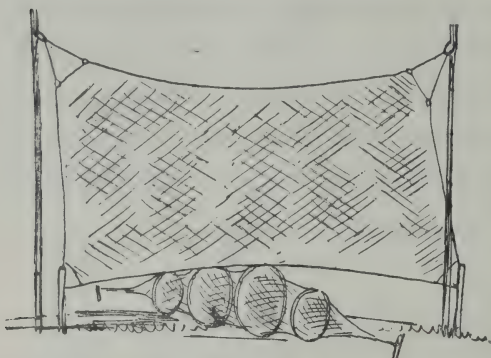


FIG. 744

of twine at the net, which instantly became released from the four corners and the ball was enfolded in it. The falcon having been caught is kept in a dark room without food or drink—literally, almost starved to death, and becomes

so weak and helpless that it can be handled. The hawker goes into the room with his face covered with a cloth and holds the falcon on his hand for an hour, and then feeds him on a little sparrow meat. This he repeats every day for some time. Finally, he takes the cloth from his face when he goes in; gradually a little light is let into the room, and the light is increased from day to day until the falcon becomes per-

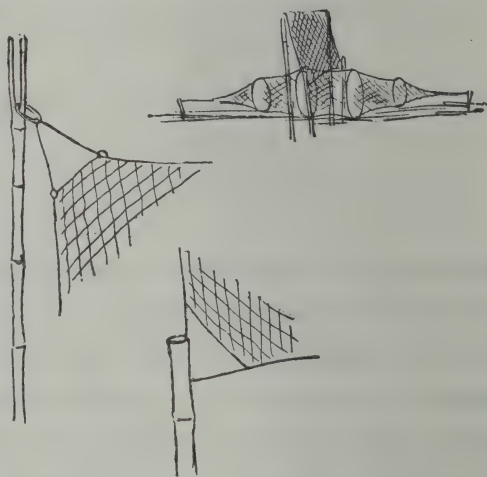


FIG. 745

fectly docile, and, knowing his keeper, is able to stand the full light of day and can be safely held by anybody. He never

attempts to escape, comes to the keeper, alights on his hand when he gives the signal, which is given by drumming on a box, and is altogether a rational and well-behaved bird. This work is accomplished in from thirty to forty days. One of the falcons used was a wild bird a little over a month ago. This ground, fitted for a falconry, had been in use for this purpose for over two hundred years. Figure 746 shows the



FIG. 746

little shelter and lookout at the head of one of the canals. The man is pouring seeds into a little funnel and watching through the hole at the same time. A few wooden decoy ducks were floating in the water, with the other ducks, but so perfect was the imitation that it was with the utmost difficulty that they could be distinguished.

Foreigners wonder why the Japanese object to their going about the country banging away at the birds. The banging of the guns frightens the birds away from the ponds over large

regions. With hawking and netting as above described the hunting may go on indefinitely.

It impressed me as a cruel sport, though the ducks are secured for the table. The quiet, unexcited way in which everything was done showed how often this diversion was practiced.

We were greatly entertained by this ancient sport, seen for

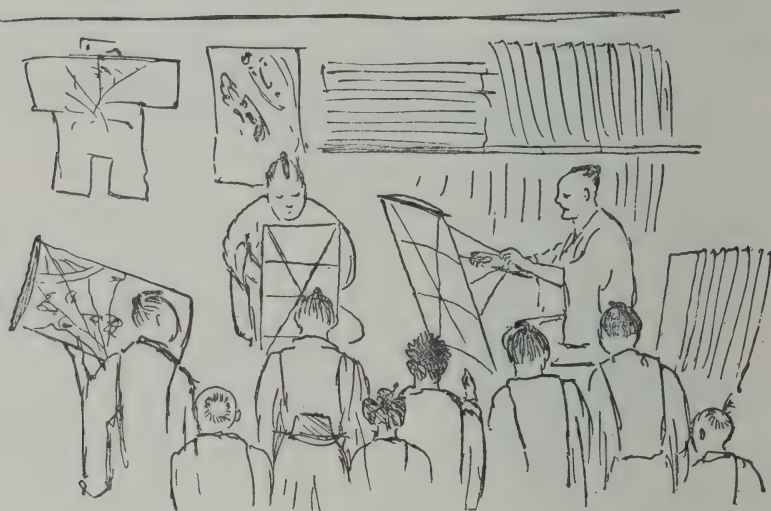


FIG. 747

the first time, and the Doctor vowed that when he got home he would establish it.

A kite shop in the height of the season is a curious and novel sight — a little shop entirely open in front with a quaint sign in the shape of a large cuttlefish made of framework covered with cloth, the arms of cloth swinging back and forth in the breeze, the whole device painted in bright colors. Though different characters are used in writing it, the word for kite



and for cuttlefish is the same; hence the use of a cuttlefish for a sign.

Figure 747 is a hasty sketch of one of these shops. Inside, hun-

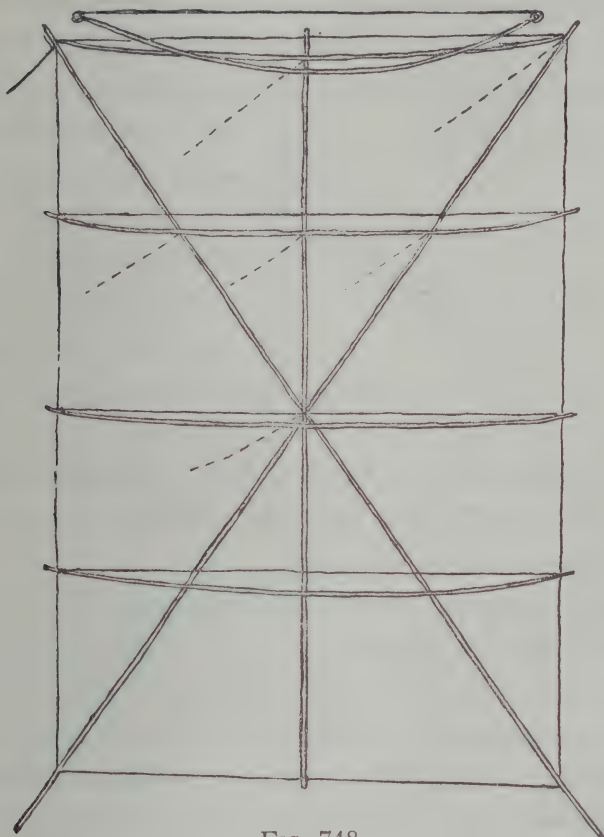


FIG. 748

dreds of kites were piled up in stacks, while two or three men were painting designs in the brightest colors, devils and mythological subjects, hideous masks, and the like. Outside ranged a group of boys of all sizes, crowding up to the shop eagerly to examine the stock. While I was making the sketch over the

heads of the boys in front, one old man grinned good-naturedly and another workman noticed me amiably; but none of them stopped work for a second, as they were too busy with their small customers. Their living for a whole year was apparently concentrated into a few weeks of kite-making. The prices seemed remarkably low, a big kite gaudily decorated in bright

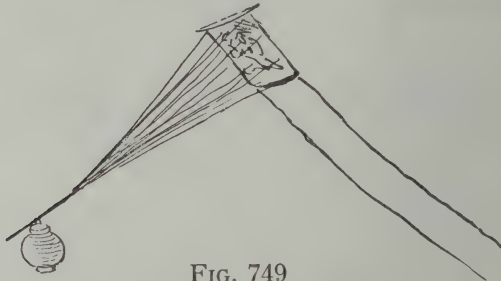


FIG. 749

colors being sold for three and one half cents and small ones, capable of flying, for one half cent. When a boy buys a kite the shopkeeper fits the string.

Figure 748 is a sketch of a kite nearly three feet in length, and the dotted lines show where the strings are attached in front connecting with the main string by which it is held. The boys send up paper disks on the strings as do the boys of the United States. We used to call them "messengers"; the Japanese boys call them "monkeys." A lantern is often sent up, sometimes two, and at night it is lighted. The strings running from the kite to the main cord are numerous and of great length. They seem to run from every point where the bamboo strips of the frame intersect, from top to bottom, and as in a large kite the strips run up and down, across and diagonally, there are many points of intersection (fig. 749).

Our kite-flying is in the most rudimentary stage compared to the Japanese methods and devices. It is a curious sight to see a group of boys flying kites, nearly every one having a baby tied to his back (fig. 750).



FIG. 750

A common form of kite in Nagasaki is shown in figure 751. It is made with a straight strip of bamboo, having a hook at the upper end by which

to hang it up, and a few inches below the top a strip of bamboo, four feet long, fastened to the upright piece and bent like a bow; strings, holding down the ends of the bow, are

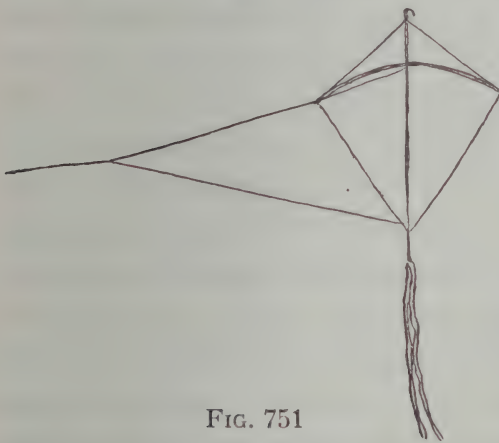


FIG. 751

fastened to the central piece four feet below. This forms the framework upon which the paper is fastened, making a segment of a circle about one fifth. The cord is fastened to the point where the bow is attached and also to the bottom of the kite, and

runs out in front six feet or more. A very long bob hangs below.

As a substitute for the hot-water bottle for cold beds the

Japanese use the fire-bowl with a few coals, protected by an ample wooden frame. This is put under the futon, or wadded comforter, and supplies the proper heat.

Figure 752 is a sketch of Mr. Kohitsu, from whom I am taking lessons in the tea ceremony. He is quite an expert in



FIG. 752

pottery and a very agreeable man. Figure 753 is a sketch of Mr. Kohitsu's shoe closet.<sup>1</sup> Though Mr. Kohitsu has a small family, there are a number of shoes or sandals for each inmate: low ones, fine ones for best clothes, and high ones for muddy weather, and some of them, by their appearance, evidently

worn out. Indeed, one can judge from the appearance of the clogs left outside of a house the social status of the strangers he is going to meet within.

As with us at home the Japanese have candy in which is enclosed a motto of some kind. Figure 754 shows one pinched up in a triangular form. It was made of molasses and was brittle, and tasted like a gingersnap without the ginger. The

<sup>1</sup> Though this has been given in *Japanese Homes*, I reproduce it from the original sketch, as it is one that the Japanese say makes them homesick.



free translation of the motto is as follows: "Determination will go through rocks, why then can we not be united?" Mr. Dan, who translated this, tells me that the mottoes usually refer to love or politics; he also informed me that the idea was old. As a boy I remember similar devices at home with printed love mottoes folded inside.

The devotion of servants who have been faithful to the family was shown New Year's day by Tatsu, our old jinrikisha man, coming to my house with his little child and bringing as a gift a large basket of oranges; and the next day Kichi, our old cook, brought me a box of *yokan* (made of sugar and beans) and



FIG. 753

wished me a happy New Year. Both of them inquired after the family and remembered the names of Edith and John. The cook told me he had a good place in a Japanese restaurant.

Figure 755 is an ingenious device called the *hikisawa*, made of brass or silver, used by Japanese draftsmen to rule straight lines with a brush, as they have no drafting-pen. The brush is placed in a groove, A, reaching down to the end, B, which

rests against the ruler; the upper part, C, is flattened; and with this they rule preliminary lines, and most delicate lines can be made.

Yesterday (January 11) I was invited to lecture at the opening of Mr. Okuma's school. My subject was Evolution,



吉七十七第

りあんと  
のうたを  
こゝろに  
いふ

FIG. 754

or Darwinism, and Mr. Ishikawa, one of my old special students, interpreted for me. After the lecture we were invited to Mr. Okuma's summer house just back of the school—a house with beautiful rooms, built twenty years ago strictly in Japanese style. The rooms were very large and high-studded, and the tokonoma was proportionately deep. I have noticed in

large halls that the tokonoma is of great depth, and the kakemono and the vases or ornaments are of proportionate size. It may be interesting to mention that the seat of honor is in front of the tokonoma. Mr. Okuma had engaged a famous blind biwa player (fig. 756). The music was entirely unlike that made by other instruments; certain notes are quite plaintive and touching.

The bridges of the biwa are very high and the strings are pressed down

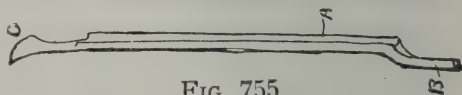


FIG. 755

between the bridges, and with varying degrees of pressure curious wavering notes are produced. Remarkable modulations are thus made, and Japanese of refinement are often affected to tears by the exceedingly sweet and caressing notes

the instrument emits in the hands of a master. The plectrum is certainly a foot wide across the flat edge. After he had played awhile a glass was brought in containing a number of green leaves. Taking one of these leaves the player held it with two fingers against his lower lip (fig. 757), and blowing over it in some way made remarkably clear notes, high and low, by pressing more or less with the fingers. I tried in vain to make the sound and managed after a while to evoke a squeak.

After this entertainment we were invited into another room where Japanese food was served, and though I have tasted many delicious foods in Japan I never tasted such excellent soups as we had. One, containing slices of wild boar, was particularly good. Raw fish in vinegar was fine. I had to hurry away at six-thirty to meet another engagement.

To-day (January 12) I gave another lecture at the University on the reptilian affinities of birds. It was strongly Darwinian and the students seemed to enjoy it.

Lately I have found a bowl with the mark of Fuji, which proves a great puzzle to the Japanese experts. Kohitsu called it Ninsei, Kiyomizu, two hundred years old, but he had never



FIG. 756

seen the stamp before; Kashiwagi identified it as old Akahata, Yamato; Ando said it was Hagi, Yamato; Masuda recognized it as old Satsuma; Maida thought it might be Naniwa, Settsu; and another expert, whose name I do not recall, pronounced it Shino, Owari. I give this as an illustration of the divergence of opinion among the Japanese connoisseurs, and to show the difficulties in the work of identification of puzzling pieces.



FIG. 757

Bigelow, Fenollosa, and I were invited to dine at the house of Prince Kuroda, who was formerly Daimyo of Chikuzen and is a brother of a famous Satsuma prince. He is very fond of animals, especially birds. He told me that after he had heard my lecture on ants some years ago he had observed their habits. The Prince is nearly seventy years old and slightly infirm, but is full of interest in scientific subjects. He lives in a foreign-built house with large, pleasant rooms and open fireplaces. We spent three hours looking over his collection of Takatori pottery and kakemono.

January 16 the Doctor and I were invited to dinner at Mr. Okuma's in his city house, which is near the University. The house is in foreign style and very beautiful; Dr. Bigelow pronounced it perfect in its appointments. The dining-room had a beautiful wood floor, and over the doors and windows were elaborate wood carvings. The garden is in pure Japanese style, with the exception of a circular plat of grass, which is certainly not Japanese. Japanese food was served on trays with chopsticks on a table at which we sat in chairs.



The gateways of the Japanese are nearly always picturesque, though many of them are frail in appearance. It is rare, however, to see one in ruins or in disrepair. They are never painted, and are made of light, thin strips, though the upright posts are thick and enduring. Quaint old planks of wood, with curious twisted branches, form a framework for the most delicate panel-work of braided lattice, or beautiful designs cut in stencil. Sometimes a bamboo is cut longitudinally to form the centre of some panel. It is these contrasts between the strong and light, rough and delicate, that add a charm to these structures. Rustic effects are seen in the city in fences, wells, and the like.

I visited an old chajin and pottery sharp named Nishikawa Rokubei, who thinks that "floral decorated Satsuma" is three hundred years old. He repudiates Ninagawa, Kohitsu, and everybody else, and looked like figure 758 when I told him that all the evidences were against him.

I had made an appointment with Mr. Nishikawa to see his pottery, but when I got to the house he said he had only a few objects to show me, as the godown had been sealed up owing to the high wind, and he had not dared to open it. From a cupboard, however, he dragged a large basket-like box from which he took a few specimens of pottery. The box had bands



FIG. 758

arranged upon it so that a man might carry it on his back (fig. 759).

For the last few days the wind has blown a furious gale, and everywhere on the street are seen preparations in anticipation of a large conflagration. Few goods are displayed; godowns are partially sealed with mud, men mixing the

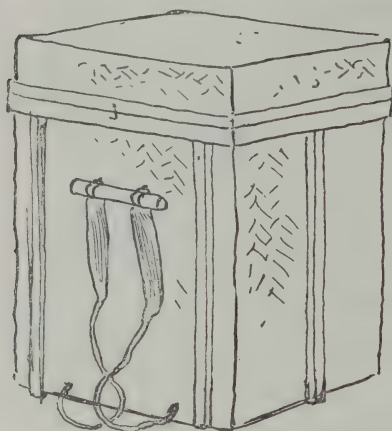


FIG. 759

mud in the hole in front of the shop, or in a large jar on a projecting shelf below the second-story window for ready sealing. What with the terrible conflagrations and chances of destructive earthquakes, it is no wonder that dwelling-house architecture has hardly developed. It is useless to build more than temporary shelters.

In an old book which I have is given the genealogy of the Kohitsu family. For fourteen generations they have been chajins and experts in pottery, and have been recognized as authorities in the identification of old pottery, writings, and kakemono.

Yesterday morning, about four o'clock, I was awakened by a sudden and severe shock of earthquake. My floor is within two feet of the ground, yet the shock was so violent that the pottery on the shelves rattled at a great rate. It really seemed as if the house must fall, but before I could collect my wits it was all over. Dr. Bigelow is in a hotel, in the second story, and he thought the house would surely come down.

*January 18.* The wind is still blowing a gale, yet boys and men are flying kites. I saw two men hanging on to a kite rope, the kite being over six feet square. The kites are certainly much stronger than ours or they could not stand such severe gales. The Japanese play with kites more than we do, and many men are seen flying them.

The other night I was invited to an interesting gathering. Mr. Tanimura, a teacher of cha-no-yu, has a meeting every month of men who are interested in old Japanese pottery. It is a guessing party, and each one brings a specimen of pottery difficult to identify. These are numbered and recorded in a list by one who does not take part in the guessing contest. The method is rather curious. The party sit around in a circle with candles in the middle, and each one has a lacquer cup with his name written on the bottom. A specimen of pottery, such as a tea-jar, bowl, or incense-box, is passed around, each in turn examines it, and then with a brush and India ink records his guess on the inside of the lacquer cup and places it face downward on the mat. When every one of the party has marked his guess, or opinion, the host records each name and opinion in a book. In this way we examined a number of old tea-jars, tea-bowls, and the like. It may be interesting to record that I got the highest number of correct attributions, and it was also gratifying to know that I was not alone when in error. A tea-jar that I called Takatori was said to be Zeze by the judge, for that was the name written on the box from which it was taken: an unsafe evidence, for the original piece in the box may have been broken or lost and another jar substituted that would fit the box—a very common practice. The

two potteries closely resemble one another, however. Another piece said to be Koda, I am sure was not, as I am pretty sound on that pottery. It was interesting to meet such a pleasant party. One was a student, another a doctor, a third was an editor of a daily paper, another was a gentleman of leisure, and the host was a pottery expert. They all expressed their amazement at the quickness of my decisions, as I always put my lacquer cup down first. The others would look at the piece in



FIG. 760

turn, expressing their emotions in curious sounds, saying it was odd or troublesome, and grunt over it, and at the very last moment write their decisions. Figure 760 is a hasty sketch of the party.

Takamine told me a good story of a famous judge, Itakura, of the time of the first shogun, who used to sit behind a screen when he heard evidence and grind tea at the same time. The stone mill is quite heavy, and to grind the tea properly the mill must rotate slowly. He sat behind the screen so as not to see the witness's face; otherwise he might be prejudiced; and



he had to repress his emotions, otherwise he would grind the tea rapidly and thus ruin the powdered tea.

I took my first lesson in Japanese singing this afternoon. With a letter of introduction, I, or rather my jinrikisha man, found the way to Mr. Umewaka, who lived at Asakusa Minami moto machi Kubanchi. He is a famous teacher of *no* singing and acting, and has adjoining his house a stage for *no* play. Takenaka accompanied me as interpreter. We were presented, and Mr. Umewaka was very hospitable and seemed pleased that a foreigner should wish to take lessons in singing. Takenaka explained that I had many things to do and must begin at once. Mr. Umewaka brought me a singing-book and read slowly the words I was to learn, and I wrote them down as well as I could. I had to sit down with legs bent directly under me in Japanese fashion. This method of sitting is intolerable to a foreigner at the outset, but I am now able to sit an hour and a half without discomfort. He placed in front of me a little music-stand and gave me a fan which I held resting on my leg. He sang a line and I sang it after him; then he sang another; and so on through the eleven lines of the piece. After trying it twice in that way we sang together. I realized how very rich and sonorous his voice was. Then I observed that, do what I would, my notes sounded flat and monotonous while his were full of inflections and accents, though all on one note. I felt awkward and embarrassed at the absurd failure I was making and perspired freely, though it was a cold day in January. Finally, in desperation, I threw off all reserve and entered into it with all my might, resolved, at any rate, to mimic his sounds. I inflated my abdomen tensely, sang

through my nose, put the tremulo stop on when necessary, and attracted a number of attendants who peeked through the screens to look on, in despair, no doubt, at a foreigner desecrating the honored precincts by such infernal howls. Be that as it may, my teacher for the first time bowed approvingly at my efforts, complimented me when I got through my first lesson, and told me, probably in encouragement, that I would in a month's time be able to sing in *no* play. Figure 761 shows the attitude of the teacher and pupil. It is by taking actual



FIG. 761

lessons in the tea ceremony and in singing that I may learn many things from the Japanese standpoint. The method in singing is to depress the diaphragm, making the walls of the abdomen as tense as a drum, this acting as a resonator. The strain on the voice is so great that a singer will of-

ten cough in the midst of the singing.

I was interested the other day in observing the behavior of two children to whom I showed some prints. They began to count the number of objects when they were in sequences, as children do at home. Indeed, the more I see of children here the more resemblances I find to our children. In their games there are some striking differences, and yet many of the games are alike, such as the bounding of a ball on the ground by patting it with the hand, and the jackstones played with little

bags filled with peas and beans instead of stones. There is no hoop or skipping-rope; indeed, in the latter game they would shake down their nicely arranged hair. The children clasp their hands together and pound them on their knees making a peculiar sound which they call "money"; our children do the same thing. They also have the play of seeing who can stare the longest without smiling. Takamine told me that when the children eat an orange they play with it by making a shallow cup with a segment of the rind, and then, nipping off the end of the segment, squeeze a few drops of juice into the cup, thus pretending to drink saké. The children have many ways of utilizing such objects for toys.

In Japanese personal names there are many like Kichizaemon, Hachizaemon, the termination *zaemon* and *uyemon* being quite common, at least among the potters whose names I am collecting. These names mean, respectively, "left guard gate" and "right guard gate." *Bei*, as in Rokubei, means "soldier guard." Many of their names indicate a soldier origin of the family.

Fuji has put on some magnificent appearances lately. It has been very cold for some time, with high winds. Fuji is covered to the base with snow, and for the last two nights the sun in sinking behind the mountain has illuminated the snow which has been whirled up in clouds from the sides. The appearance of the dark gray mountain in shadow, outlined with the most brilliant golden border and a rich rose halo, has been a sight of remarkable beauty. Fuji is about forty miles in a straight line from Tokyo, and I have a wonderful view of it every day as I ride to the University, and every day it is beautiful in the

changing lights, shadows, snow effects, etc. In figure 762 the upper drawing shows the mountain with the snow illuminated by the setting sun; in the lower drawing it is shown as illuminated by the rising sun, with shadows of clouds. The other

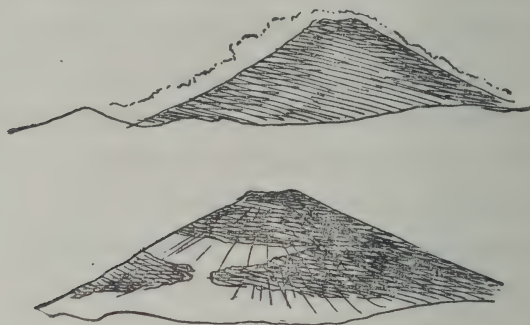


FIG. 762

morning Fuji was in deep shadow from clouds with the exception of irregular areas which were dazzling white.

I went through the cemetery at Uyeno to-day and inquired for Matsura's grave and found it (fig. 763). I was curious to see how the cutting of the epitaph I wrote had been done. It was finely engraved in capital letters, the gravestone a dark slate. The Japanese epitaph, written by one of the students, is thoughtful and significant.<sup>1</sup>

"His family name Matsura and given name Sayohiko. His native province Tosa. Early entering college he devoted himself to study of biology. By diligent labor he made considerable progress. On 5th day, 7th month, of Meiji 9th, aged 22, died of fever. His nature was actively keen; he treated men

<sup>1</sup> In my course of lectures in the Lowell Institute I read this epitaph, and that dear man, William James, expressed great interest in it and asked for a copy.



altogether without discrimination; hence he was lovingly sought by all. His friends subscribed to erect this monument and this is written for the inscription:—

“The cherished hope is not yet fulfilled,  
As the faded flower he fell,  
Alas, the law of Nature!  
Is it right, or is it wrong?

“Inscription by Shogoi Kusakabe Tosaku. Erected by those of Tokyo Daigaku interested, 8th day of 7th month, 12th year of Meiji.”

For the last week I have been hard at work translating, with an assistant, a number of manuscript volumes of Ninagawa relating to pottery, which the family will not sell, though they are of no possible use to them. In them I find a great deal of information and enough to show me what an untiring student of pottery he was.

Dimples in higher class ladies are not considered pretty because they accompany laughter, and laughter is undignified; among servants, however, dimples and a fat, robust figure are regarded favorably.

On February 2, 1883, there was the biggest snow-storm for many years; the snow was nearly a foot deep on a level. It required two men to drag me to the University. The children went off to school barefooted on their clogs, carrying their stockings in their sleeves so as to have something dry



FIG. 763

to put on in school. It is curious to see the jinrikisha men and other laborers barefooted and barelegged in the snow and slush. Directly after the first snowfall came another, accompanied by a high wind. The snow drifted in great piles, and even in Maine the storm would have been considered a "rouser"; for two days the streets were impassable. This storm was followed by cold weather, so after several days the snow remains in great drifts.

It is interesting to see how the art tastes of the people are manifested in the figures they make in the snow. A very common figure is that of Daruma, a follower of Buddha, often pictured and made in metal, pottery, or carved in ivory; a great many bridges and arches are made and lanterns placed in some. In one case I saw a miniature garden with pathways, summer-houses, stone lanterns, and the like. Masses are wrought in the form of large balls of mochi, one on top of another and diminishing in size. A very common picture shows two large pinnacles of rock with straw ropes and pendent straws hanging from one peak to the other; this was beautifully rendered in snow. Also the sun rising out of the waves,—the waves gracefully carved and the sun made by pressing snow in a shallow tub, making a disk like a big cheese. These and many other designs arrested one's attention in riding through the streets. People are walking about, most of them, particularly women and children, carrying bamboo canes to support themselves. The people seem perfectly helpless in the presence of such a depth of snow, and there seems to be no effort on the part of the city authorities to remove it.

I have already taken several lessons in singing, and although

I have a fairly quick ear, I have not been able to carry away two consecutive notes, or to recall any notes. It has been very interesting to see how different their music is from ours. Their manuscript music has no notation, no indication of anything but inflections indicated by short lines, level, or slanting upward or downward, or with undulations up or down. My teaching is entirely by rote, the teacher first giving the line and I singing after him. I noticed almost immediately that he varied slightly each time. Sometimes certain notes are made sharp and again the same notes are flattened. In my mind *Utai* is not singing, but inflectional declamation, not unlike the conversation of the countrymen of Yorkshire. Many years ago Dr. Philip P. Carpenter, brother of the famous physiologist, actually rendered into musical notation conversations he had heard among the farm people of Yorkshire. He sang me one which I have always remembered. The music I am studying is written with short dashes pointing downward, or upward, or level. My teacher at the outset had told me that I must keep my abdomen distended, — a constant strain, — with the result that my voice would be sonorous; it was a difficult accomplishment to acquire. The various forms or schools of Japanese music, whether vocal or instrumental, are listened to by a foreigner, first with bewilderment, and then greeted with laughter. It was a humiliating experience to attend a Japanese entertainment in which classical music was sung, music that would bring tears to the Japanese eyes, and have it greeted by the Englishmen in the audience with contemptuous laughter. You hear quaint music in the East, music that excites your interest, music that prompts your feet to beat

time, but Japanese music is simply unintelligible to a foreigner. As their pictorial art was incomprehensible to us at the outset, and yet on further acquaintance and study we discovered in it transcendent merit, so it seemed to me that a study of Japanese music might reveal merits we little suspected. For that reason I studied *Utai*, a school of Japanese music, taking my lessons of the famous teacher *Umewaka*. Professor *Yatabe*, a graduate of Cornell, while thoroughly approving the adoption of many features from abroad and admitting their superiority, nevertheless insisted that the Japanese music was superior to ours.

Figure 764 is a hasty sketch of a sword-maker in Tokyo. I find no memorandum in regard to it and at this late date can recall nothing. The hammers of the helpers are very odd.

I have already alluded to the love of collecting among the Japanese and have briefly mentioned some of the objects they collect. Since that record I have seen many other collections, and they comprise pottery, porcelain, cloth, swords and sword details that are found on the handle and scabbard, autographs, coins, stone implements and beads, brocade, pieces of which are stuck into books as are stamps in stamp collecting, pictures, drawings, books, ancient manuscripts, old furniture, such as cabinets and priests' desks, sticks of ink and ink-stones, roofing tiles, lacquer, and metal ornaments. Very few collect natural objects, though I have met some collectors of insects, shells, and plants.

In examining Japanese hand-work of any kind the foreigner is immediately impressed by the fact that all surfaces of the object are equally well finished. Whether it be a bronze fig-



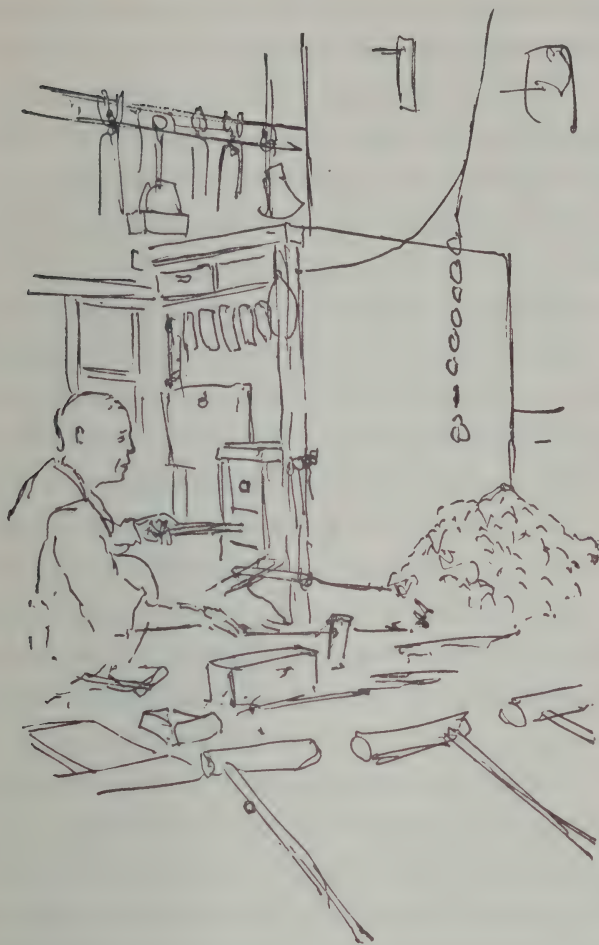


FIG. 764

ure, lacquer box, inro, or netsuke, the base is finished as carefully and accurately as the exposed surfaces. One is amazed to find the ventral portion of a carved insect, or the base of a sculptured animal, finished with anatomical accuracy. A good illustration of this fidelity in work is often seen when some

family is moving its household furniture, not much, to be sure; yet, when the bureaus, low desks, lacquer cabinets, lacquer boxes, etc., are piled together on a cart, one notices the contrast with similar furniture vans at home. Even from the house of the rich the load appears fairly squalid, while the Japanese load from the house of the poor suggests anything but squalor.

The Japanese children, and for that matter the nation, have no such thing as a lead pencil or chalk, crayon, writing-pen, or fluid ink, except what they make themselves by rubbing a hard piece of India ink with water in some receptacle, usually an ink-stone. A writing-box of wood or lacquer contains an ink-stone with shallow spaces on each side for brushes with which they write, a paper-knife, stick of India ink, and a little vessel, holding water, with two minute openings, one of which you cover with your finger, thus checking the flow of water from the other opening. Unless the ink is already prepared, one has to allow a few drops of water to fall on the stone, and then the ink is rubbed until the result is sufficiently black. Then only can one write a letter, which is done on a roll, — vertically, of course, — and as line after line is written the paper is unwound till five or six feet may be unrolled according to the length of the letter. It is then torn off, wound up again, flattened by smoothing with the hand, and slid into a long, narrow envelope which has lately come into use. If one is in a rage and is inclined to dash off an angry letter, he has sufficient time to cool off in getting ready to write it.

A device known as *yatate* (fig. 765) takes the place of our fountain pen. It is usually made of metal and consists of a

tube to hold the writing-brush, and attached to the top, at right angles, is a receptacle for a wad of cotton saturated with fluid ink. The writer can get ink enough on his brush to write a few characters. The artistic work seen on these devices almost equals the work seen on the sword-guards and other metal furnishings of the sword. The designs are infinite. The yataste is thrust into the obi, the ink-holding portion preventing it from sliding through. The carpenter has a device, carved out of wood, consisting of a receptacle holding ink-saturated cotton, and a wheel on which a cord is wound, the cord passing through the cotton as it is wound and unwound. The cord has an awl attached to it, and the carpenter makes an ink line on the board by pulling the string out and with the awl fastening it to the board and then snapping it, as our carpenter does his chalk-line. The device should be adopted by our carpenters, as it makes a sharp, black, durable line.

Mention has already been made of the boy's substitute for a slate. The child begins the practice of writing Chinese characters, using a large brush for the purpose. A book of paper sheets, usually six by nine, though often larger, is a substitute for the slate. The characters are drawn of large size on these sheets and are drawn over and over again. Only one side of the paper was used in the book here figured, consisting of thirty-two leaves. The freshly written character shows plainly on the dried ink-markings of the day before. Figure 766 gives the appearance of these books.



FIG. 765

On visiting famous temples the priests present you with paper slips, and sometimes thin wooden tablets, upon which the name of the temple and other characters are written. These tokens are fastened to the side of the house entrance to ward off contagious diseases and evil influences. Figure 767 represents one of these tokens from the temple of Nantaizan. It is five inches long.



FIG. 766

In Tokyo, and presumably in the larger cities, a little wooden tag is worn under the clothes of the child, on which are inscribed the name of the child and the house and district in which the child lives. The policeman simply reaches down the neck of a lost child, pulls out the tag, and promptly returns the child to its anxious mother. Figure 768 represents the tag worn by Dr. Takenaka when a boy.

One of the many features that attract the eye of the foreigner are the hair ornaments of the women and especially of the little girls. With scarcely an exception the hair is formally arranged, usually in a broad knot, or some other shape, behind. At the junction of this knot with the head, red crape is tied, and at this place ornamental hairpins are thrust. These are called *kanzashi*. Here one sees the ingenious way in which, with

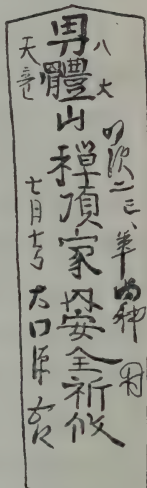


FIG. 767



the simplest materials — cloth, gold paper, delicate spiral springs, straw, spangles, red coral, etc., — a great variety of objects are made. Quite half the designs represent flowers. I do not remember ever seeing a natural flower worn in the hair nor on the person. Many of them represent a story or act of some kind; a child painting a kakemono (fig. 769), a bird-cage (fig. 770), a bird in bamboo (fig. 771). Elaborate as some of them are, the cost is trifling — a cent or two. Hardly a visit is made without a present of some kind being offered, and these kanzashi are favorite objects for that purpose.

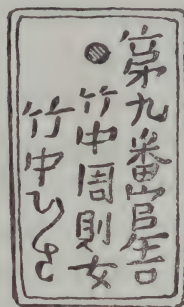


FIG. 768



FIG. 769

In Buddhistic families one often hears a blessing asked by the host. At a private dinner each one declines the seat of honor and some time elapses before the guests are seated. It is not considered polite to accept articles of food when offered the first time, but only

when passed the second time. In our country the uninformed Japanese student often suffers in consequence of this form of good manners. They depreciate their children and themselves, their homes, houses, and possessions; a feature due to Chinese cult. Hokusai often signed his pictures with characters meaning "a stupid pen."

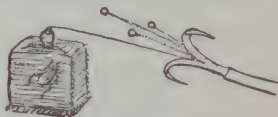


FIG. 770

Prince Nabeshima invited me to dinner, and as Mrs. Samuel Bright was visiting us she was also invited with Mrs.

Morse. There were twenty or more at the table, and Mrs. Bright was curious to know the religious belief of the gentlemen present. It was a somewhat embarrassing inquiry. I had explained to her before that the cultivated Japanese had outgrown whatever belief in Buddhism or Shinto they may have had. The question was skillfully presented by Prince Nabeshima, and without exception every one, though with many smiles, confessed his freedom from religious belief.

With the exception of a certain region in Tokyo, known as the Ginza, the sidewalk is unknown. The Ginza for a certain



FIG. 771

distance had been built in foreign style, with two-story brick blocks, a brick sidewalk, and a curb. Elsewhere in the city the carriageway extends from one side of the street to the other, and is slightly rounded in the

centre, and fairly hard and smooth. The people throng into the middle of the road. One never sees people keeping step in walking, neither men, women, nor children. Sometimes two men will hold hands, or one will have an arm flung over his companion's shoulder. The absence of rhythm in their walk is noteworthy, as with our people even school-children keep step in walking. One realizes at once that the Japanese never dance together as we do. The waltz, the polka, and other old-fashioned dances requiring absolute rhythm in their movements, and the school drill of marching out of school to the music of a piano, all contribute to the marching habit.

Mr. Ninagawa, the antiquarian, who has been mentioned

elsewhere in these pages, and who died in 1882, frequently called on me. Mr. Kohitsu, another antiquarian, was an occasional caller. The front door of the little house I occupied opened into my only room, which functioned as a library, workroom, and bedroom as well. In calling upon me in winter these men would knock on the door, which I would promptly open for them. They would show no signs of recognition of my presence until they had removed their hats, which they would place on the step; then, untying the handkerchief about the neck, folding it, and placing it in the hat, they would make a few profound bows, which I would return, and then they would enter the house. These men never called on me together; whether their relations were strained I never learned. I was amazed that the various experts that I met in Japan seemed always unfamiliar with one another's work. Ninagawa published an interesting work on Japanese pottery, with remarkable illustrations in lithography, yet the various experts in pottery that I have thus far met seemed utterly ignorant of its existence.

An indication of the rational character of the Japanese is seen in the numbers that are abandoning the queue. The students were the first to do so. In the country one sees everybody wearing the queue; also in the city among the lower classes. Old scholars, too, still adhere to the custom. Ninagawa not only always wore the queue, but his outer garment was slit as if he still carried the two swords. Mr. Kohitsu, a teacher of the tea ceremonies and a pottery expert, while retaining the Japanese dress, told me that he gave up the queue a few years ago. Old men with very little hair still

manage to gather the few hairs on the back of the head, wax them, and construct a queue the size of a toothpick. On one occasion, in a crowd, I had before me a bald head with a queue of this description. I noticed that the queue was black, so it must have been dyed or stained with ink. A closer examination revealed the fact that a black line had been painted vertically on the scalp in line with the queue, thus making the queue appear an inch longer. A mischievous boy might have been tempted to swing the genuine queue gently to one side!

The Japanese have an interesting way of waking a sleeper. Instead of loudly speaking, or roughly shaking him, the person begins to tap his shoulder in the most quiet manner, slowly increasing the force of the taps until they become vigorous slaps; the sleeper finally wakes without the slightest shock and with wits fully established. Hospital nurses and others should adopt this method.

A marked characteristic of the Japanese is their love for nature. They not only enjoy nature in all its aspects, but they enjoy it with an artist's eye. So dominant is this trait that the city directory of Tokyo devotes a few pages to pointing out places in the parks and suburbs where nature in its finest aspects is to be found. The following is a translation of these pages copied from the "Tokyo Times": —

For snow effects: the banks of the Sumida River, Koishikawa, Kudan, Uyenô, and Atagoyama, during the later winter.

For plum blossoms: Mukojima, Asakusa, Kameido, latter part of February.

For cherry blossoms: the banks of the Sumida River, Oji, Uyenô, Higurashi, Koganei, from the middle of April.



For peach blossoms: Osawa village, from the middle of April.

For pear blossoms: Namamugi village, during the latter part of April.

For Yamabuki (*Kerria japonica*): Mukojima and Omori, in April.

For peony: Garden of Somei, Terajima, Meguro, in mid May.

For fleur-de-lis: Horikiri, in May.

For fuji (wistaria): Kameido, Meguro, Noda, latter part of May.

For morning-glory: gardens of Somei and Iriya, from the middle of July.

For lotus: Mokuboji, Uyeno, Tameike, Mukojima, from the latter part of July.

For the seven flowers of autumn: Terajima, from latter part of August.

For Hagi: Buddhist temple of Rengeji at Terajima, and at Kameido, from the latter part of August.

For chrysanthemums: Meguro, Asakusa, Garden of Somei, Sugamo, in November.

For maple leaves: Konodai, Oji, Tokaiji, Kaianji, in November.

We are also informed in this connection that for firefly hunting we must resort to the paddy-fields in Asakusa, Oji, Koishikawa, along the Sumida River and elsewhere in the early summer. Oji and Meguro are mentioned as furnishing excellent waterfall fishing in the same season. Various places are also named where one can catch "sweet singing insects."

In addition to what appears in connection with the "Hints," we are reminded of the garden of Dangozaka, celebrated for chrysanthemums; Tabata, for plum blossoms; Nezu and Higurashi, for cherry blossoms, maples, and kirishima; Aoyama, Asakusa, for its waterfall and pine trees; Tsunokami, Yotsuya, for all sorts of flowers; Shinfuji, Shibuya, for pretty grasses; Susaki Benten, for fishing at low tide, and Takinogawa for its waterfall and maples.

The loyalty of the people to residents of their own province is noteworthy. They provide lodging and food, if able to do

so, to any one coming from their own province, whether relation, friend, or total stranger. A Japanese friend of mine told me that he had entertained in this way six young men whom



FIG. 772

he had never met and had kept them a number of days.

The main supply of animal food is derived from the ocean. Nearly every creature living in the sea is used as food by the

Japanese. The vertebrate fish forms the larger proportion of food, though nearly every species of mollusk of sufficient size may be found in the market as well as the cuttlefish; eggs of the sea urchin; a worm-like *Sabella*, the brachiopod *Lingula*; *Cynthia*, an ascidian; and a number of seaweeds. Of the vertebrate fish many more species are eaten than with us. Not that we do not have as many species, or nearly as many on our coast, but our taste seems to be confined to a few kinds. I remember as a boy flounders were never eaten. Formerly on the coast of Maine the had-dock was not considered a food fish. Nearly all

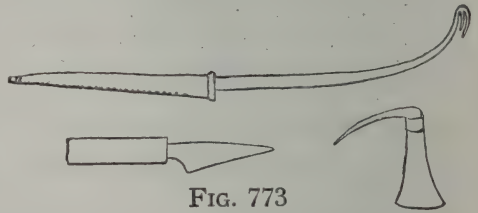


FIG. 773

fish caught by the Japanese is brought to the market and is sorted and sold. Thousands of fishermen in their little boats and men and boys on the rocks are catching all kinds of fish. With us only those fish that can be caught or netted in great numbers are thought worth while to bring to the market; hence the food fishes are limited to a few kinds, the

principal ones in New England being the cod, haddock, mackerel, and halibut. We are extremely limited in our taste for mollusks, the clam, quahog, oyster, and scallop, and, rarely, the mussel, forming the usual supply. The periwinkle, an imported species, may be found in the market for the Italian population. It is commonly eaten in England, and is sweet and nutritious. As in many other matters each province in Japan has its special type of fishhooks. Figure 772 represents the cod



FIG. 774

hook in the provinces of Echizen, Echigo, and Ugo. The eel hook, which is tied to the end of a long pole, an ordinary fish knife, and a hand hook for sorting fish are shown in figure 773. In Iwashiro the fishermen use a hook for catching bonito, a kind of mackerel. The stem is a mass of lead, in the side an oblong strip of pearl is introduced; and at the end, surrounding the hook, are strips of stiff paper (fig. 774). For trolling, a wooden fish is used, with a metal keel to keep it upright and a double row of hooks in the tail. The model is browned over hot coals and darker spots are burned on the sides (fig. 775).

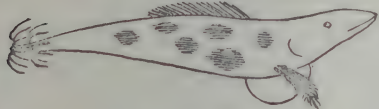


FIG. 775

The bric-à-brac dealers in Japan, as in all other parts of the world, are not famous for

their rectitude. When one recalls the frauds he may have purchased in Europe or America in the way of old furniture, oil paintings, especially "old masters," Egyptian relics, etc., he will not judge too harshly the Japanese dealers in "old Satsuma" (often warm from the furnace), old kake-

mono, and the like. With all this knavery one cannot but admire the ingenuity of some of these cheats. As an example, a dealer will find some old house with a quaint garden in the suburbs of Yokohama or Tokyo. If he can induce the occupant to move out for a few weeks, "bag and baggage," he will fill it up in an appropriate way with kake-mono, bronzes, folding screens, lacquer boxes, and the like. If he can persuade the owner — provided he is a dignified old gentleman — to play the part of a decayed daimyo, who by an unfortunate turn of affairs has become poor and is compelled to sell his art treasures, the trap with its bait is complete. A foreigner just landed and wild for choice examples of Japanese art, is incidentally told by some dealer that he knows of a retired daimyo, within a few miles of the city, who is compelled by stress of circumstances to part with his household belongings, and a rare chance is offered to secure heirlooms of great merit and antiquity — such an opportunity as occurs but once in a lifetime. Jinrikishas are engaged, and after a long and delightful ride he arrives at the modest house of the supposed daimyo. The dealer goes ahead and announces his coming. He is then formally presented to the venerable old man, who with exquisite politeness offers tea and cake and possibly a little saké. He is abashed by the impertinence of his intrusion, and while preliminary skirmishing goes on through an interpreter his eyes greedily roam about the room selecting the objects he is bound to possess, at the same time hypnotized by the dealer and beguiled by the refined and deprecating manner of the dear old man. He is ashamed to modify the prices modestly mentioned for this,



that, and the other object. With a feeling of exalted triumph he rides back to the hotel with jinrikisha loaded with purchases, sure that this time at least he has secured rare old treasures, to find out that the stuff is all fraudulent and that he has been most egregiously swindled. The trouble taken by these dealers and the ingenuity they display are manifested in other ways. If you are in the Government employ, or a teacher in the University, and have a regular route of travel to and from your duties, an object you have admired and bartered for in some remote part of the city, and which you have refused to buy on account of its price, is placed in the hands of a dealer whose shop is on a street through which you daily pass. The price is lower, and the chances are that you secure it. With suspicions that it is the same object that you had refused to buy in another part of the town, you immediately visit the remote dealer to find that the piece you wanted has been sold. If, furthermore, you refuse to buy the object and again visit the remote dealer, you find the object in his possession with a still lower price. I have had this experience several times.

An old dealer by the name of Gonza, who had helped me greatly in Nagoya by guiding me to various dealers of bric-à-brac in that large city, and who seemed above suspicion, attempted to swindle me afterwards in a manner that, had I not been familiar with Japanese pottery, would have resulted in my being woefully cheated. I had copied very carefully from an ancient manuscript certain incised marks of some of the early potters of Seto. These copies were sent to Gonza with the request that he would hunt up pieces bearing these signatures

and the highest prices would be paid for them. After the lapse of a few months a box came to me from Nagoya, with a letter from Gonza giving a history of these old potters, and samples



FIG. 776

of their work in the shape of tea-jars, bowls, and other objects in pottery, with marks on the pottery apparently the same as the copies I had sent him. I was sufficiently familiar with Japanese pottery to see at a glance that the pottery, instead of being three or four hundred years old was not over thirty or forty. With soap and water and a brush the first applica-

tion brought out the dirt that had been rubbed in, leaving the incised marks clear and bright. An ordinary lens showed that the marks had been scratched in the hard-baked object, whereas genuine incised marks are done in the clay before it is baked and show raised clay at the ends of the lines. I immediately wrote to him a fierce letter, stating that all the marks were fraudulent, and that I should show him up as a swindler in my contemplated work on Japanese pottery. In the course of a few weeks I got a letter, with a water-color drawing on silk, from Gonza (fig. 776). The following is a rough translation of his letter by Mr. Takenaka:—

MORSE SENSEI —

DEAR SIR, — Sometime ago on account of my unexercised eyes I made a mistake in criticizing potteries. I am very much ashamed. To ask your forgiveness again for my fault I send you now a note of the acknowledgment of my error. In the picture the gentleman sitting in the chair and inspecting pottery is Morse Sensei, another is Mr. Takenaka, the other is Mr. Kimura. The man who kneels down at the front of them and who is imploring pardon is Gonza. At last I pray you to be kind to me in publishing your book on pottery. I regret very much that I acted wrong against you whenever I think of the book you are going to publish.

I remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

GONZA.

The poem in the picture reads as follows: "In the world almost everything is so. You cannot see from the outside the astringency of some persimmons."

When I returned home from Japan I crossed to China, and after a short stay in that country, I went down the coast, touching at Annam and spending some little time on the Malay Peninsula and in Java. From Yokohama to Shanghai I sailed with Captain Connor, an Essex County, Massachusetts, boy. After passing through Shimonoseki Straits, Captain Connor pointed out to me a rocky and precipitous island, and said that eleven years before he and his wife were on a vessel that was wrecked on this island. The night was very dark, though the sea was calm. Rockets of distress were sent up, and in a short time fishermen came alongside from up and down the mainland, to aid in any way. The personal property of the passengers was passed over the sides of the vessel to these rescuers, who disappeared in the darkness. In the morning a Japanese Government steamer drew alongside, and taking the passengers and crew aboard, landed them at Nagasaki, a distance of one hundred and forty miles from the scene of the shipwreck. The passengers, somewhat anxious about their personal property, consisting of all their clothing and other items, wondered how they were to recover it, and were politely informed by the officers that as soon as the Government could post notices along the coast road indicating some places where the property might be brought, all the material would be gathered and returned. Within a few days every single item, to cuff buttons and soiled collars, was brought to Nagasaki, and not a single object was lost. Captain Connor added, with a bitter smile, that a few years before he and his wife were wrecked on the coast of New Jersey in the month of November. It was very cold at the time. It is needless to



mention the bitter treatment they received except to state that they were robbed of everything.

In no better way does the freedom from all bigotry show itself than in the way in which the Chinese practice of medicine was doomed when the people began to see the sound principles of the foreign practice. The prompt establishment of a medical college, and the inquiries that were made as to where Americans were sent to finish their medical education, showed the sagacity of the Government. It was found that our distinguished physicians and surgeons had studied in the medical schools and hospitals of Berlin and Vienna. Thereupon Germans were invited to teach in the medical college and students had to be well grounded in the German language before entering. Furthermore, a chemical laboratory was established in Yokohama for the purpose of examining all drugs that were imported to the country to ascertain their purity. The absurd pharmacopœia of the empirical Chinese practice was discarded, although in the country one would often see hanging from the ceiling the dried fœtuses of deer (fig. 777), or dried centipedes, and other grotesque absurdities representing the *materia medica* of the Chinese.

A quack is called a bamboo doctor, probably because the bamboo is light and hollow.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Sugi, head of the Statistical



FIG. 777

Department of Tokyo, and found him a very intelligent man, interested in the antiquities of Japan, tea ceremonies, and the like. From him I secured many interesting facts regarding health conditions of Tokyo. Dr. Baker, of Lansing, Michigan, Secretary of the State Board of Health, sent me his report for 1879. Among vital statistics I found that eighty-seven murders had been committed in that year. As the population of the State of Michigan at that time was only slightly larger than the population of Tokyo, I asked Mr. Sugi how many murders had been committed in Tokyo for the year. He said none; indeed, only eleven murders and two cases of political assassination had been committed in Tokyo in the last ten years.

On inquiry of Mr. Agee and others in regard to the first public lectures in Japan it was difficult to secure reliable information. The renowned Fukuzawa informed me that in 1871 a number of scholars met together and papers and essays were read. The sessions were private. In 1873-74 an association was formed under the name of Mairokushi, consisting of older scholars. The public was admitted to their discussions. Transactions were also published. In 1874-75 Mr. Fukushi and Mr. Numa gave a few lectures, for which a small admission fee was charged. In the latter part of 1875 a lecture association was established under the name of Kodankai. Messrs. Fukuzawa, Obata, Enouye, Yano, Agee, and other scholars met twice a month. A small fee was charged for admission to the lectures, and at first much opposition was shown by some of the members, as it was thought highly improper, not to say discourteous, to ask an admission fee. Another organization

was effected in 1878, known as the New Kodankai, the first meeting being held on September 21, 1878. Mr. Agee attempted to establish public lecturing as a paid profession, after the American method. Again the charging of an admission fee caused the resignation of some of the members. The lectures were given on Sunday, and four or five lectures were given at each session, with an intermission of a few minutes between the lectures. Among those who lectured in the first course were Messrs. Sugi, Nishi, Toyama, Kawazu, Kato, Agee, Kikuchi, Numa, Fukuzawa, Sato, Fujita, Nakamura, and three Americans, Mendenhall, Fenollosa, and Morse. The lecturers were Japanese and American professors of the Imperial University, officials of Government departments, editors, a Buddhist priest, and other prominent men. The lectures were given in a large hall, and the audience averaged from six to eight hundred and showed no diminution in numbers to the end. It was interesting to see the auditors squatting on the matted floor, — not closely jammed together, — attentive and evidently eager to understand the lectures on evolution in religion, in the solar system, and in the animal kingdom. The platform was only slightly raised above the level of the matted floor. There was, of course, no artificial heat in the hall. At times it was so cold that I had to wear my thick winter ulster while lecturing. Compelled to be in my stockinged feet, I endeavored in vain to stand in one place, but by the end of the lecture my feet were very cold. At the end of the lecture many of the auditors would rise to exchange greetings with some friends in other parts of the hall. I used to watch the place where some corpulent auditor was sitting,

and if he rose, I would find the hot spot on the mats where he had sat and warm my feet till the lectures proceeded. It was a curious experience in my early lectures in Japan to have a police officer armed with a sword sitting in a chair by my side and facing the audience. My lamented friend, Mr. Agee, was known as a radical, and he interpreted my lectures. He might have made me utter the most seditious sentiments, so far as I knew, for I had only acquired a few Japanese words and expressions. Later in my lecture experiences I had learned enough of the language often to grasp the meaning of my interpreter's translation, and on a few occasions I ventured to correct him. The pleased and sympathetic expressions of my auditors at the evidence that I was beginning to understand their language, were gratifying.

The following is a list of subjects dealt with in the first course of the Kodankai:—

- Sept. 21. Mr. Toyama. On public speeches and lectures.  
           Mr. Kawazu. Advantages and disadvantages of a representative assembly.  
           Mr. Fujita. Necessity of coöperation.  
           Mr. Nishi. Congratulatory address.  
           Mr. Fukuzawa. Criticism on his "Rights of the Nation."  
           Mr. Morse. Congratulatory address.
- Oct. 6. Dr. Hasegawa (of the city hospital). Evil effects of drinking impure water.  
           Mr. Numa. Conflict of native and foreign laws.  
           Mr. Shimaji. On value.  
           Mr. Kikuchi. Evolution of the solar system.  
           Mr. Ouchi. Advantages of admitting women to more social privileges.  
           Mr. Nishi. Practice makes perfect.  
           Mr. Nakamura. On competition and coöperation.  
           Mr. Mendenhall. Introductory address.
- Oct. 20. Mr. Kikuchi. Evolution of the solar system (continued).



- Oct. 20. Mr. Morse. Insect life.  
Dr. Kato (Director of the Imperial University). On the opinions of Moto-ori and Hirata. (Old Japanese scholars who believed that Chinese civilization ought to be disregarded, as the Japanese had a civilization of their own.)  
Mr. Toyama. Association of ideas.  
Mr. Sugi. Moral statistics.
- Oct. 27, 28, 31, and Nov. 2. Mr. Morse. A course of four lectures on Darwinism. Evolution of the animal kingdom.
- Nov. 10. Mr. Agee. On the army and navy.  
Mr. Nishi. Practice makes perfect (continued).  
Mr. Fenollosa. Evolution of religions.  
Mr. Ono. Battle of words. (Showing the persuasive effect of eloquence.)  
Mr. Fujita. On the Forty-seven Ronins.
- Nov. 17. Mr. Fukuzawa. Rights of the nation (extra territoriality).  
Mr. Kikuchi. Future of the solar system.  
Mr. Toyama. Matters relating to foreign intercourse cannot easily be altered.  
Mr. Fenollosa. Evolution of religions (continued).
- Dec. 1. Mr. Kawazu. Absurdity of Socialism.  
Mr. Fenollosa. Evolution of religions (concluded).  
Mr. Morse. The Glacial Theory.  
Mr. Tsuji. On the fine arts.
- Dec. 15. Mr. Agee. On assumed virtue.  
Mr. Kikuchi. What constitutes a good government.  
Mr. Fujita. Necessity of checks.  
Mr. Sugi. Moral statistics.
- Jan. 5. Mr. Kikuchi. Evolution in general.  
Mr. Toyama. Illusion of the senses.  
Mr. Morse. Laws of growth in animals.  
Mr. Nakamura. Good and evil of society.  
Mr. Kato. A few words to the members.  
Mr. Sato. Cultivation of the brain.  
Mr. Agee. On the evil effects of rewarding informers.

An insight into the intellectual activities of the Japanese may be gathered, not only by the books which have been translated into Japanese and sold by the thousands, but by the subjects dealt with in these public lectures. I know of no

public course of lectures in the United States to compare with them, except the Lowell Institute's free courses of lectures in Boston.<sup>1</sup>

The intellectual character of the audience may be judged by the fact that it sat patiently through a session of four or five one-hour lectures with only a slight intermission between them. What lecture audience in America, or in any other country, could stand such an ordeal as that!

The official positions of some of these men who lectured in this first course of the association are as follows: Mr. Fujita, editor of a Tokyo daily paper; Mr. Nishi, formerly clerk in the War Department; Mr. Fukuzawa, famous teacher, representative in new local assembly; Mr. Hasekawa, doctor in the City Hospital; Mr. Numa, clerk in Genroin (Privy Council); Mr. Shimaji, Buddhist preacher; Mr. Kikuchi, Professor of Mathematics, Imperial University, Cambridge wrangler; Mr. Ouchi, editor of a Buddhist religious journal; Mr. Kato, director of the Imperial University, famous Dutch scholar; Mr. Toyama, Professor of Philosophy, graduate of the University of Michigan; Mr. Sugi, head of statistical department; Mr. Kawazu, clerk in Genroin; Mr. Agee, Professor of the Imperial University; Mr. Ono, clerk in Genroin; Mr. Tsuji, clerk in the Educational Department.

In the fall of 1882 the Department of Education invited the head teachers of the various *kens* to meet together in Tokyo for the purpose of discussing matters connected with their work. Among other questions that came up was one referring

<sup>1</sup> Our public lecture courses have now fallen from their high standard of thirty years ago to lantern shows, musical entertainments, with rarely a thoughtful or scientific lecture.

to the teaching of physical science in the schools. It was urged by many that the apparatus for this purpose was far beyond their power to purchase, and without the apparatus but little progress could be made. Thereupon the pupils of the Tokyo Normal School resolved to make a number of devices to illustrate how cheaply and easily many of the instruments required for the study of physics could be made. Before the session ended the students had made fifty-six instruments, which were exhibited on the platform, with a list of the materials used in their construction. These materials consisted of bits of glass and wire, bottles, corks, bamboo, stuff that could be got from any junk-shop. From the list of devices here given it will be seen that the Japanese are not only apt pupils in acquiring a knowledge of physical science, but that they display a great deal of ingenuity in fabricating the proper apparatus for its illustration. I could not help realizing what a grasp of the subject a student would get in studying out and constructing this primitive apparatus. Such an example might profitably be followed by our students at home with their Yankee ingenuity and skill with a jack-knife, and with a far larger assortment of materials to be found, even about the house.

*List of devices*

1. Balance.
2. Balance with weights.
3. Pendulum.
4. Centrifugal machine.
5. Inclined plane.
6. Centre of gravity, double cone.
7. Dropping-machine with pendulum.
8. Centre of gravity. Equilibrist.

9. Lever balance.
10. Heros fountain.
11. Suction pump.
12. Cohesion figures.
13. Barker's mill, with inclined plane.
14. Forcing pump.
15. Illustrating air pressure.
16. Geissler's air pump.
17. Illustrating suction.
18. Air receiver, with manometer.
19. Baroscope, with air receiver.
20. Windmill.
21. Illustrating suction.
22. Air pump exhausting and condensing.
23. Tuning-fork.
24. Vibration of bell.
25. Savert's apparatus, with two kinds of resonator.
26. Sonometer, with bow.
27. Wave phenomena.
28. Resonator.
29. Pyrometer.
30. Expansion of solid.
31. Angle mirrors.
32. Rumford's photometer.
33. Efflux of gas.
34. Light experiment.
35. Camera obscura.
36. Continuation of light.
37. Diffusion of light.
38. Hollow prism.
39. Expansion of gas, with index.
40. Expansion of liquids.
41. Illustration of thermometer.
42. Magnetic needle.
43. Magnetic needle, with stand.
44. Electric pendulum.
45. Universal discharger.
46. Electro ball.
47. Electro pendulum.
48. Discharger.
49. Insulating stool.
50. Alarum bell.



51. Electro wheel.
52. Nairne's electro machine.
53. Leyden jar.
54. Galvanometer.
55. Galvanic keys.
56. Gravitation battery.

The following is a list of the objects used in construction: copper, brass, and iron wire, bamboo in various forms, thread and string, augers and gimlets, saucers, card, zinc and tin plate, lead bullets, old seats, shallow wooden tub, lid of box, spinning-top, thin boards, wine bottles, glass tubing, buckets, lamp chimney, paper and cardboard, pieces of leather, copper coins, shell, wine glass, tumblers, rubber tubing, mercury, candles, flask, rubber ball, needles of various kinds, wheat straws, lady's scissors, porcelain bowl, cups, lantern, abacus balls, paper tea caddy, priest's bell, draughting-board, hook nails, mirror glass and ordinary glass, magnifying glass, feather, sealing wax, vitriol, watch-spring, small bottles, and funnel.

The rough and aggressive Anglo-Saxons, until within a half-century, have held the most erroneous ideas of the Japanese. It was thought that a nation whose men flew kites, studied flower arrangement, enjoyed toy gardens, carried fans, and manifested other effeminate customs and behaviors, must of necessity be a weak and childish people. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" of 1857 says: "The Japanese at one time enjoyed a high reputation among Eastern nations for courage and military prowess. This, however, is no longer the case, and we suspect they will be found an essentially feeble and pusillanimous people. According to Golownin, they are deficient in

courage, and in the art of war mere children. This can scarcely fail to be the case with a people who, by all accounts, have enjoyed peace external and internal for more than two centuries. A courageous and patient endurance of pain and suffering, and even a contempt of death, we know to be quite consistent with a lack of active, aggressive courage." It is not necessary to go back as far as that, however. Lord Curzon, in his interesting book entitled "Problems of the Far East," published in 1894, in speaking of Japanese aspirations says: "The military parade which Japan, taking advantage of the recent disorder in Korea, is making in that country as these pages go to press, and which threatens to involve her in serious dispute, if not in actual conflict, with China, is a later outcome of the same impetuous Chauvinism." He further says these demonstrations "bring a smile to the lips even of the most impassioned apologist for national delirium." Recent events have shown how superficial was the judgment of the Anglo-Saxon.

The two great nations, China and Russia, the terror of Europe, were both thrashed by the Japanese within a period of eight years (1894-1902); their fleets utterly destroyed, and indemnity secured — in cash from China, and from Russia the southern half of the island of Saghalien. England for the first time regarded Japan as worthy of notice and formed an alliance with her. Really the ethics of a mining camp!

A late writer on the Japanese says: "Togo's people, the Japanese, are a race of patriots — toilers and warriors, too. Their characteristic is not yet fully understood by the peoples of the West. They have been represented to us by many superficial observers as a race of imitators, incapable of original

action, competent only to select the best inventions of other people and to apply these inventions in an awkward manner for their own use. Nothing is further from the truth. No people on earth is keener in search of exact knowledge. No people on earth is animated by a stronger national feeling. No people on earth is capable of larger individual sacrifice for the common good. No people on earth excels the Japanese in clarity or subtlety of logical thought."

In closing, the reader may wonder, after the manners of the Japanese have been so often contrasted with those of ourselves, what my attitude is regarding my own people. I believe that we have much to learn from Japanese life, and that we may to our advantage frankly recognize some of our weaknesses. The words of Mr. O'Meara, the Police Commissioner in Boston, have deeply impressed me. He declared that hoodlumism was the greatest menace to our country. I have therefore held up in contrast the behavior of the Japanese. My comparisons are not invidious. They are simply plain statements of facts as I saw them forty years ago. To feel this weakness of ours is not to condemn us as an inferior people, and one may still read with a feeling of pride and belief such appreciative comments about America as Hall Caine, in "My Story," writes. "I love its people because they are free with a freedom which the rest of the world takes as by stealth, and they claim openly as their right. I love them because they are the most industrious, earnest, active, and ingenious people on the earth; because they are the most moral, religious, and above all, the most sober people in the world; because, in spite of all shallow judgments of superficial ob-

servers, they are the most childlike in their national character, the easiest to move to laughter, the readiest to be touched to tears, the most absolutely true in their impulses, and the most generous in their applause. I love the men of America because their bearing towards the women is the finest chivalry I have yet seen anywhere, and I love the women because they can preserve an unquestioned purity with a frank and natural manner, and a fine independence of sex."

THE END



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## POSTSCRIPT

Japan is at once an old and a new country, old because her history goes back as far as several centuries B. C., yet very young because it was only in 1853 that Commodore Perry, from across the Pacific, awoke her from the dormancy of centuries. The new Japan really dates, however, from 1868, the year of the downfall of the Shogunate. The decade following that year represented a transitional period in which the old Japan lingered while the new Empire gradually took its shape.

Tokyo Imperial University was founded in 1879, and by the time of its opening all the professors in the Science College had been appointed except that of zoology. While the authorities of the university were thinking of bringing to Japan either Thomas Henry Huxley or David Starr Jordan, there happened to be in Tokyo an American zoologist, Edward Sylvester Morse, then 39 years old. He had come to Japan simply to collect for purposes of study an archiac brachiopod, *Lingula*, and entertained not the slightest idea of becoming a professor in this foreign land. When approached, he accepted appointment as professor of zoology in Tokyo Imperial University. To bring his family to Japan, he returned to the United States and arrived again in Tokyo in April, 1878. He remained for two years. His third visit to Japan, during which he collected ceramics materials, was brief.

During his stay, Professor Morse was interested in everything Japanese. What seemed extremely commonplace to the Japanese aroused his curiosity, and he carefully jotted down in his notebook with keen scientific insight whatever he observed. This interest of his resulted in the publication of two books, *Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings* (1889) and *Japan Day by Day* (1917), and many brief papers.

In his old home in Salem, Massachusetts, Professor Morse's long and varied life closed on November 20, 1925. In accordance with his will, his entire library and the electrotpe plates of *Japan Day by Day* were presented by his daughter, Mrs. Robb, to Tokyo Imperial University.

To commemorate the late Professor Morse (June 18, 1838—November 20, 1925), his grateful pupils and friends have planned to establish *Morseana* to be housed in the Zoological Institute of the Science Faculty of Tokyo Imperial University and to republish, in accordance with Mrs. Robb's wishes, *Japan Day by Day*, which has for years been out of print in America.

This book is a faithful portrayal of things, customs and habits of the period of transition between the old Japan and the new Japan and makes reading that is as fascinating as indispensable to the student of Japanese life and culture of that period. Interesting is it also to the young generation of Japanese, who know little of the old Japan.

Professor Chujiro Sasaki,  
Chairman of the Committee on *Morseana*















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